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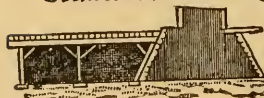


# FORT LEVI

*from Mante's History.*

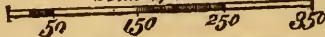


*Section thro' A.B.*



*'Case & Co. D.'s*

*Scale of Feet*



*Scale of Feet for Section*



THE  
THOUSAND ISLANDS

OF THE  
RIVER ST. LAWRENCE,

With Descriptions of their Scenery, as given by Travellers  
from different Countries, at various periods since  
their First Exploration, and Historical  
Notices of Events with which  
they are associated.

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EDITED BY

FRANKLIN B. HOUGH.

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## PREFACE.

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The route of the St. Lawrence has long been noted for the variety and beauty of its scenery. The traveller coming up from the Sea, should he turn aside to explore the chasm of the Saguenay, would witness a scene of grandeur scarcely equalled by any other of its kind, in any part of the world. Further up, the Rapids of the St. Lawrence present in succession displays of majestic power and volume that command admiration, and on finally reaching the level of navigable waters above, the approach to the first of the Great Lakes, leads through a labyrinth of Islands, which, for variety of scenery and quiet beauty, have seldom failed to awaken the enthusiasm of the traveller.

To this group of Islands, with their historical associations, and the impressions which their scenery has inspired, this little volume is mainly devoted.

In arranging the materials of this work, the editor has been necessarily engaged, in a large degree, in presenting the thoughts of others; but, believing that the enjoyment of this scenery would be enhanced by learning the manner in which it has impressed those who have witnessed it before, he has sought to present as wide a range of these impressions as opportunities allowed.

No one will doubt but that places acquire extraordinary interest, when associated with great events, or even when linked in with the ideal incidents of poetry and romance. In allusion to the interest which these associations impart to so many places in the Old World, while there are comparatively few in the New, the naturalist Wilson, in whom were united a keen perception of the beauties of Nature, and a highly poetic temperament, in the opening part of his *Foresters*, says:

“ Yet Nature’s charms, that bloom so lovely here,  
 Unhailed arrive, unheeded disappear ;  
 While bare, bleak heaths, and brooks of half a mile,  
 Can rouse the thousand bards of Britain’s Isle.  
 There, scarce a stream creeps down its narrow bed,  
 There, scarce a hillock lifts its little head,  
 Or humble hamlet peeps their glades among,  
 But lives and murmurs in immortal song.  
 Our western world, with all its matchless floods,  
 Our vast transparent lakes and boundless woods,  
 Stamped with the traits of majesty sublime,  
 Unhonored weep the silent lapse of time.  
 Spread their wild grandeur to the unconscious sky.  
 In sweetest seasons pass unheeded by ;  
 While scarce one Muse returns the song they gave,  
 Or seeks to snatch their glories from the grave.”

In some of the prose descriptions that follow, the reader will find a poetry of sentiment and imagery of thought, that cannot fail to engage the attention. In others, there are incidents and events described, that may add new interest to this region, especially those relating to the accounts of travel in the olden time, with the humble accommodations and the discomforts of the period, that afford a striking contrast with the exact appointments, and the ample luxuries of the present day.

F. B. H.

*Lowville, N. Y.*

HISTORICAL AND TRADITIONAL ACCOUNTS.



THE  
THOUSAND ISLANDS  
OF THE  
ST. LAWRENCE.

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EARLY INDIAN HISTORY.

“In the beginning,” so far as history or traditions extend back into the past, this region was the border-land of the Algonquin and the Iroquois,—the former dwelling for the most part to the northward and eastward, while the latter, at least in the later period, had their principal homes along the lakes and rivers of Central and Western New York.

At various places upon the hills that overlook the level portions of Jefferson County, and here and there in St. Lawrence County below, are traces of ancient defensive works, consisting of a low ridge and a shallow ditch, more or less circular in outline, or made across a point of land that was on the other sides protected by natural banks easy of defense. These were, doubtless, banks of earth, thrown up against the base of upright posts set close together in the ground, and before the introduction of fire-arms, they

must have been an effective shelter against any means of assault known in Indian warfare. Around these places, and in localities that must have been pleasant homes for a people that lived by hunting and fishing, there are found broken pottery, stone implements, and flint arrow heads, which obscurely mark the residence, and indicate the employment of a race that has passed away. In a field on the hillside east of Watertown, there was found many years since a flat stone, covering a little pit full of bones that had evidently been picked up and buried by friendly hands after long exposure on the surface, and some of these had evidently been gnawed by wild beasts. Was this the place of some battle between the native tribes? In one of these trench-enclosures in the town of Rutland there have been found human bones in the places where the combatants must have fallen in attempting to enter or defend this stronghold of the olden time.

The early historians of Canada record the fact, that a bloody war was going on between the Adirondacks or Algonquins on the St. Lawrence, and the Iroquois or Five Nations of the region now included in Central and Western New York, when the country was first visited by the French. Champlain took part in this war on the part of the former, and by the use of fire-arms, hitherto unknown in Indian warfare, turned the tide of success for a time in favor of his allies—but gained thereby the lasting hatred of their enemies towards the French. The origin of this warfare is traced by tradition to a long time before the first appearance of the white man, and although not

measured by moons or seasons, it still appeared to be consistent, and probable,—and according to the little that could be gathered, was as follows :<sup>1</sup>

The Algonquins and the Iroquois had lived for a long time in harmony, the former being the stronger, and chiefly subsisting by the chase, while the latter were more inclined to fishing and agriculture. Now and then the young men of the two races would go out on their hunting expeditions together, but in these the superiority of the man who killed the game, over him who skinned and dressed it, was always insisted upon, and when the party saw an opportunity, it was the business of the one to pursue and slay, and of the other to stand by and see it done.

At one time, half a dozen of each class were out in the winter on a hunting excursion together. They saw some elk, and immediately pursued them, but the Algonquins, presuming on their superiority, would not suffer the young Iroquois to take part, at the same time giving them to understand that they would soon have business enough on hand in taking care of the game they were about to kill. Three days were spent in vain pursuit, for although they say there was an abundance of game, ill luck followed them at every step.

At length the Iroquois offered to go out themselves, and the former not doubting but that a like failure would soon put an end to their unwelcome comments upon their own efforts, consented. The tide of success turned in their

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(1) *La Hontan, De la Potherie, Colden, Charlevoix, etc.*

favor, and the Iroquois soon returned with an abundance of game. Mortified at this result, the jealous Algonquins the next night killed all of their successful rivals, as they lay sleeping. The crime, although concealed and denied, was soon discovered, and the Iroquois at first made their complaints with moderation—simply asking that justice should be done to the murderers.

No attention was made to these complaints, and the injured party took justice into their own hands, solemnly vowing to exterminate the haughty race, or perish in the attempt. Long series of retaliatory inroads were from this time made by each into the territories of the other, which finally ended greatly to the advantage of the Iroquois, and in the almost total annihilation of their enemies. The St. Francis Indians are a remnant of this once powerful tribe.

At the time of first surveys, the traditional line between the Indians of Canada and the Iroquois of New York, extended from the mouth of French Creek, in the village of Clayton, across the country to Split Rock on Lake Champlain; and on the map drawn by Arent Marselis, a surveyor of the last century, and now found in the State archives, one of his lines runs "to an old fort, which stood on the creek, called *Weteringhra-Guenter*<sup>1</sup>, and which empties into the St. Lawrence, about twelve miles below Carleton

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(1) The Rev. Eleazer Williams, of St. Regis—(by some thought to have been Prince Louis XVII, of France), who was well acquainted with the Oneida dialect, informed the writer about 1853, that this term signifies "Fallen Fort."



or Buck Island, and which fort the Oneidas took from their enemies a long time ago."

This fixes the identity of this stream as the "French Creek" of the present day, and the site of the fort, as in or near the present village of Clayton. It may tend to confirm the tradition recorded by La Hontan, Colden, Charlevoix, and others, and furnish a connecting link between written history and the unrecorded past.

#### HIAWATHA.

The Legend of *Hiawatha* has been rendered familiar to most readers of American Poetry by the metrical version of Longfellow, and the prose of Clark, Schoolcraft and others, and much controversy has been had with respect to the author of the Legend as it first appeared in English. We accept as fully reliable, the statement made by the late Hon. J. V. H. Clark, of Manlius, author of the History of Onondaga County, in a letter to the New York Tribune, in January, 1856, in which the claims of various writers, and the dates of their publications are precisely stated.

From this it appears, that it was first related to him by the Onondaga Chiefs *Ossahinta*, (Capt. Frost), and *Dehukatons*, (Abram La Fort), in the Summer of 1843,—written out and read before various societies, and in March, 1844, sent to the New York Historical Society. It was afterwards published by Mr. Schoolcraft, without acknowledgment to Mr. Clark, in his "*Notes on the Iroquois*,"<sup>1</sup> and some years later in his larger work on the "*History*,

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(1) Pages 192, 478.

*Condition, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes of the United States.*"<sup>1</sup> Finally it appeared in the more familiar and highly imaginative versification of "*The Song of Hiawatha*," by the poet Longfellow, in 1855, in which credit is given to Mr. Schoolcraft as the original writer from Indian traditions, he probably not having seen the earlier publications of Mr. Clark.

The Legend relates to the Origin of the League of the Iroquois, at a time which no record fixes by date, and no circumstance acceptable to the historian would lead him to locate otherwise than somewhere in that period clouded in the uncertainties of the forgotten past. We cannot present its beginning, which is in this region, more appropriately than in the original language of Mr. Clark<sup>2</sup>:—

"Hundreds of years ago, *Tu-oun-ya-wat-ha*, the Deity who presides over fisheries and streams, came down from his dwelling place in the clouds to visit the inhabitants of the earth. He had been deputed by the Great and Good Spirit, *Hu-wa-ne-u* to visit the streams and clear the channels from all obstructions, to seek out the good things of the country through which he intended to pass, that they might be more generally disseminated among all the good people of the earth,—especially to point out to them the most excellent fishing grounds, and to bestow upon them other acceptable gifts. About this time, two young men of the Onondaga Nation were listlessly gazing over the calm blue waters of the *Lake of a Thousand Isles*. During their reverie they espied, as they thought, far in the distance, a single white speck, beautifully dancing over the bright blue waters, and while they watched the object with the most intense anxiety, it seemed to increase in magnitude, and moved as if approaching the place where they were concealed, most anxiously awaiting the event of the visitation

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(1) Part 3, page 314, etc.

(2) *History of Onondaga Co.*, i, p. 21. *Lights and Lines of Indian and Pioneer Life*, p. 7—21.

of so singular an object,—for at this time no canoes had ever made their appearance in the direction from whence this was approaching. As the object neared the shore, it proved in semblance to be a venerable looking man, calmly seated in a canoe of pure white, very curiously constructed, and much more ingeniously wrought than those in use among the tribes of the country. Like a cygnet upon the wide blue sea, so sat the canoe of *To-oun-ya-wat-ha*, upon the *Lake of a Thousand Isles*.

As a frail branch drifts towards the rushing cataract, so coursed the *white canoe* over the rippling waters, propelled by the strong arm of the god of the river. Deep thought sat on the brow of the gray-headed mariner: penetration marked his eye, and deep dark mystery pervaded his countenance. With a single oar he silently paddled his light-trimmed bark along the shore, as if seeking a commodious haven of rest. He soon turned the prow of his fragile vessel into the estuary of the '*double river*,' and made fast to the western shore. He majestically ascended the steep bank, nor stopped till he had gained the loftiest summit of the western hill. Then silently gazing around as if to examine the country, he became enchanted with the view, and drawing his stately form to its utmost height, he exclaimed in accents of the wildest enthusiasm, *Osh-wah-kee, Osh-wah-kee.*"<sup>1</sup>

He approached the two young hunters, gained their confidence, and having drawn from them a knowledge of the difficulties under which they labored, disclosed to them the spirituality of his character, and the object of his mission. He invited them to attend him in his passage up the river, and they witnessed many things which could only be accounted for as miracles, or be described but in the wonders of Indian mythology. He ascended to the lesser lakes, placed all things in proper order for the comfort and sustenance of man, taught them how to cultivate corn and beans, which had not before been grown by them, made the fishing ground free, and opened to all the unin-

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(1) The name *Osh-wah-kee*, as "Oswego," was anciently called, literally signifies "*I see everywhere and I see nothing.*"—*Clark's Onondaga*, i, 22.

interrupted pursuit of game. He distributed among mankind the fruits of the earth, and removed all obstructions from the navigable streams. Being pleased with his success, he assumed the character and habits of a man, and received the name *Hi-a-wat-ha*, (signifying "very wise man,") and fixed his residence on the beautiful shores of Cross Lake. After a time, the country became alarmed by a hostile invasion, when he called a Council of all the tribes from the east and the west, and in a long harangue urged upon them the importance of uniting themselves in a league for their common defense and mutual happiness. They deliberated upon his advice, and the next day adopted and ratified the League of Union which he recommended. As Lycurgus gave law to the Spartans, and swore them to faithfully observe its precepts until his return from a journey,—and then departed to return no more, so *Hi-a-wat-ha*, having brought this Council to a close, and as the assembled tribes were about to separate, on their return home, arose in a dignified manner, and thus addressed them:

"Friends and Brothers:—I have now fulfilled my mission upon earth; I have done everything which can be done at present for the good of this great people. Age, infirmity and distress, sit heavily upon me. During my sojourn among you, I have removed all obstructions from your streams. Canoes can now pass everywhere. I have given you good fishing waters and good hunting grounds, I have taught you how to cultivate corn and beans, and have learned you the art of making cabins. Many other blessings I have liberally bestowed upon you.

Lastly, I have now assisted you to form an everlasting league and covenant of strength and friendship, for your future safety and protection. If you preserve it without the admission of other people, you will always be free, numerous and mighty. If other nations are admitted to your councils, they will sow jealousies among you, and you will become enslaved, few and feeble. Remember these words: they are the last you will hear from the lips

of *Hi-a-wat-ha*. Listen, my friends, the *Great-Master-of-Breath* calls me to go. I have patiently waited his summons. I am ready: Farewell."

As the wise man closed his speech, there burst upon the ears of the assembled multitude, the cheerful sounds of the most delightful singing voices. The whole sky seemed filled with the sweetest melody of celestial music: and Heaven's high arch echoed and re-echoed the touching strains, till the whole vast assembly was completely absorbed in rapturous ecstasy. Amidst the general confusion which now prevailed, and while all eyes were turned towards the ethereal regions, *Hi-a-wat-ha* was seen majestically seated in his canoe, gracefully rising higher and higher above their heads through the air, until he became entirely lost from the view of the assembled throng, who witnessed his wonderful ascent in mute and admiring astonishment—while the fascinating music gradually became more plaintive and low, and finally sweetly expired in the softest tones upon their ears, as the wise man *Hi-a-wat-ha*, the godlike *Ta-ouu-ya-wat-ha*, retired from their sight, as mysteriously as he first appeared from *The Lake of a Thousand Isles*, and quietly entered the regions inhabited only by the favorites of the great and good spirit *Ha-wah-ne-u*.

In the Legend as rendered by Longfellow, no allusion to this region is specifically made, and the scene of events is located in the west, on the south shore of Lake Superior, in the region beyond the Pictured Rocks and the Grand Sable.

#### CREATION OF THE INDIAN RACE.

Among the traditions of various Indian tribes, we find a Legend of their creation, which although differing more or less in details, agrees in ascribing their origin to a people

who came out of the ground. Of this mythological belief, we have an interesting example in this part of the world, as given by M. Pouchot, a French writer of acknowledged merit, who recorded what he saw and heard. This writer was an officer in the French service, and commanded Fort Levis, on the Oraconenton Isle, a short distance below Ogdensburgh, when this last strong-hold of the French was captured by Lord Amherst in 1760.

He subsequently prepared a history of the events in which he had himself borne an important part, which was published some years after his death, and in this he gives much information concerning the Indians who then inhabited this region. In describing the shores of Lake Ontario, he speaks of a great are of sand hills, along the eastern end of the lake, behind which are marshy meadows, through which the rivers wind.

This description clearly identifies these streams with those now known as the North and South Branches of Sandy Creek, in the town of Ellisburgh, which unite just above the point where they enter the lake. These streams were called by the French "*An Sables*," and by the Indians, *Et-cat-a-ra-ga-ré-ne*; and he says they are remarkable in this, that at the head of the South Branch, called *Te-can-on-on-a-ro-ne-si*, is the place where the traditions of the Iroquois fix the spot "*where they issued from the ground, or rather, according to their traditions, where they were born.*"

The source of this stream is in a swamp in the present town of Pinckney, Lewis County. Another branch of Sandy Creek heads near Copenhagen Village, not far from

the little swamp, once a pond, in which the tusk of a mammoth was found in excellent preservation in the Fall of 1877,—the rest of the remains being in all probability near by. If any one can connect the tradition with this fact, he deserves credit, at least for inventive genius and fertile imagination.

#### TRACES OF INDIAN RECORDS ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

Opposite the village of Oak Point, in Elizabeth Township, Canada, there existed in 1850, and perhaps does still, a rude representation of a canoe with thirty-five men, and near it a cross. On the rocks below Brockville there were two similar paintings, each being a canoe with six men. A deer rudely painted on the rocks was found on the shore of Black Lake, a few miles inland from Morristown, and doubtless other rude sketches of the kind may be found. These are probably of comparatively modern origin, or at most not earlier than the time of European settlement. They may have been significant of some event, at the time when made, but whatever the objects may have been, they have passed into oblivion with the memory of those who made them.

#### EUROPEAN DISCOVERY AND EXPLORATIONS.

On the 10th of August, 1535, Jacques Cartier with three vessels entered the Gulf, which, in honor of the Saint whose feast is celebrated on that day, he named *St. Lawrence*<sup>1</sup>. The name came afterwards to be applied to the

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(1) *Charlevoix, Hist. de la Nouvelle France*, i, 15.

According to Ecclesiastical history, Saint Lawrence lived

noble river that here flowed into the sea, affording drainage to a country of vast extent, and presenting scenery along its course which for majestic grandeur, variety and beauty, has no parallel in any other part of the world.

The first European who visited Lake Ontario was Samuel Champlain, in 1615. He mentions only that at the beginning of the river St. Lawrence, there are some beautiful and very large islands in the passage, but his descriptions are so meagre, and his map so imperfect, that we find little definite information as to the exact route that he took, or the places that he visited in this journey.

In 1659, Father Simon LeMoine, in going to Onondaga, records his progress up the rapids with considerable fullness, but makes no allusion to the islands. In fact, for the next fifty years the record is almost a blank; yet from time to time the early French explorers pursued their journeys up and down the river, and doubtless from these this group of islands acquired the name "Milles Iles," as a general term, expressing a great and infinite number, rather than with the least idea of approximation at the truth. It is not until 1665-6 that we get a description in any way intelligible or correct.

#### EXPEDITIONS OF DE COURCELLE AND DE TRACY.

In the papers relating to De Courcelle's and De Tracy's expeditions against the Mohawk Indians<sup>1</sup> (1665-6), in

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in the third century of the Christian era, and suffered martyrdom under the Roman Emperor Valerian, in the year 258.

(1) *Documentary History of New York*, I, 62. From the "Jesuit Relations," 1664 and 1665.



describing the routes leading into the Iroquois country, the navigation of the St. Lawrence is mentioned as exceedingly difficult until the rapids are passed :

“But when the mouth of the Great Lake is reached, the navigation is easy, when the waters are tranquil, becoming insensibly wider at first, then about two-thirds, next one-half, and finally out of sight of land; especially after one has passed an infinity of little islands which are at the entrance of the lake in such great numbers, and in such a variety, that the most experienced Iroquois Pilots sometimes lose themselves there, and have considerable difficulty in distinguishing the course to be steered, in the confusion, and, as it were, in the labyrinth formed by the islands, which otherwise have nothing agreeable beyond their multitude. For these are only huge rocks rising out of the water, covered merely by moss, or a few spruce or other stunted wood, whose roots spring from the clefts of the rocks which can supply no other aliment or moisture to these barren trees than what the rains furnish them. After leaving this melancholy abode, the Lake is discovered, appearing like unto a sea without islands or bounds, where barks and ships can sail in all safety, so that the communications would be easy between all the French colonies that could be established on the borders of this Great Lake which is more than a hundred leagues long, by thirty or forty wide.”

#### FRENCH MISSIONARIES.

Among the pioneers of discovery, were the Missionaries who were sent out to gain the friendship and secure the conversion of the Indian tribes of the interior. These zealous men allowed no obstacles or dangers to interrupt their efforts, or dampen their ardor, but with an energy and perseverance that cannot fail to excite our admiration, they pursued their way to the remotest parts of the interior, where some lived many years among the savages, amid all the privations of a wilderness, and others were murdered,

or miserably perished in the solitudes of the forest. We can here mention but a few of these pioneers and discoverers:

François de Salignac de Fenelon, half brother of the illustrious French writer, the Archbishop of Cambray, came to Canada in 1667, and was for some time engaged in the Indian Missions at Toronto and elsewhere.

The Abbe Fenelon accompanied the Count de Frontenac to Lake Ontario in 1673, and in a difficulty that arose between the Count and Gov. Perrot, he took sides with the latter.<sup>1</sup>

Louis Hennepin, a Franciscan, came to Canada in 1675, and was stationed the next year at Frontenac. He was afterwards sent by La Salle to explore the country, and was the first European who saw the Mississippi river. In 1697, after the death of his patron, he published an account of remote regions that he pretended to have visited, but which is now regarded in part at least as a fiction. Father Marquette also made extensive journeys in the west, and died at Mackinaw, May 14, 1675. Ménard, Allouez and many others passed this way on their journeys to distant points, but these men were, as a rule, little given to romantic descriptions, and their "relations" pertain more to the proper object of their Missions, than to the scenery that they passed.

Father Emanuel Crespel, in a little work published in 1742, describes some incidents of a journey into the Indian

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(1) *Colonial History of New York*, ix, p. 112.

country on the Upper Lakes. He was fifteen days going from Montreal to Frontenac, and was there detained some time in waiting for a vessel to Niagara. This was of about eighty tons burthen, and apparently the only one then on the lake. The passage was made in less than thirty-six hours. The lake was very calm, and he sounded with a line of a hundred fathoms without finding bottom.

On his return he remained two years at Frontenac, when he was recalled to Montreal, and soon afterwards was sent to *La Pointe de la Chevelure*<sup>1</sup> on the east side of Lake Champlain, in the present State of Vermont, and opposite the French post at Crown Point.

FIRST MILITARY ESTABLISHMENT UPON LAKE ONTARIO—  
FORT FRONTENAC.—(1673.)

In order to protect the French interests, the Count de Frontenac resolved to establish a military post at the outlet of the Lake, and with the view of impressing the natives with the power of the French, he resolved to take two flat bottomed canoes up the rapids, and even to mount them with cannon, to inspire them with awe. The boats were built after a particular model, painted unlike anything ever seen before, and were each manned by sixteen men. With these and about one hundred and twenty bark canoes he left Montreal on the 16th of June, and in about three weeks reached the beginning of smooth-water navigation. Hearing that the Indians had assembled in great numbers,

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(1) "Scalp Point." This writer describes in detail the origin of the name, and the customs that it indicates.

and were uneasy about the object of his expedition, he resolved to proceed with caution, in one body, and in closer column than before. The weather was so serene, and the navigation so smooth, that they made more than ten leagues the first day, and went into camp at a cove about a league and a half from Otondiata<sup>1</sup>, where the eel fishing begins. In his Journal he says :

“We had the pleasure on the way to catch a small loon, a bird about as large as a European *Outarde*, of the most beautiful plumage, but very difficult to be caught alive, as it dives constantly under, so that it is no small rarity to be able to take one. A cage was made for it, and orders were given to endeavor to raise it, in order to send it to the King. On the 11th [of July], the weather continuing fine, a good day’s journey was made, having passed all that vast group of islands with which the river is spangled, and camped at a point above the river called by the Indians *Onnondakoui*<sup>2</sup>, up which many of them go hunting. It has a very considerable channel. Two more loons were caught alive, and a *scanouton*, which is a kind of deer, but the head and antlers are handsomer than the deer of France.”

The narrative continues with an account of the regal manner with which the Count de Frontenac entered the Lake, and the interviews he had with the Indians. In short, nothing which pomp and ceremony—the waving of banners, martial music, and the discharge of cannon could do, was omitted, to impress the wondering natives with an overwhelming idea of the omnipotence of the French. The speeches and proceedings of the occasion are all found fully recorded<sup>3</sup>. The outline of a fort, was at once traced

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(1) “Toniata” was what is now known as Grenadier Island, above Brockville.

(2) Gananoqui.

(3) *Colonial History of New York*, ix., 95. *Hist. St. Lawrence and Franklin Counties*, (1853), 32.

out, and its construction commenced. Beginning work by daylight on the 14th, the ground was cleared before night. The Indians were astonished to see the large clearance made in a day—some squaring timber in one place; others fetching pickets; and others cutting trenches, all at the same time, and with the greatest dispatch and order.

## EXPEDITION OF DE LA BARRE.—(1684.)

De la Barre, Governor of Canada from 1682 to 1685, had distinguished himself in the West Indies, where he had taken Antigua and Montserat from the English. In 1684, he repaired to Fort Frontenac, and ordered three vessels which the French had built upon the Lake to be repaired, with the design of crossing to the country of the Iroquois, and frightening the people into his own terms of peace. His army consisted of 600 soldiers, 400 Indians, and 400 men for carrying provisions, besides 300 men left in the fort.<sup>1</sup>

The Governor tarried six weeks at Frontenac, his encampment being near a pestilential marsh, causing so great sickness and mortality that he found himself unable to accomplish his object by force of arms. He accordingly resolved to effect what he could by treaty, and having vainly hoped to obtain the co-operation of Gov. Dongan, he sent agents to invite the Five Nations to a Council.

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(1) *Colden's Hist. of the Five Nations*, p. 77.

Charlevoix says (i, 490) that the force consisted of 700 militia, 130 regulars, and 200 Indians. The official report made at Frontenac, Aug. 14th, gave 34 officers and 780 men. De Meules, the Intendant, says, 900 men and 300 Indians.

The Governor of New York, although in sympathy with the religious influences so actively employed by the French, did not consent to any concurrence, but secretly put every obstacle in the way; and in this he so far succeeded, that the Mohawks and Senecas remained at home. The other tribes, who were more under the influence of the French missionaries, sent representatives to meet him, consisting of Garangula,<sup>1</sup> and thirty warriors. The place of meeting was at "La Famine,"<sup>2</sup> or *Kaihahage*, at the eastern end of Lake Ontario, about thirty miles from Onondaga Castle.

After remaining two days in the French Camp, the Governor proceeded to address the Indians, a circle being formed by the French officers on one side, and Garangula and his warriors on the other.

*Speech of Governor De la Barre.*

The King, my Master, being informed that the *Five Nations* have often infringed the Peace, has ordered me to come hither with a guard, and to send *Ohquasse*<sup>3</sup> to the *Onnondagas*, to bring the chief sachems to my camp. The intention of the great King is, that you and I may smoke the Calumet of Peace together, but on this condition, that

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(1) This Indian was not a sachem, but only an orator of the Onondaga tribe. His real name was "Hotereonati," "Hoteonati," or "Oureonati," as variously spelled. He was called by the French *Grand Guule*, "Big Mouth," from which is formed the name as given in the text.

(2) Supposed to be at the mouth of Salmon River, or Sandy Creek. Our account of interview is taken from *Colden's Hist. of the Five Nations*, (1727,) and that author followed the Baron La Hontan (1705,) very literally. A version different in language, but substantially the same in substance, is given the official account published in the Colonial History of New York.

(3) M. Le Main. This word signifies a Partridge.

you promise me, in the name of the *Cayugas*, *Onnondagas*, *Oneydoes* and *Mohawks*, to give entire satisfaction and reparation to his subjects, and for the future never to molest them. The *Sennekas*, *Cayugas*, *Onnondagas*, *Oneydoes* and *Mohawks*, have robbed and abused all the traders that were passing towards the Illinois, and Umamies, and other Indian Nations, the children of my King. They have acted on these occasions contrary to the Treaty of Peace, with my predecessors. I am ordered therefore to demand satisfaction, and to tell them, that in case of refusal, or their plundering us any more, that I have express orders to declare war. *This belt confirms my words.*

The warriors of the *Five Nations* have conducted the English into the lakes, which belong to the King my master, and brought the English among the nations that are his children, to destroy the trade of his subjects, and to withdraw those nations from him. They have carried the English thither, notwithstanding the prohibition the late Governor of New York, who foresaw the risk that both of you would run. I am willing to forget these things, but if ever the like shall happen for the future, I have express orders to declare war against you. *This belt confirms my words.*

Your warriors have made several barbarous incursions on the Illinois and Umamies. They have massacred men women and children, and have made many of these two nations prisoners, who thought themselves safe in their villages in time of peace. These people, who are my King's children, must not be your slaves; you must give them their liberty, and send them back into their own country. If the Five Nations shall refuse to do this, I have express orders to declare war against them. *This belt confirms my words.*

This is what I had to say to Garangula that he may carry to the *Sennekas*, *Cayugas*, *Onnondagas*, *Oneydoes* and *Mohawks* the declaration which the King my master has commended me to make. He doth not wish them to force him to send a great army to *Caderackui Fort*, to begin a war, which must be fatal to them. He would be sorry that this fort, which is a work of peace, should become the prison of your warriors. We must endeavor on both sides to prevent such misfortunes. The French, who are the brethren and friends of the Five Nations, will never trouble

their repose,—provided that satisfaction which I demand is given, and that the Treaties of Peace be hereafter observed. I shall be extremely grieved if my words do not produce the effect which I expect from them; for then I shall be obliged to join with the Governor of New York, who is commanded by his master to assist me, and burn the castles of the *Five Nations*, and destroy you. *This belt confirms my words.*

Garangula, (who was well informed as to the distresses of the French), while the Governor was speaking kept his eyes fixed upon the end of his pipe, and as soon as he finished, he rose. After walking five or six times around the circle, he returned to his place, where he spoke standing, while De la Barre remained seated in his arm chair.

*Garangula's Answer.*

*Yonnondio*,<sup>1</sup> I honor you, and the warriors that are with me likewise honor you. Your interpreter has finished your speech; I now begin mine. My words make haste to reach your ears—harken to them.

*Yonnondio*, you must have believed when you left Quebec, that the sun had burnt up all the forests which render our country inaccessible to the French, or the lakes had so far overflown their banks, that they had surrounded our castles, and that it was impossible for us to get out of them. Yes, *Yonnondio*, surely you must have thought so, and the curiosity of seeing so great a country burnt up, or under water, has brought you so far. Now you are undeceived, since that I and my warriors are come to assure you, that the *Sennekas*, *Cayugas*, *Onnondagas*, *Oneydoes* and *Mohawks* are all alive. I thank you in their name, for bringing back into their country the Calumet which your predecessor received from their hands. It was happy for you that you left underground that murdering hatchet, which has been so often dyed in the blood of the French. Hear, *Yonnondio*, I do not sleep. I have my eyes open, and the sun which enlightens me discovers to me a great captain at the head of a company of soldiers who speaks as if he were

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(1) *Yonnondio*, or *Onnontio*, signifying "Great Mountains," was the name applied to the Governor of Canada.



dreaming. He says that he only came to the Lake to smoke on the great Calumet with the Onondagas. But *Garangula* says, that he sees the contrary, that it was to knock them on the head, if sickness had not weakened the arms of the French.

I see *Yonnondio* raving in a camp of sick men, whose lives the Great Spirit has saved, by inflicting this sickness on them. Hear, *Yonnondio*,—our women had taken their clubs, our children and old men had carried their bows and arrows into the heart of your camp, if our warriors had not disarmed them, and retained them when your messenger *Ohquasse* appeared in our castle. It is done, and I have said it.

Hear, *Yonnondio*, we plundered none of the French, but those that carried guns, powder and ball to the *Twilties*<sup>1</sup> and *Chictaghicks*, because those arms might have cost us our lives. Herein we follow the example of the Jesuits, who stave all the barrels of rum brought to our castle, lest the drunken Indians should knock them on the head. Our warriors have not beavers enough to pay for all these arms that they have taken, and our old men are not afraid of the war. *This belt preserves my words.*

We carried the English into our lakes, to traffic there with the *Utawas* and *Qutoghies*<sup>2</sup>, as the *Adirondacks* brought the French to our castles to carry on a trade which the English say is theirs. We are born free. We neither depend upon *Yonnondio* nor *Corlaer*<sup>3</sup>.

We may go where we please, and carry with us whom we please, and buy and sell what we please. If your allies be your slaves, use them as such. Command them to receive no other but your own people. *This belt preserves my words.*

We knockt the *Twilties* and *Chictaghicks* on the head because they cut down the Trees of Peace, which were the

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(1) Miamis.

(2) Hurons.

(3) Arendt Corlaer was a Dutch agent held in high esteem by the Mohawks. He was drowned in Lake Champlain, while passing Split Rock, and the traditions of the Indians long preserved the incidents of that event. He was then on his way to Canada upon public business relating to the welfare of the country. The name came afterwards to be applied to the English Governors.

limits of our country. They have hunted beavers on our lands; they have acted contrary to the customs of all Indians; for they left none of the beavers alive, they killed both male and female. They brought the *Satanas* into their country to take part with them, and armed them, after they had concerted ill designs against us. We have done less than either the English or French, that have usurped the lands of so many Indian nations, and chased them from their own country. *This belt preserves my words.*

Hear, *Yonnondio*. What I say is the voice of the *Five Nations*. Hear what they answer. Open your ears to what they speak. The *Sennecas, Cayugas, Onnondagas, Oneydoes* and *Mohawks* say: That when they buried the hatchet at *Caderacqui*, (in the presence of your predecessor), in the middle of the fort, they planted the Tree of Peace in the same place, to be there preserved, that, in place of a retreat for soldiers, that fort might be a rendezvous of merchants; that in place of arms and munitions of war, beavers and merchandise should only enter there.

Hear, *Yonnondio*, take care of the future, that so great a number of soldiers as appear here do not choke the Tree of Peace in so small a fort. It will be a great loss, if after it had so easily taken root, you should stop its growth, and prevent its covering your country and ours with its branches. I assure you in the name of the *Five Nations*, that our warriors shall dance to the Calumet of peace under its leaves, and shall remain quiet on their mats, and shall never dig up the hatchet till their brethren *Yonnondio* or *Corlaer* shall either jointly or separately endeavor to attack the country which the Great Spirit has given to our ancestors. *This belt preserves my words, and this other the authority which the Five Nations have given me.*

Then Garangula, addressing himself to M. Le Main, said:—

Take courage, *Ohquasse*, you have spirit, speak, explain my words, forget nothing. Tell all that your brethren and friends say to *Yonnondio*, your Governor, by the mouth of *Garangula*, who honors you, and desires you to accept this present of beavers, and take part with me in my feast, to which I invite you. This present of beavers is sent to *Yonnondio*, on the part of the *Five Nations*.

De la Barre returned to his tent enraged at what he had heard, but powerless to resent it. When he had set out for Montreal with the few soldiers who remained in health, the militia made the best of their way to their homes, without order or discipline.<sup>1</sup>

EXPEDITION OF DE NONVILLE.—(1685.)

In 1685, the Marquis De Nonville made an expedition into the Genesee country, but left no record of local interest concerning the Islands.

THE AVENGING INROAD OF THE IROQUOIS UPON  
THE FRENCH.—(1688.)

Early in July, 1688, an act of perfidy on the part of the French, brought down upon their settlements the terrible vengeance of the Iroquois. Passing down the St. Lawrence, they landed at Lachine on the 26th of July, and fell upon the unsuspecting inhabitants, burning, plundering and massacring in all directions, and almost up to the defenses of Montreal. They lingered weeks in the country, laid waste the settlements far and wide, and returned with the loss of only three men. The French lost about a thousand persons by this inroad, and many prisoners were carried off for a fate worse than sudden death.

The French at Fort Frontenac, were obliged to burn the two vessels they had on the Lake, and abandon the fort, first setting a slow match to the powder magazine. The

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(1) Extended accounts of De la Barre's expedition will be found in the *Colonial History of New York*, vol. i, and in the *Documentary History of New York*, vol. i.

fire happened to go out before the powder was reached, and the place was soon plundered by the Indians. The garrison set out in seven bark canoes, traveling only by night, and hiding by day, and after much difficulty reached Montreal with the loss of one canoe and all on board.

De Nonville witnessed the devastation of his colony without daring to resist the enemy while engaged in their work of ruin, nor on their return. He was succeeded the next year by Frontenac, who arrived late in the season, to the infinite joy of the surviving inhabitants. They had formerly known his ability as a Governor, and had suffered beyond measure from the timidity and incompetence of their late ruler. The year 1688 was long remembered in Canada as "the year of the massacre."

#### ONONDAGA EXPEDITION OF THE COUNT DE FRONTENAC.

In 1696, the Count de Frontenac made an incursion into the country of the Onondagas, but the only mention that he makes of this region, is his encampment for a night upon the *Ileau Chevreuils*, now known as Carleton Island.

#### SUBSEQUENT OPERATIONS OF THE FRENCH ON LAKE ONTARIO.

During the next fifty years, the French were steadily extending their trade, and endeavoring to attach the remote Indian tribes to their interests. In 1687, they established a fort at Niagara, and in 1722, the English built a trading house, and in 1727, a fort at Oswego. Although England and France were during much of this time at peace, and the Governors of their colonies on terms of correspondence,

there was probably no period down to the conquest of 1760 during which each of the two powers was not busy through its agents, in endeavoring to monopolize the Indian trade, and in extending its influence with the native tribes.

INDIAN MISSION AT OSWEGATCHIE ; LA PRESENTATION.

(1749.)

A considerable number of Iroquois, chiefly Onondagas, having been induced to settle on the St. Lawrence, a mission was established in 1749, at the mouth of the Oswegatchie, on the site of the present city of Ogdensburgh. This mission was named *La Presentation*, and its founder was Francis Picquet, a Sulpician. During the first season he built a store house and a small fort, but before the end of the year his settlement was attacked by a band of Mohawks, who burned two vessels loaded with hay, and the palisades of the fort. After this, some soldiers were stationed here for protection. The station progressed rapidly, and in 1751 a saw mill was begun.

The English who had built a trading house and a fort at Oswego many years before, naturally looked with jealousy upon this establishment by the French. Word was brought to them by the Indians, concerning their posts lately erected on the Ohio, and the informant said "he heard a bird sing, that a great many Indians from his castle, and others from the Five Nations, were gone to Swegage."

In June, 1754, the celebrated Congress of Representatives from the English Colonies, met at Albany, to consider a Plan of Union for their common defense, and on this occasion these encroachments were fully discussed.

In the war which followed, La Presentation became a point of outfit and rendezvous for many of the war parties that laid waste the frontier settlements of the English, from which they usually returned bringing prisoners and scalps. Many of these expeditions were led by Picquet himself. Thomas Mante in his history of the French war, says :

“As to the Abbé Picquet, who distinguished himself so much by his brutal zeal, as he did not expose himself to any danger, he received no injury; and he yet lives justly despised to such a degree by every one who knows anything of his past conduct in America, that scarce any officer will admit him to his table. However repugnant it must be to every idea of honor and humanity, not to give quarter to an enemy, when subdued, it must be infinitely more so, not to spare women and children. Yet such had often been the objects of the Abbé Picquet's cruel advice, enforced by the most barbarous examples, especially in the English settlements on the back of Virginia and Pennsylvania.”<sup>1</sup>

He returned to France, where he died July 15, 1781. He was succeeded at La Presentation by La Garde, a Sulpician, and the mission was continued until broken up in 1760. The Oswegatchies continued to live on the south shore and on the islands at the head of the Rapids until 1806, when the proprietor of the lands caused their removal, a part going to St. Regis, and others returning to Onondaga. Some

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(1) In a biography by La Lande, of the Academy of Sciences, published in the *Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses*, (Lyons, 1819, p. 262), an account is given of the zealous partizan spirit of M. Picquet, “The war parties which departed and returned continually, filled the mission with so many prisoners, that their numbers frequently surpassed that of the warriors, rendering it necessary to empty the villages, and send them to headquarters.” Robert Eastburn, who was many months a prisoner here, wrote an account of his captivity, and confirms the above statement.

years since, the corner-stone of a building erected near the site of the present light-house, at the entrance of the harbor at Ogdensburgh, was found in taking down the building. It may now be seen over the door of a building erected for a State arsenal in that City, and bears the following inscription :

*In nomine + Dei Omnipotentis*

*Huic habitationi initia dedit*

*Frans Picquet. 1749.*

These premises remained standing when settlement began under title from the State, in 1796, and until long afterwards. They were fitted up for a store and for dwellings, until better could be built, and the site of the foundations may still be traced.

#### OPERATIONS IN 1755-6 : CAPTURE OF OSWEGO.

The war, which ended in the conquest of Canada, is without incident so far as relates to the Thousand Islands; but many events occurred upon this frontier, which became the thoroughfare of large armies,—the only communication then known being by the river, between the settled parts of Canada and the upper lakes.

In the summer of 1755, the French were engaged in strengthening the post at Frontenac, and later in the season at Niagara. The first detachment in going up was met by a party of Indians among the Islands, on the 1st of August. They had a number of scalps, and gave the first information received in Canada of the defeat of Braddock's army near Fort DuQuense a fortnight before. This success of the French determined many of the Indians to take up

arms against the English, and many of the cannon captured on that occasion, were used by the French at Niagara and elsewhere on the northern border during the following year.

In 1756, considerable bodies of troops were sent from France, and in May, the Marquis de Montcalm, Gen. Bourlamaque, two engineers, and an army of 1,350 regulars, 1,500 Canadians and 250 Indians, ascended the river to



[*Outline and section of a stockade in Henderson.*]

Fort Frontenac, and M. de Villers with 500 men established a post of observation on Six-town Point, in the present town of Henderson, Jefferson County,—the outlines of which may still be plainly traced. It was square, built of upright timbers, with bastions at the corners, and was surrounded by a ditch,—and at the time hidden from view by surrounding trees and bushes. This officer, who was captain of the marine, was brave and prudent, and had greatly annoyed the English by pillaging their munitions, and obliging them to take great precautions in sending provisions to their troops at Oswego.

Montcalm left Fort Frontenac for Point Peninsula, on the 5th of August, and on the 7th the French appeared before Oswego. There were at this time two forts at this place—Fort Ontario on the east side, and Fort Pepperell on the west. The latter then newly erected, was 120 feet square,—a rampart of earth and stone, 20 feet thick, and 12 feet high, besides the parapet.



The French began their approaches on the 12th, and on the next day the English, having spiked their guns, and destroyed their provisions and ammunition, withdrew to the old fort on the eastern bank. This Colonel Mercer was also obliged to surrender on the 17th. The English force consisted of 2,400 men, who yielded upon terms dictated by Montcalm, with all their effects, munitions, arms and military stores.

It is stated by English historians<sup>1</sup>, that notwithstanding the pledges of Montcalm, twenty of the garrison were given up to the Indians, by way of atonement for the loss of friends, and that all the sick in the hospital were scalped. At least one hundred men are said to have fallen victims to Indian ferocity after the surrender, the remainder being taken down to Montreal, where they were mostly exchanged. The French did not attempt to hold this post after surrender, but most of the provisions were sent to Niagara and the artillery to Frontenac and Montreal. According to Pouchot, the Government got small returns of the booty, as it was mostly stolen or converted to private use by the commissaries, stewards and other agents of the service, who lost no opportunity of enriching themselves at the King's expense. Some of the very articles captured, were sold back to the Government through contractors. Two sloops were set on fire by the French, and cast adrift upon the lake. The greater part of the French army re-

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(1) *Entick*, i, 452; *Mante* i, 72. See also *Garneau*, (a Canadian author,) iii, 67, 71.

turned a week afterwards to Montreal, and appeared later the same season upon Lake Champlain.

DESTRUCTION OF FORT FRONTENAC, (1758).

In August, 1758, Colonel John Bradstreet arrived at Oswego with an army of 3,340 men, and crossed the Lake to Fort Frontenac, which he captured with a trifling loss. After destroying the fort, and securing what he could of the immense military stores there deposited, he returned without accident to Oswego. He repaired the works on the east side of the river at that place, which remained in British possession until surrendered under treaty in June, 1796.

EXPEDITION OF LORD AMHERST, (1760).

The war between the French and English in North America, which begun in 1755, had led, by the end of 1759, to the reduction of Niagara, Ticonderoga, Crown Point, and Quebec. To complete the conquest, three expeditions were planned for 1760; one from Quebec, another by way of Lake Champlain, and a third by way of Oswego and the St. Lawrence River. The latter was placed under General Jeffrey Amherst, and the forces assembled at Oswego were reported on the 5th of August, as consisting of the 1st and 2d battallion of Royal Highlanders, the 44th, 46th and 55th regiments, the 4th battallion of the 60th, 8 companies of the 77th, 5 of the 80th, 597 Grenadiers, an equal number of light infantry, 146 rangers, 3 battallions of the New York regiment, the New Jersey regiment, 4 battallions of the Connecticut regiment, and 157 of the Royal

Artillery—amounting in all to 10,142 effective men, officers included. There were besides 706 Indian warriors under Sir William Johnson<sup>1</sup>.

The first detachment of troops sailed in two vessels, the *Mohawk* and the *Onondaga*<sup>2</sup>, on the 7th, to take post at the entrance of the St. Lawrence. On the 13th all had embarked, and on the evening of that day they encamped at the head of the St. Lawrence<sup>3</sup>. Captain Loring, with the two vessels, who had been the first to leave Oswego, lost his way among the Islands, and while endeavoring to extricate himself, the main army passed him. They however arrived a day or two after at Point au Baril, near the present village of Maitland, where the French the year before had built a dock, and established a fortified ship-yard. The grenadiers and row-galleys had in the meantime taken an advanced position at Oswegatchie, preparatory to an attack upon Fort Lévis.

This fort stood upon an island called *Oraconenton* by the Indians, and *Ile Royale* by the French,—about three miles below the mouth of the Oswegatchie, and near the middle

(1) Knox gives the Indian force at one time as 1,330, belonging to 17 different settlements or tribes, but it was reduced by desertion to 706, before the expedition left Oswego. (*Campaigns*, ii, 400, 402.)

(2) According to Knox, the first of these carried 16 sixes and had 90 men; the latter carried 18 guns, of which four were 9-pounders and the rest sixes, with 100 men.

(3) The army embarked on the two vessels, 177 bateaux, and 72 whale boats, besides further allowances for the staff, hospital service and suttlers. Each bateau had 8 oars, 6 paddles, and 4 setting-poles, and each whale boat 8 oars, 12 paddles, and 2 setting poles. (*Ib.* ii, 401).

of the channel, which it completely commanded. In modern times, it is known as *Chimney Island*, from the ruins of the French works still visible upon it.

The works upon this island were begun under the direction of the Chevalier de Lévis<sup>1</sup>, in the summer of 1759, and finished in 1760 by Pouchot. A map given by Mante shows that the border of the island was set with the trunks of trees having their tops still on, and firmly set in the ground, so as to present an impenetrable abattis of brush, on every side but the landing, at the lower end. Within this was a breastwork of earth, and behind this a deep ditch filled with water, through the middle of which there run a stockade of strong sharpened pickets, closely set and sloping outwards. Inside of the ditch stood the fort proper, consisting of a timber parapet, filled with earth, with a line of strong sharpened pickets sloping out over the ditch, and platforms for cannon, and in the centre of the works the magazines and quarters. The lower point of the island was not included within the ditch and parapet, but had defensive works sufficient to prevent the landing of boats.

Accounts of La Presentation and of Fort Lévis by various writers, are given in our History of St. Lawrence and Franklin counties, but our limits will admit of only a few. A small church stood near the head of Gallop Island, a short distance below the fort, at the time when this post was taken. The English finding a scalp displayed in the

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(1) The Duc de Lévis after his return, served with distinction in Europe. In 1783 he was made a Marshal of France, and the next year a Peer. He died in 1787.

building, burned it to the ground. The outline of the foundations of this church can still be traced.

The events attending the reduction of this fort—the last that offered any resistance in Canada, may be learned from the following accounts: one by Mante, an English historian of approved credit, and the other by Pouchot, the French officer who defended the fort, and afterwards wrote a history of the war, that was published after his death. The great length of the latter will make it necessary to summarize.

Mante, after describing the movements of the English army as above given, says:<sup>1</sup>

“All this while, one of the enemy’s vessels kept hovering about the army; and as Captain Loring had not yet got into the right channel, it became necessary for the safety of the army, either to compel this vessel to retire, or to take her. The General was therefore obliged to order Colonel Williamson, with the row gallies, well manned, to do one or the other. On the 17th, the gallies<sup>2</sup> advanced with the utmost intrepidity, under a heavy fire from the enemy; but it did not in the least dampen the ardor of the assailants; their fire was returned with such resolution and bravery, that after a severe contest of almost four hours, the French vessel struck her colors. She mounted ten twelve pounders, and had on board 100 men, twelve of whom were killed or wounded. The General immediately named the vessel the ‘Williamson,’ in honor of the Colonel, and to perpetuate the memory of so gallant an action. The same day the vessel proceeded to Oswegatchie, from whence it was

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(1) *History of the Late War in North America*. By Thos. Mante, 303.

(2) According to Knox, four of the gallies each carried a brass twelve pounder, and one a howitzer. The vessel mounted one 18, seven 12, and two 8 pounders, with four swivels, and had 100 men and board. She discharged 72 rounds, and the galley 118. (Campaign, ii, 409.)

necessary to reconnoitre Isle Royal, so that it was noon the next day before the army could proceed.<sup>1</sup>

Fort Levi stood on an island, which was otherwise very strongly fortified. Though the reduction of Fort Levi could be of little service merely as a fort, yet it was certainly of too much consequence to be left in the rear of the army; besides the number of pilots, perfectly acquainted with the navigation of the River St. Lawrence, which the taking of the garrison prisoners would afford, was alone a sufficient motive for attacking it. It was therefore invested that very evening. Whilst the English were passing the point, the French kept up a very smart cannonade upon and destroyed one of the row-gallies and a few boats, and killed two or three men: but notwithstanding the fire, and an uninterrupted continuance of it, the fort was so completely invested by the 20th, by the masterly disposition of the troops, as to make it impossible for the garrison to escape.

Captain Loring had arrived the day before, with his two vessels, and the Williamson brig, and the batteries being now ready, the general, on the 23d, determined to assault the fort, that as little time as possible might be wasted on it. He therefore ordered the vessels to fall down the stream, post themselves as close to the fort as possible, and man their tops well, in order to fall upon the enemy, and prevent their making use of their guns: whilst the grenadiers rushed in with their broadswords and tomahawks, fascines and scaling ladders, under cover of three hundred of the light infantry, who were to fire into the embrasures.

The grenadiers received their orders with a cheerfulness

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(1) Israel Putnam, then a Lieut. Colonel, was in the expedition, and an account of his exploits is given by his biographer, David Humphrey, which is altogether too ridiculous and improbable for serious notice. According to this authority, (?) he had undertaken with 1000 men, in fifty batteaux, to board the French vessel, and putting himself in the van, he approached with beetle and wedges, crept under the stern of the vessel, and secured the rudder so that it could not be used. "The people on board the ship, beholding the good countenance with which they approached, ran one of the vessels on shore and struck the colors of the other!"

that might be regarded as a sure omen of success: and with their usual alacrity, prepared for the attack, waiting in their shirts till the ships could take their proper stations. This the Williamson brig, commanded by Lieutenant Sinclair, and the Mohawk, by Lieutenant Phipps, soon did; and both sustained and returned a very heavy fire. But the Onondaga, in which was Captain Loring, by some extraordinary blunder, ran aground. The enemy discovering his distress, plied her with such unceasing showers of great and small arms, that Captain Loring thought proper to strike his colors, and sent Thornton, his master, on shore, to the enemy, who endeavored to take possession of the vessel; but by Colonel Williamson's observing it, he turned upon them a battery, which obliged them to desist from the undertaking. The General then ordered Lieutenant Sinclair from the Williamson brig, and Lieutenant Pennington, with two detachments of grenadiers under their command, to take possession of the Onondaga, and they obeyed their orders with such undaunted resolution, that the English colors were again hoisted on board of her. But the vessel after all, could not be got off, and was therefore abandoned about midnight. The English batteries, however, put a stop to any further attempt of the enemy to board her. Captain Loring being wounded, was in the meantime sent ashore. This accident of the Onondaga's running aground, obliged the General to defer for the present his plan of assault, but this delay proved rather a fortunate event, as it saved a great deal of blood, for on the 25th, M. Pouchot, the commandant, beat a parley, demanding what terms he might expect, to which no answer was returned, but that the fort must be immediately given up, and the garrison surrendered prisoners of war, and but ten minutes were given for a reply. These terms were received within the ten minutes<sup>1</sup>; and Lieutenant-Colonel Massey, with the grenadiers, immediately took possession of the place.

The loss of the English before it, was twenty-one killed and nineteen wounded. The first shot from the English battery killed the French officer of artillery<sup>2</sup>. Eleven more were killed afterwards, and about forty wounded. The

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(1) Pouchot says "half an hour."

(2) M. Bertrand, who was standing by the side of Pouchot, when a cannon ball passed through his body.

garrison, except the pilots, for the sake of whom chiefly the place had been attacked, were sent to New York; and the General named the fort **FORT WILLIAM AUGUSTUS**.

At this point, the horde of savages desired to murder and plunder the garrison, but being denied the privilege, they mostly abandoned the expedition and returned home, except about a hundred and seventy, who remained with the army, and were rewarded with medals. The English remained till the 30th, employed in leveling the batteries, and repairing the boats and rafts for the artillery, which was now embarked with the necessary stores; and at noon of the 31st, the General with his army proceeded on their perilous voyage down the rapids. They were not well acquainted with these dangers, and in passing the Cedar Rapids, 29 boats belonging to the regiments, 17 whale boats, 17 artillery boats, and one row galley were dashed to pieces, with the loss of 88 men. Night coming on the remainder of the army delayed the passage till morning, when, learning from the sad experience of the day before, the remaining boats were passed down singly and in safety.

Returning to our French authority; MM. de Vandreuil and de Lèvis determined at the beginning of March, 1760, to send Pouchot upon the ice, to take command upon Oraconenton Isle, and to recall M. des Andronis, an engineer who had been there since September. With scanty resources but large promises, he sent out from Montreal on the 17th of March, with the Abbè Picquet, five men and three sleds. He found at the fort a hundred and fifty militia, six Canadian officers, M. Bertrand, an officer of



artillery, MM. Celerons brothers, La Boulanderie, De Bleury, and De Poilly, Colonial cadets, and on the river above, two French corvettes, under *La Force* and *La Broquerie*, with their crews of 180 men. The barracks, magazines and quarters were built block house fashion, and covered with plank. The works were still unfinished, and Pouchot set himself to the task of putting the place in as complete defense as his means would allow. The timber work of the main parapet was filled inside with earth brought from off the island, as they had none to spare, and they made other additions, which he specifies in detail.

During the summer he received only a hundred more militia, who came to bring up provisions, and of these at least twenty deserted with batteaux belonging to the fort.<sup>1</sup> His record recites the incidents that occurred from day to day. He was early informed of the arrival of General Amherst at Oswego, and of his movements, as his plans advanced. Every day had its rumors and its Indian interviews, and among his dusky visitors were some "suspected of painting in two colors," *i. e.* of being friendly to both sides, but true to neither.

Scouting parties from each army hung around the encampments of the other, and now and then a prisoner would be brought in and questioned as to what he knew. Their statements were, of course, only as to what they had seen or heard—and told of the strokes of oars heard day

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(1) One loyal Canadian father came a few days after to return his son, who was one of these deserters. The lad was killed in the battle.

after day, as the English army were passing Oneida Lake—of wagons passing continually laden with provisions and camp equipage—of heavy cannon, and of camps. Another Indian would tell of war-parties from distant tribes on their way to join one or the other army, and gradually, as the heat of summer came on, the news of the invasion became more definite, and the extent and resources of its army came to be tolerably well known.

The Indians unable to bear arms, fled for safety, and no crops were planted that year around La Presentation, as it was doubtful whether they would reap the harvest.

Finally, about the first days of August, some Indians came down from *Toniata*, who had seen the camp fires of the English army among the Thousand Islands, and some had ventured on board the great English vessels, to try the experiment as to whether the English would really kill peaceable Indians, as they had been told. It was not long before the English army was at Point au Baril, and its van guard at La Presentation. On the 17th of August, according to Pouchot, the *Outaouaise*, under command of M. La Force, was attacked by six barges each carrying thirty men and a twelve pounder, and after an engagement of three hours he surrendered.

The movements of the English from day to day until the surrender,—their probable plans, and the way in which these intentions should be thwarted, occupy many pages of his narrative, and do not differ materially from the account already given. The English took possession of both shores, and of the neighboring islands, and threw

up earthworks as in a regular siege. In the cannonade by which the English vessels were disabled, and in the most serious moments of the fight, the Indians, who were perched on the earthworks and on every available point of view along the shores, took the liveliest interest in the scene,—their sympathies being all on the side of the vessels, because they bore the names of their tribes, and had Indians painted on their flags. But when they saw these vessels disabled, and their colors struck, they made furious cries, and became frantic with rage. They accused the English of cowardice, and boldly declared them to be inferior to the French.

According to Pouchot, the cannonade on the last day lasted until his powder was nearly all gone, and when he surrendered he had forty men killed and wounded. The fort was several times on fire, and towards the last the English began to throw red-hot balls, firepots and carcasses, which, in their wooden walls, they could no longer withstand. When the English entered, some sixty militia men stood around, with handkerchiefs tied around their heads,—their coats off, and necks bare as was the custom of the peasantry of the country. “Where is your garrison?” they enquired, and they could hardly believe it when told them that these militia were almost the only force that the fort had had.<sup>1</sup>

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(1) Knox says that the garrison consisted of 2 captains, 6 subalterns, and 291 men, all ranks, and doubtless those of vessels included. Their loss had been a Lieut. of artillery, and 12 men killed, and 35 wounded. The English loss was 21 killed and 23 wounded. The fort contained 12 twelve—2 eighteen—2 six—13 four and 4 one pounders, and 4 brass six pounders. (*Campaigns*, ii, 408.)

General Amherst treated Pouchot with great civility, and in a private interview of an hour, tried to learn from him something about the situation of the country below, but he found him anything but communicative upon the subjects he most desired to know. The English took thirty-six pilots as guides for the rapids, and sent all the rest of the garrison by way of Oswego to New York. Belle-Garde, the priest at La Presentation, volunteered to stay to care for the wounded, and sometime after went down to Montreal.

#### OSWEGATCHIE UNDER THE ENGLISH.

The English continued to occupy Oswegatchie as a trading post until 1796, and during the Revolution, it was a point of some importance as a place for the storage of supplies, and the transfer of freight from boats to vessels. Although the St. Lawrence River had been declared the boundary by the Treaty of 1783, the British held possession of the whole line of posts on the northern frontier to secure as they claimed, the rights of certain British subjects. In the absence of authority to prevent it, the owners of land under purchase from the State suffered great damages from timber thieves, who operated extensively and without the least restraint. A mill on the Oswegatchie owned by one Verne Francis Lorimier, a half pay captain, did an extensive business in this line, but the remonstrances of proprietors obtained no relief. The usual plea when these complaints were brought to the attention of officials was, that they had no jurisdiction in

the matter and that relief should be sought in some higher authority.

According to the terms of "Jay's Treaty," all the posts within the United States were to be given up on or before June 1, 1796. Mr. Nathan Ford, agent of Samuel Ogden, the proprietor, took possession, and at once began improvements with an energy that could not fail of success. During his absence the first winter, the Canadians came over, held a town meeting, elected civil and military officers and opened a land-office for selling and settling his lands; but he made short work with these squatters and their title, and the settlement grew rapidly until its prosperity was checked for a time by the embargo and the war.

CARLETON ISLAND AND ITS FORT.



[Fort Carleton and a Section of the Works.]

This Island was called by the French "*Ile aux Chevreaux*," and by the English "*Buck Island*," or "*Deer Island*," and after 1777, "*Carleton Island*," the latter being in honor of Sir Guy Carleton,

(Lord Dorchester) first Governor-General of the Canadas. It stands near the middle of the south channel, about three miles below the Railroad depot at Cape Vincent, and contains 1,274 acres. At the head of the Island is a low peninsula, with a harbor on each side, behind which it rises to a terrace some sixty feet above the River. A number of stone chimneys upon this bluff, attract the notice of travellers, and around these there runs an excavation in

the limestone rock, and a stone parapet, which mark the site of a Fort now in ruins.

To clear up the obscurity that has hitherto hung like a cloud of oblivion over the history of this Island, we have recently sought access to the Archives of the Dominion Government, at Ottawa, and from the records there found, are now able to present a more exact account than has hitherto been published, concerning this place and its fortifications.

In 1872, Mr. Douglas Brymner, of the Department of Agriculture and Statistics, was directed to make inquiries concerning the Public Records, Documents and Official Papers in manuscript, illustrating the History and Progress of Society in Canada, and a sum of money was voted for the purpose of making preliminary researches. From two Reports which he has made,<sup>1</sup> it will be seen that he visited many repositories of these Records, and made known the nature and extent of their resources, a part of which have been placed in the custody of that Department. A very satisfactory beginning has been made in their arrangement, and when fully bound and indexed, they will afford a source of historical information of inestimable value to the country. Among these papers, were about *eight tons*, from the office of the Military Secretary at Halifax, extending from 1760 down to about 1873. Besides these original papers, which are in excellent preservation, an extensive series of papers is in course of copying from English

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(1) *Reports of the Minister of Agriculture*, 1872; pp. 171-174; and 1873, pp. 151-171.

Archives, and of these 233 volumes known as the "Haldimand Papers" have been secured. It is understood that the Dominion Government will continue this attention to the preservation of its history, and in the meantime, it is gratifying to know, that the papers actually secured are in a depository absolutely safe from casualty, and under the most intelligent care.

From these papers, from the "*Simcoe Papers*," in the Library of Parliament, and from other sources, we are able to give the following history. The Island was wholly unoccupied by the French, excepting as a transient stopping-place. Its fine harbors at its head, were mentioned by Charlevoix in 1721, and in 1757 a guard of twelve men was stationed there, to give notice of any approach by the English.<sup>1</sup>

None of the historians on either side mention it in 1760, as they certainly would have done, had it been of the slightest importance, and it was not until it became probable that the St. Lawrence might become a *Frontier*, that we find a motive for a military work at this place.

The earliest date referring to this Island that we have found, in that period is in July, 1777, when *Buck Island* is mentioned as a place beginning to be occupied for military purposes, but still without fortifications, and only a point of rendezvous and supply for various military expeditions.<sup>2</sup>

On the 14th of August, 1777, Gen. Carleton speaks of

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(1) Hough's Translation of *Pouchot's Memoirs*. i, 229.

(2) *Colonial History of New York*. viii, 719.

goods being sent to *Deer Island* for shipment to Niagara, and on the 5th of September, refers to the retreat of St. Leger from Fort Stanwix, and the importance of a sufficient guard for provisions and stores.

Early in the Spring of 1779, Lieuts. McClellan and Hardenburgh, of the 5th N. Y. Regiment, were sent by way of the Black River to surprise the British post at Oswegatchie, and partly to draw off the Oneida warriors, lest they should be disturbed by the expedition against the Indians of Western New York, made by General Sullivan in that year. They failed to surprise the garrison, but from two Onondaga Indians whom they took prisoners, they learned the following facts, as given in their own words:

“That the last week we had left that place [Buck Island] and that they were fortifying themselves.” He further saith that “the garrison consisted of Sir John Johnson’s Regiment, making in the whole not more than 200 men, and that they had a disorder among them, of which they died very fast, and that no other reason made him and some others leave that place.” He further says, “that yesterday Gen. Haldimand’s aid-de-camp passed that place with orders to the commanding officers of the back posts.”<sup>1</sup>

An order-book of that period,<sup>2</sup> under date of May 14, kept at Fort Haldimand, on Carleton Island, speaks of a fort, alarm posts, the duties of engineers and artisans, and the usual routine of garrison life. There was then a picket guard at the lower end of the Island, and a sharp lookout was kept for the “Rebels” understood to be lurking in the vicinity. On the 4th of June of that year, the King’s

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(1) *Clinton Papers*. No. 2,285. State Library, Albany.

(2) Owned by Judge J. F. Pringle, of Cornwall, Ontario, who has kindly furnished us notes from this record, which belonged to an ancestor.



birthday was celebrated by the Royal Highland Emigrants and Royal Yorkers, and at noon, seven great guns were fired on the Fort, answered by the ships in the harbor—seven each—and in the whole a salute of twenty one guns.

Other orders forbid any one from wandering from the post, and the giving of liquors, under penalty of corporal punishment, or expulsion from the Island.

From hundreds of papers containing accounts, receipts, orders, reports and other business transactions, which we have examined, it appears that during the war, and for some years afterward, Carleton Island was the principal naval station on the Lake, and that there was generally a small military force, and a considerable number of artificers at that post. In January, 1771, a Mr. Hogel was sent up to take the oath of each of the Tory refugees there, declaring with whom they first enlisted, and under whom they had engaged to serve. On the 23d of April of that year, an armorer was ordered to that place, and all the arms from the upper posts needing repairs were to be sent down and stored until he arrived.

We might give an abundance of citations from these papers, showing the names and numbers of those employed on the Island, in the marine and civil service, from the accounts of that day. Judging from the names, they were chiefly Scotch, except those engaged in the bateau service, all of whom were French. In the season of 1787, accounts were allowed for 224 bateaux-loads from Lachine to Carleton Island, arriving in thirty four companies of twelve, or less each, and for which \$6,748 were paid. The

price of a bateau-load was usually about \$36, and during this period there were scarcely any arrivals at Kingston, except from this Island. The accounts were almost always kept both in Sterling money and in Halifax Currency; the former rated at 4s. 8d., and the latter at 5s. to the dollar. The Ship *Limnaide*, the Scow *Seneca*, and Sloops *Caldwell*, *Mohawk*, etc., are mentioned as objects of expense.

The Senior Naval Officer on the Lake at that time, was *David Betton*; the Assistant Commissary-General, *Neil McLean*; the Assistant Barrack Master, *Thomas Sparham*; the Store-keeper, *James Clark*, with *James Clunes*, and *Wm. McDonnell* as assistants, and Master Builder, *Richard Wingate*. It would be easy indeed, to fish from the Sea of Oblivion scores of names, of high and low degree, down to the humblest laborer, and the chimney-sweep; in fact the accounts of the personage last named, afford a knowledge of the number of *Officers*, of *Men*, of *Rooms*, and of *Chimneys*, at every pay-day, with as much precision as a muster-roll would give the force present for duty, and the Chimneys still standing are silent witnesses of the accuracy of these accounts.

On a subsequent page, we shall present a further account of the final evacuation of the Island as a place of military defense.

A military class-right for 500 acres, was located at the head of the Island Oct. 2d, 1786, by William Richardson, and in the grant made to Macomb in 1791, the Island was reserved by the State, probably in anticipation of some

public use, as was also a small tract at Tibbet's Point, near Cape Vincent. In the uncertainties that attended the early period of the late war, the availability of the works on Carleton Island for defense was made a subject of official notice by military engineers, in case of possible need.

TITLE TO THE ISLANDS LYING WITHIN THE STATE OF  
NEW YORK.

In the original contract between the State and Alexander Macomb, in 1791, the islands above Morristown were included, but owing to the uncertainty of boundaries they were not patented until long afterwards. On the 16th of February, 1823, all the islands within the State between Morristown and the west end of Grindstone island, were granted to Elisha Camp, of Sackets Harbor, being supposed to contain in all, 15,402.9 acres of land. All titles must therefore be traced to this proprietor, within these limits.

At an earlier period, these islands had been claimed by the St. Regis Indians, and were leased by their agents to British subjects, for a long term of years. Under this title some of them were occupied by settlers, acknowledging British authority, at the time when the boundary was settled in 1818. When the title in 1823 passed to a private owner, difficulties arose which threatened to result in serious trouble, and which became known in the local annals as—

*“The War of Grindstone Island.”*

A quantity of pine timber had been cut and prepared for rafting, which was claimed by the patentee, as also by

these having custody. Finding it probable that an attempt to serve legal process would be resisted, the Sheriff procured a detachment of Militia from the town of Lyme, under Capt. Seymour Green. The timber had mostly been passed over into British waters, and after some firing, the party in charge of the timber dispersed. One of the Militia men was accidentally killed by his own gun. The question was brought into the courts, and finally settled by arbitration.

PETER PENET.

Whoever looks on the map of Northern New York, will see a tract of land, square in form, with the sides running coincident with the principal cardinal points, and its northwest corner resting upon the St. Lawrence at the mouth of "*French Creek.*" This is "Penet's Square," and hath its little romance of history, every word of which is true.

The Revolution attracted to America many French adventurers, some of whom had much more to gain than to lose, and among these was one Peter Penet, of Nantes, France. He arrived at Providence, R. I., by way of Cape Francois, (W. I.,) in December, 1775, having letters and credentials which at first secured him some attentions; and he obtained from a committee of Congress, a contract in the name of De Plairne, Penet & Co., for supplying a large amount of arms from France. He also made separate propositions to several of the Colonies for powder, arms, and ordnance, in the execution of which he proposed to ship a large amount of tobacco and other produce directly to France. He had various other speculations, all of which

proved visionary, and it soon appeared that he was only a needy adventurer, without capital or character. He succeeded in procuring advances, which were not accounted for, and he may be justly called "The Confidence Man" of the Revolution. After the war he became an Indian trader, and acquired a great ascendancy among the Oneidas. When these people were holding a treaty with the State in 1788, for the cession of their lands, it was found expedient to consult with him, and to ask his aid in promoting these measures; and as they were stipulating the reservations to be made for themselves and friends, he "dreamed" that they would give him a tract of land that he should locate somewhere north of Oneida Lake. His dream was fulfilled in the gift of ten miles square, which bears his name, but before the grant was perfected, he fled from the country, and the title passed to a creditor.

While operating upon the credulity of these simple people, he devised a "*Plan of Government for the Oneidas,*" that was to lead them to that perfection to which few civilized communities attain. The national affairs were to be managed by a Grand Council; all differences were to be settled by persons eminently wise and just; a tract of land was to be rented, and the revenues were to pay all public charges, of whatever amount; no lands were ever to be alienated, and no cause of complaint was ever to arise. It was resolved, as the highest incentive to virtue, "that as soon as convenient material can be procured, eighteen proper marks of distinction shall be given; three representing the tribe of the Bear; three the tribe of the Wolf; and

three the tribe of the Tortoise. The marks of the chiefs of war are, a green ribbon, striped on the side with red, to be worn on the left side. Nine marks of distinction for the chiefs of the councillors, with the mark of an Eagle on a red ribbon, to go round the neck, and hang between the breasts. Be it remembered that those chiefs, whether warriors or councillors, who wear this badge, must be men of truth, honor and wisdom, to discharge the great trust of national business now put in their hands; and whether at home, or abroad, when these marks are seen, it will be remembered that they are this Great Council, and great respect will, at all times, be shown them."

This scheme of government, comprising twenty articles, contemplated the appointment of Peter Penet, their "true and trusted friend, adopted and chosen Agent forever," as their principal executive agent, and being duly signed by marks (not one being able to read,) this State Paper was published with great formality in the Albany newspapers. It is needless to add, that it had not so much as a beginning of actual realization<sup>1</sup>.

Some time after Penet had absconded, he made his appearance in San Domingo; and at the time of the negro insurrection there, he invited his countrymen to buy lands on his estates in Northern New York. He exhibited a map with fortified cities, on the north shore of Oneida Lake, and by false representations, induced some to purchase

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(1) *Notices of Peter Penet and of his Operations among the Oneida Indians*, By Franklin B. Hough, Lowville, N. Y., 1866, p. 36, with map.

lands. One of these unfortunates, upon arriving in New York, and learning how cruelly he had been deceived, was unable to bear up under the affliction, and died by his own hand<sup>1</sup>. It is from Penet that this place on the St. Lawrence derived the name of "French Creek."

The successors to his title selected the mile-square nearest the river, as the site for a town, and caused it to be surveyed into ten-acre squares, except the quarter of a mile directly upon the river, in which each of these lots were further sub-divided into four. It was afterwards laid out as the village of "*Cornelia*," (named from Madame Juhel), but since the organization of the town of *Clayton*, in 1833, it has borne this name<sup>2</sup>.

In early times "French Creek" was a noted point for smuggling; and especially in the embargo of 1807-8, when almost all of the region north of Black River was a forest, it became a principal point for importing goods, and for sending potash out of the country. It was found impossible to guard this frontier so as to prevent crossing with teams on the ice in winter, or by boats in summer, and the most that the authorities attempted, was to guard the roads in the interior, and intercept such contraband goods as they could discover.

#### THE CASTORLAND COLONY.

The first road from the Mohawk settlements to the St. Lawrence at French Creek, ran in a nearly direct line to

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(1) *Castorland Journal*, MSS.

(2) The town was named from John M. Clayton, a Senator in Congress, from the State of Delaware.

the High Falls on the Black River, and was surveyed and opened by a colony established there, that deserves a passing notice.

In the summer of 1792, a company was formed in Paris, in the midst of the wildest excesses of the French Revolution, with the design of founding a colony on a tract of land upon the east and north sides of the Black River, in Lewis and Jefferson Counties, which they had bought from William Constable, a partner in the great Macomb Purchase. A stock-company having 6,000 shares was formed, at 800 livres Tournois<sup>1</sup> per share. The tract was bought for 630,000 acres, but on survey was found to contain but a third of this amount. Two Cities were to be laid out :— "*Basle*," at the head of boat navigation near the present village of Dexter,—and "*Castorville*," at the lower fall on Beaver River, now the hamlet of "Beaverton," in Lewis County. The tract was to be surveyed into 12,000 farms of 50 acres each, and each City into a like number of lots. The lucky owners of shares, were each to have immediate possession of a farm, and a lot in each City, while the alternate farms and lots were to remain undivided for a period of twenty-one years. The whole having then been vastly enhanced by their common industries, was to be then finally divided, and they would all be rich and happy.

Their affairs were to be managed by a Director, (Pierre Chassanis, the inventor of the scheme), and a Board of Trustees in Paris, who were to hold monthly meetings, and

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(1) About \$152.40.



order all things for the common good. They drew up a Constitution and a Code of Regulations, and published glowing descriptions of the country and its resources, from which it was plain to see how these things could be done, and how failure was impossible.



[Seal of the Castorland Colony.]

They chose the Beaver as the emblem of their Seal, and assumed the name of "*La Compagnie de New York*," but were generally known as the *Castorland*, or the *Chassanis Company*.

They elected Simon Desjandins (who had held office under Louis XVI,) and Pierre Pharoux (an eminent architect,) to make the first explorations, and survey the tract for settlement. They were to keep the company in Paris minutely informed of every event, but had very limited power, and narrow means, depending in part upon a commercial adventure.<sup>1</sup> They came over in 1793, on the same vessel with Mark I. Brunel, then a young naval officer, obliged to leave France by the events of the Revolution, and the latter joined them as a volunteer on their first explorations. We cannot here follow the fortunes, or rather the misfortunes of this romantic speculation, which after considerable expenditure and much suffering, ended in a total

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(1) An extended account of this Colony is given in our *History of Jefferson Co.*, 1754, and *History of Lewis Co.*, 1860. Since these were published, a full copy of the Journal of these agents has been obtained from Paris, which has been translated and annotated, but not published.

failure. Pharoux was drowned, Desjardins was superseded by one Rodolph Tillier, who was still more incompetent, and the management of the estate finally fell into the hands of James D. LeRay de Chaumont, one of the first stock holders, under whom permanent settlements began on an extensive scale.<sup>2</sup> Mr. Brunel of the first year, engaged in a survey of a canal from Lake Champlain to the Hudson, and in 1799 went to England, where he attained distinguished eminence as an inventor and a civil engineer.

We learn from a printed programme that Desjardins afterwards devised a scheme for a great industrial establishment on Point Peninsula; but this City shared the same fate with *Bâsle* and *Castorville*. It is not a little amusing that "Castorville," a city which never existed except upon paper, is given upon one of the latest maps published by the United States Government.

#### THE ST. LAWRENCE FRONTIER IN THE WAR OF 1812—15.

##### *The Condition of Settlements in 1812.*

When this war began, with the exception of small settlements a little below Cape Vincent, and here and there an inhabitant, almost the whole of the northern part of Jeffer-

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(1) The map of Jefferson Co., in "Chaumont Bay," and the town of "LeRoy," perpetuates the name of this proprietor, while "Cape Vincent" is named from one son, "Alexandria" from another, and "Theresa" from a daughter. He died in Paris, Dec. 31, 1841, in the 80th year of his age. The Castorland agents received a trust-deed of the Penet tract, and laid plans for great achievements, which, like every thing else they attempted, came to—0.

son County for miles back from the river, was an unbroken wilderness. In the vicinity of Morristown, and from thence down to St. Regis, scattered settlements had been commenced some ten or twelve years before, and a considerable population had found homes. The Canada shore for the whole distance had been more or less settled since the year 1783, by loyalists from the United States. The privations that these people had suffered made neighbors welcome, and as a general rule they looked upon the settlements on the Southern shore with marked favor. We have heard many of the pioneers, who were still living in 1852 and 1853, relate the kind offices rendered to them from over the river, when a helping hand was most needed, and the friendly visits made back and forth, at a time when neighbors were worth having

#### *Alarms.*

The declaration of war filled the country with alarm, and so terror-stricken were some, that they hastily fled into the back settlements, spreading consternation on their way, and leaving their houses open to any who might chose to enter. After a time, confidence began to return, until at length some settler ventured to cross the river by night, to call upon an old acquaintance. These visits gradually became more common, and by the time the war ended, old acquaintances had already been renewed; the river was crossed by day-light, and as often as there was occasion,—and in short, they found that although legally *enemies*, they were still *friends*.

*Carleton Island.*

Carleton Island remained in nominal possession of the British, until the declaration of war in June, 1812. The news had scarcely reached the frontier, when hostilities were begun in a small way by Captain Abner Hubbard, a Revolutionary soldier, who, without authority, and with no aid but that of a man and a boy, made a descent upon the fort, and captured it without firing a shot. The garrison consisted of three invalid men and two women, who were taken prisoners. The next day a boat was sent to the fort for stores, and the buildings were afterwards burned.

When news of these proceedings were received at Kingston, an attempt was made by way of retaliation to capture a citizen of Brownville, who happened to be in town on business, but he was forewarned by a friend, and escaped.

*Vessels on the St. Lawrence.—Affair of the Julia.*

Several trading vessels were caught at Ogdensburgh when the war began, and in attempting to escape to the Lake, two of them, the *Sophia* and *Island Packet*, were pursued by Provincial militia, overtaken and burned, near the foot of the Thousand Islands. The remainder returned to Ogdensburgh, filling the country with great alarm. It was apprehended that the British would fortify the islands, and thus command the river. To prevent the remaining vessels from passing up to the Lake, the British vessels *Duke of Gloucester* and *Earl of Moira*, of 14 and 10 guns respectively, were sent down to Prescott. This did not prevent an attempt to relieve the blockade, and the *Julia*, with a

long 32 pounder, two long 6's, and about sixty volunteers, under Lieut. Wells, was fitted out at Sackets Harbor. They met the "Duke" and "Earl" about twelve miles above Ogdensburgh, close under the Canada shore, and a cannonade began which continued about three hours. Night coming on, the "Julia" proceeded on to Ogdensburg, having suffered but little, and with neither killed or wounded. This vessel lay moored in the stream before Ogdensburgh, in charge of Sailing Master Vaughan, until September 5, when, availing themselves of an armistice, all the vessels passed up to the Lake. Several of these were afterwards employed as armed vessels on the Lake, their names being changed, and such alterations made as this service required.

*Expedition to Gananoqui, as described by Mr. Lossing.*

While Chauncey was commencing vigorous measures for the construction of a Navy at the east end of Lake Ontario, the land forces there and on the St. Lawrence were not idle, although no important service was performed there during the remainder of 1812. The vigilant Captain Forsyth, made a bold dash into Canada late in September. Having been informed that a large quantity of ammunition and other munitions of war were in the British storehouse at Gananoqui, on the shores of the Lake of the Thousand Islands, in Canada, and not heavily guarded, Forsyth asked and obtained permission of General Brown to make an attempt to capture them. He organized an expedition consisting of seventy Riflemen and thirty-four Militia, the latter officered by Capt. Samuel McNitt, Lieut. Brown, and Ensigns Hawkins and Johnson. They set out from Sackets Harbor on the 18th of September, and on the night of the 20th, they left Cape Vincent in boats, threading their way in the dark among the upper group of the Thousand Islands. They landed a short distance from the village of Gananoqui, only ninety-five strong, without opposition; but as they approached the town, they were

confronted by a party of sixty British regulars and fifty Canadian militia, drawn up in battle order, who poured heavy volleys upon them. Forsyth dashed forward with his men without firing a shot until within a hundred yards of the enemy, when the latter fled pell-mell to the town, closely pursued by the invaders. There the fugitives rallied and renewed the engagement, when they were again compelled to flee, leaving ten of their number dead upon the field, several wounded, and eight regulars and four militiamen as prisoners. Forsyth lost only one man killed, and one slightly wounded. For his own safety, he broke up the bridge over which he had pursued the enemy, and then returned to his boats, bearing away, as the spoils of his victory, the eight regulars, sixty stand of arms, two barrels of fixed ammunition, comprising three thousand ball cartridges, one barrel of gun powder, one of flints, forty-one muskets, and some other public property. In the store-house were found one hundred and fifty barrels of provisions; but having no means of carrying them away, Captain Forsyth applied the torch, and the store-house and provisions were consumed. The public property secured on this occasion, was given to the soldiers of the expedition, as a reward for their valor.<sup>1</sup>

*Engagement in Kingston Harbor.*

Commodore Isaac Chauncey appeared on the lake on the 8th of November 1812, with a fleet consisting of the *Oneida*, (16), *Conquest*, *Hamilton*, *Gov. Tompkins*, *Pert*, *Julia* and *Growler*. The British force on the lake was then reputed to consist of the *Royal George*, *Earl of Moira*, *Prince Regent*, *Duke of Gloucester*, *Simcoe* and *Seneca*. On the 10th he engaged the *Royal George* and the batteries on shore for an hour and forty-five minutes, but the wind being strong in-shore, he thought it imprudent to hazard an at-

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(1) *Lossing's Field Book of the War of 1812*, P. 372.

Other accounts state that the landing was made about two miles above the village, and that twelve prisoners were taken away.

tack and withdrew. This spirited engagement has been compared by Cooper to the assault upon Tripoli in the war with the Barbary States, to which, as he claims, it was not inferior, due allowance being made for the comparative force engaged.<sup>1</sup>

*Tom Garnet.*

A singularly romantic incident was related to the writer when preparing his *History of Jefferson County* in 1853 by Capt. Augustus Ford of Sackets Harbor, as having come under his personal knowledge on this occasion. Mr. Ford's reputation for veracity, was above suspicion and although more than eighty years of age, his memory was still clear and strong.

Tom Garnet was the son of an English farmer, living about forty miles from Liverpool. He chose a partner for life, and was sent not long after marriage with an ox cart laden with wheat to Liverpool, to exchange for furniture and an outfit; but was seized in the streets by a press gang, and despite his entreaties and resistance, was taken on board a frigate, about to sail for the East Indies, his cart and oxen remaining in the street, and himself unable to relieve anxieties at home by a single word of explanation.

During seven long weary years, he was detained abroad, without an opportunity of exchanging letters with his family, or of knowing whether those most dear were dead or alive. At length, he was paid off and set on shore at Liverpool. Sun-burnt by tropical heat, and haggard from hard service, he was so changed that his best friends would hard-

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(1) *Naval History of the United States*. ii. 333.

ly have known him. He had carefully saved his earnings, and having shunned the vices that sailors too often acquire, he had with him a considerable sum, for a man of his station, with which he was fondly hoping to gladden the hearts of loved ones at home,—if perchance they were still living. As night approached, fearing to call at an inn, lest his dress and appearance should excite suspicion that he might be a deserter from the fleet, he crept into a nook under a stack of straw, and spent the night. In the morning, there was a dense fog, and not knowing the course he should take, he fell in with another press-gang, and was again carried on board a vessel about to sail for the South American Coast. After some years, finding an opportunity he escaped, crossed the Andes, and at length, reaching an Atlantic port, he enlisted for a few months in an American ship, which soon after brought him to the United States.

His crew was detailed for service on Lake Ontario, and he arrived at Sackets Harbor, in the fall of 1812; where he became one of the crew of the *Oneida*, under Lieut. Woolsey. Here Mr. Ford became acquainted with him, and learned the strange story of his life. During twenty years he had been unable to gain the first word from home. He was of a kind, cheerful and obliging disposition, was strictly temperate, used no profane language, and was made Captain of the fore-castle, from the entire confidence that was placed in his capacity and fidelity. In short, Tom Garnet was the universal favorite of the brig, and both officers and men became strongly attached to him for his kindness of heart, intelligence and moral worth.



On the morning before the fleet of Chauncey sailed to meet the enemy near Kingston, Tom related to his comrades a dream he had the night before, in which his wife appeared to him as a disembodied spirit in Heaven, with a son, whom he had never seen, and told him he would soon join them. His story was treated with levity; but the calm and serious earnestness with which he related it, and the evident conviction he felt as to the premonition, checked hilarity. He proceeded to divide his wardrobe among his companions, and gave instructions about the disposal of the little property he possessed, as one about to die: yet his cheerfulness and alacrity were unabated; although he evidently *believed* in the presentiment he had expressed, he seemed exhilarated in the welcome prospect of meeting the long-lost and dear partner of early hopes.

The fleet sailed and engaged the enemy's batteries in the harbor of Kingston, the first shot from which was a nine-pound ball, which crossed the deck of the Oneida, and passed through the body of Tom Garnet at his post. He fell instantly dead, with the same smile upon his countenance which habit had impressed.

*Military and Naval Preparations upon the Lake, in 1813.*

The Cabinet plan of the Campaign of 1813 contemplated the assembling of a large army at Sackets Harbor, the capture of Kingston and York, and finally a descent upon Montreal. Large bodies of troops were sent forward, and naval preparations were begun upon a most extensive scale.

The plan of attack upon Kingston was abandoned early in the season, but the descent upon York was accomplished in April, with disastrous result—for although it led to a temporary success, it cost the life of General Pike and many other brave officers and men, while it afforded no tenable foothold in Canada. It led in a few days to a retaliatory expedition against Sackets Harbor, with no very important results. Half a million of dollars worth of Naval Stores were destroyed to prevent capture, and the invading forces were hastily withdrawn. The retreat of militia along a road leading from the town, but apparently in the direction of the enemy's vessels, hastened their re-embarkation, and gave General Brown a reputation that continued till it carried him to the highest grade of promotion, and filled the country with his fame.

*Privateering on the St. Lawrence—Affair of Cranberry Creek.*

“On the 19th of July, 1813, the *Neptune* and *Fox*, the former a private armed boat, under Captain Samuel Dixon, mounted with one six-pounder and one swivel, and manned by twenty-four volunteers; the latter a public armed boat, under Captain Dimock, with a detachment of twenty-one men from the 21st Regiment of Infantry, under Lieutenants Burbank and Perry, sailed from Sackets Harbor, with Letters-of-Marque from the Deputy Collector of the District, for a cruise on the St. Lawrence. This privateering expedition was fitted out by Marinus W. Gilbert, of Watertown, and others, and had for its object the cutting off of a detachment of the enemy's boats that were expected up

the river, laden with stores. After touching at Cape Vincent and French Creek, they selected on the morning of the 17th a quiet nook in a creek among the Thousand Islands, where they landed for muster and review; and the morning being delightfully pleasant, they employed themselves in drying and putting in complete order their arms, and ammunition, and in cleaning out their boats. A small boat of each was sent out for intelligence, but returned without gaining any news. At 9 P. M. they hauled from the shore, manned a guard-boat to prevent surprise, and sent Lieutenant Hawkins to Ogdensburg for intelligence; and at 5 P. M. the next day, Messrs. Baldwin and Campbell arrived with news. At 9 they left Cranberry Creek, and at 4 A. M. of the 18th, saw a brigade of British bateaux, convoyed by his Majesty's gun-boat, the *Spitfire*, lying at Simmond's Landing, preparing to sail for Kingston. Upon this they pushed in for shore, and so completely surprised them that very few of the enemy escaped. The fifteen bateaux and the gun-boat were at once seized, without a shot being fired on either side. Previous to the attack, Lieutenant Perry, of the 9th, and Sergeant James, of Forsyth's company, with twenty-seven volunteers, had landed to cut off retreat. At 9 A. M. the fleet landed in Cranberry Creek, in Alexandria, and at 11, sixty-nine prisoners were sent off to the Harbor, under a guard of fifteen men of the 21st, in charge of Lieutenant Burbank. The *Spitfire* was armed with a 12-pound carronade and a crew of fourteen men, with a large quantity of military stores. The bateaux had 270 barrels of pork and 270 bags of pilot bread, which was

landed on the 20th to prevent spoiling. A request to the neighboring inhabitants for assistance was sent out, which brought in a few militia, who, however, mostly left the same night. At sunrise on the 21st, the enemy, to the number of 250, with four gun-boats and one or two transports, were discovered in the creek; these were met by thirty men, and attacked while landing, others being stationed in different places to prevent their approach. A cannonade was commenced, and was kept up for some time; two of the enemy's boats were so injured from our fire that most of the crew were compelled to leave them, and cut flags on the shore to stop the shot-holes. At 6 A. M. the enemy retired to their boats, and sent a flag with the demand of surrender *to save the effusion of blood*, which was instantly rejected, and the firing recommenced. It appears that this was but an expedient to gain time, as the enemy hastily retreated, carrying their dead and wounded. Their loss must have been considerable, from the quantity of blood seen where they embarked. Our loss was three, killed and wounded. After the action, trees were felled across the road and creek to prevent a new attack; and on the afternoon of the next day, re-enforcements arrived, the boats which had been scuttled were repaired, and on the 23d they left for Sackets Harbor, where they arrived on the 27th. While passing Tibbet's Point they encountered the *Earl of Moria*, were pursued and hit several times by her shot, but not captured. The gun-boat and several bateaux were sunk without consulting Captains Dimock or Dixon, and

the owners ultimately lost most that was gained by the expedition.”<sup>1</sup>

*Canadian Accounts of the Affair of Cranberry Creek.*

An account of the affair of Cranberry Creek, (sometimes called Goose Bay,) is given by Christie, a Canadian author, differing slightly in dates and details, but not much in the result. He states that three gun-boats under Lieut. Scott, of the Royal Navy, were dispatched from Kingston, with a detachment of the 100th Regiment, under Captain Martin, to intercept the American boats on their return. Another gun-boat joined them the next morning, with a detachment of the 41st Regiment under Major Frend, who assumed the command. On reaching the Creek, they tried to enter, but the channel was so narrow that the gun-boats could neither use their oars nor turn to bring their guns to bear. Being attacked from the shore, and finding the channel blocked up with trees, a portion of the troops effected a landing, but finding the Americans strongly posted, and their gun-boats useless, they retired from the unequal contest. Capt. Milnes, aid-de-camp to the commander of the forces, who had volunteered for the expedition, was mortally wounded.

Another Canadian-Historian says : <sup>2</sup> — On the 20th of July, 1813, some cruisers from Sackets Harbor, succeeded in surprising and capturing, at day-

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(1) *Hough's Hist. of Jefferson Co.*, p. 492; from a Journal kept by one of the officers.

(2) *Charles Roger's Rise of Canada from Barbarism to Wealth and Civilization*. Quebec, 1856.

break, a brigade of bateaux laden with provisions, under the convoy of a gun-boat. They made off with the prize to Goose Creek<sup>1</sup>, which is not far from Gananoque. At Kingston the loss of the supplies was soon ascertained, and Lieut. Scott, of the Royal Navy, was despatched with a detachment of the 100th Regiment, in gun-boats, to intercept the plunderers. At the lower end of Long Island, he ascertained the retreat of the enemy, and waited patiently for the morning. In the evening, still later, a fourth gun-boat with a detachment of the 41st Regiment came up, and having passed the night in bright anticipation of glory, the rescuing gun-boats proceeded at three in the morning to Goose Creek. The enemy had gone well up and had judiciously entrenched themselves behind logs, while they had adopted the Russian plan of blocking up the entrance to their harbor, where the creek became so narrow that the attacking gun boats found it necessary to pole even up that far.

Lieutenant Scott set his men to work, to remove the barriers to his ingress, but a brisk fire soon caused him to desist, and indeed he was very much disabled. The only gun-boat that could be brought to bear upon the enemy was already disabled, and the consequences might have been disastrous but for the gallant conduct of the soldiers, who leaped from the sternmost boats, up to their necks, carrying their muskets high over head, and charged the enemy on landing, causing them to retreat with precipitation behind their entrenchment. While this was being

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(1) Synonymous with "Cranberry Creek."

done, the gun-boats were got afloat and put to rights, and the soldiers expeditiously re-embarking, the capture of the provisions was abandoned. Captain Milnes, a volunteer aid-de-camp to the commander of the forces, was killed.

*General Wilkinson's Expedition.*

Late in 1813, after many delays, apparently caused by incompetency, or negligence to co-operate on the part of persons entrusted with important duties, an army which had been concentrated at Sackets Harbor, was thought to be in readiness to descend the St. Lawrence, and attack Montreal.

On the 26th of October, a part of these forces were embarked for Basin Harbor on Grenadier Island, in a motley fleet of scows, Durham boats, common lake sail boats and bateaux—at a season of the year particularly dangerous for navigation, and as the result proved, under the care of pilots wholly incompetent for the duties before them.

If, with no enemy but the weather, it were rash to attempt this passage at so late a period in the year, the enterprise appears one of reckless folly, when we consider that hostile armed forces would be certainly encountered, with all the advantages that a previous knowledge of the intentions, and of the route could give them. The sequel of this expedition, is nothing but a record of disaster. On the first day of sailing, a storm came on, which strewed the shore with wrecks, and destroyed property of immense value. The American army gradually concentrated upon Grenadier Island, near the outlet of the Lake, where from exposure to the storm, great numbers sickened, especially

among those from the Southern States, who were unaccustomed to the rigors of a Northern winter. At intervals of the gale, boats were slipped into the St. Lawrence, but so treacherous were the lulls of the tempest, that great peril was encountered in passing from Grenadier Island to Cape Vincent, and many boats were driven ashore, and much provisions and clothing lost in this passage. To cover the advance, Commodore Chauncey took a position to prevent the enemy from getting possession of Carleton Island, which with some repairs would afford a strong defensive point, and General Brown was sent on to French Creek, where the detachments were ordered to rendezvous.

On the evening of November 1st, the enemy attacked General Brown, about sunset, with two brigs, two schooners, and several boats laden with infantry. He had encamped a short distance up French Creek, and had caused a battery of three eighteen-pounders to be placed on Bartlet's Point, a headland a short distance above, which from its elevation gave a decided advantage over the enemy. This battery was under the command of Captain Robert H. Macpherson, of the light infantry, and was served with such effect that the assailants after a little while dropped down with the current, beyond its range. The attack was renewed the next morning, without success, and one of the brigs was with difficulty towed off. The American loss in this affair, was two killed and four wounded; that of the British was understood to be greater, but its extent was not ascertained.<sup>1</sup>

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(1) Captain Macpherson received the brevet rank of



The army of General Wilkinson was closely followed by the enemy, who, passing behind the islands, could watch their opportunities for harrassing the boats, at unexpected points, particularly when passing Bald Island, about two miles below Alexandria, where two gun-boats appeared and were driven back. The flotilla halted above Ogdensburgh, and was passed on the night of November 7th, safely past the batteries of Prescott, excepting two large gun-boats heavily laden, that ran aground at Ogdensburgh, within range of the cannon of Fort Wellington, but were safely got off, and soon joined the rest at the "Red Mills," now Lisbon.

We will not follow in detail the movements of this expedition further than to remark, that on the 11th of November, a battle was fought at Chrysler's Farm, on the north shore, in which the Americans were beaten, and that, abandoning all further plans of invasion, the army went into winter quarters at "French Mills," now Fort Covington, Franklin Co., N. Y.

*Naval Enterprise Upon Lake Ontario in 1814.*

During the year 1814, both nations were busy in naval preparations upon the lake, and the greatest activity was displayed in these labors at Sackets Harbor and Kingston. No sooner was the keel of a frigate laid at one place, than an equal or greater one was begun at the other; and like

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Major, for his gallantry on these occasions. He was distinguished in the battle of La Cole, (L. C.,) in March, 1814, where he was severely wounded, and after the war, was appointed Consul in Madeira, where he died Jan. 1, 1817.

the armed neutrality of Europe in modern times, the government was deemed most powerful, that could show the heaviest armament, without actually bringing the proof to the test of trial.

The following letter<sup>1</sup> from the Earl of Barthusht will show the importance attached by the British Government to these preparations:

\* \* \* " You must be well aware that on Lake Ontario particularly, the contest for Naval superiority will be renewed at the commencement of the ensuing campaign, and that its success will depend upon the exertions which you may be able to make during the winter, for increasing the number and efficiency of the fleet under Sir J. Yeo. You will therefore consider whether the measure of building ships in other places to be afterwards transported to the Lakes may not be advantageously applied to the augmentation of the fleet on Lake Ontario, and whether you may not thus be enabled to counteract the advantages which the enemy have derived from the abundance and vicinity of their naval resources to which the unfortunate protraction of the contest for superiority has been so mainly owing.

In addition to the means which have been already placed at your disposal, his Majesty's government have determined to forward to you by the first fleet in the Spring, two frigates in frame, with the necessary supplies of stores and cordage for their equipment. With the view to accelerate their arrival on Lake Ontario, they will be shipped on board vessels of such a draft of water as to admit of their proceeding direct with their cargoes to Montreal. On your part, it will be necessary to make timely preparation for their transport by land, at those rapid parts of the St. Lawrence which preclude the passage of Bateaux, and for supplying them with masts and yards." \* \* \*

*Capture of the Gun-Boat " Black Snake."*

While these preparations were going on, there occurred

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(1) Dated *Downing Street*, 5th December, 1813.

an event among the Thousand Islands that claims our notice. With the view of cutting off some of the detachments of boats that were ascending the St. Lawrence with supplies, Commodore Chauncey, about the middle of June, directed Sailing Master Francis H. Gregory<sup>1</sup> to take three gigs, with their crews, and secrete himself among the Thousand Islands, to watch an opportunity to surprise and bring off, or destroy some of the enemy's boats that were passing up the St. Lawrence. He had under his command William Vaughan<sup>2</sup> and Samuel Dixon, Sailing Masters, and eighteen men, armed with rifles, pistols and cutlasses. They saw two brigades of boats passing up, but full of troops, and too strong to attack; and another passing down, and not worth taking. Gun-boats were found stationed about six miles apart, and a system of telegraphs erected on the heights, so that intelligence could be conveyed with great despatch. On the 19th, the party were lying close under the Canadian shore, four miles below Alexandria Bay, and near Bald Island, when a gun-boat was seen coming down under easy sail, but nearer the middle of the channel. Upon seeing the American boats, an officer, with one or two men, was sent in a skiff that was in tow, to make in-

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(1) This officer was born at Norfolk, Ct., in 1789, entered the merchant service in 1802, and was appointed a Midshipman in 1809 and Sailing Master in 1811. He was captured in August, 1814, and sent to England, where he remained till the peace. He arose by successive grades to the rank of Rear Admiral, and in the war of 1861-5 had charge of the building of iron-clad vessels at Brooklyn. He died at that place October 4th, 1866.

(2) Captain Vaughan died at Sackets Harbor, December 10th, 1857, aged 81 years.

quiries of them, mistaking them for Canadians. Upon approaching, Gregory hailed the strangers, demanding their surrender, which from necessity was obeyed; but those on board the gun-boat, seeing the movement, opened a fire, which was returned. The vessel was soon taken, and found to be the *Black Snake*, or No. 9, Captain Landon, with one 18-pounder and eighteen men, chiefly royal marines. The prize was taken in tow, and when a mile and a half below French Creek, was met by a British gun-boat. Finding escape impossible, the prisoners and small arms were taken out, and the prize scuttled. The enemy arrived soon after, but finding it impossible to save it from sinking, pursued Gregory's party several miles. Night coming on, he escaped, reached Grenadier Island, in Lake Ontario, late in the evening, and the next day arrived safe at Sackets Harbor with his prisoners. The Commodore, in his official report, warmly recommended Gregory, Vaughan and Dixon to the notice of the Department, and Congress, by an act passed May 4th, 1827, awarded \$3,000 to Gregory and his men as prize-money for this service. Mr. Gregory was a few days after, promoted to the rank of Lieutenant in the Navy.<sup>1</sup> A few days after the destruction of the *Black*

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(1) Lieut. John Hewson of the 89th, who was then stationed at the Block House on Bridge Island, (since from the ruins called "*Chimney Island*," three miles and a half above the mouth of Toniata or Jones' Creek, and close under the Canadian Shore,) in writing the same day, gives further details concerning the capture. But one Marine escaped, as he happened to be on Bluff Island, and hid himself. He reported the assailing force as consisting of "two large gun-boats and a craft full of men." Capt. Landon

*Snake*, the same officers were sent to lie in wait for the transports that were passing Presque Isle between Kingston and York. This place being discovered, Gregory set fire to a vessel on the stocks, nearly ready to launch, and a small building adjacent, containing stores intended for its use. These being consumed, he crossed the lake to Oswego, and returned after about a week's absence to Sackets Harbor.

These repeated adventures among the Thousand Islands led the British to erect a block-house at Gananoque, and another on Bridge Island. The former stood on a rocky eminence near the present Market House, and was taken down in 1855; its timbers still being sound and serviceable. The latter was on an island about ten miles above Brockville, near the north shore, and formerly connected with it by a sand-bar. From the ruins still standing this is known as "*Chimney Island.*"

*Relative Naval Force of American and British Fleets on Lake Ontario.*

Late in 1812, the opposing Navies were reported as follows:

AMERICAN:— <i>Ontario, Conquest, Hamilton, Gov. Tompkins, Pert, Julia and Growler.</i>	BRITISH:— <i>Royal George, Earl of Moira, Prince Regent, Duke of Gloucester, Simcoe and Seneca.</i>
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was of the Militia, and a well known partizan. The pursuing party that met the expedition on its return, was under Lieut. Campbell, of 104th. The *Black Snake* was afterwards raised by Capt. Owen, the gun and most of the stores recovered, and the boat sent to Kingston for repairs.

On the 8th of September 1813, they had both been increased, and were reported as follows:

<p>AMERICAN:—<i>General Pike</i>, 34; <i>Madison</i>, 24; <i>Sylph</i>, 20; <i>Oneida</i>, 18; <i>Duke of Gloucester</i>, 10; <i>Gov. Tompkins</i>, 6; <i>Conquest</i>, 3; <i>Ontario</i>, 2; <i>Asp</i>, 2; <i>Fair American</i>, 2; <i>Pert</i>, 2; <i>Lady of the Lake</i>, 2; <i>Raven</i>, 1. Total, 126 guns.</p>	<p>BRITISH:—<i>General Wolfe</i>, 32; <i>Royal George</i>, 22; <i>Earl of Moira</i>, 16; <i>Prince Regent</i>, 14; <i>Simcoe</i>, 12; <i>Seneca</i>, 4; <i>Hamilton</i>, (late <i>Groveler</i>,) 5; <i>Confiance</i>, (late <i>Julia</i>,) 3; besides several gunboats. They were then building a 40-gun frigate and two sloops of war at Kingston.</p>
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In 1814, there were active preparations on both sides, but no actual collision of the naval forces on this lake.

The policy of building first rate men-of-war was adopted by both Governments, and when peace was announced several large frigates had been launched and equipped on each side, and others were upon the stocks, in rapid preparation for their armament. Under an agreement signed at Washington in April 1817, and proclaimed by the President, April 28 1818, it was arranged that neither Nation should keep upon this Lake more than one vessel, of not over 100 tons and armed with one eighteen pound cannon.

The *Lady of the Lake*, with three pivot-guns on deck, and the brig *Jones*, with eighteen guns on deck, were kept up till this Treaty—the *Pike*, *Jefferson*, *Mohawk*, *Madison*, *Superior* and *Sylph* having been dismantled soon after the peace.

These vessels had been mostly housed for preservation, but the annual returns showed from year to year the slow stages of decay, until under an act passed March 3, 1824,

all but the ships-of-the-line *New Orleans* and *Chippewa*, then on the stocks and under cover, were ordered to be sold. The *Lady of the Lake* with one pivot gun, was kept up for some years, and the decaying hull of the *New Orleans* at Sackets Harbor is now all that is left of the remainder.

The history of the British fleet on Lake Ontario is much the same as that above related, and the last vestige has long since disappeared.

*The Projected Monument at Sackets Harbor.*

In closing this last notice of the war of 1812-15, we cannot omit to mention an incipient attempt to honor the memories of some of the prominent officers of the American army who fell upon this frontier. While Colonel Brady was stationed at Madison Barracks, Sackets Harbor, in 1819, the remains of most of these officers were brought thither, and buried at that place, with the design of erecting a monument worthy of their memory. A temporary wooden structure was placed over the spot,—the form without the substance of a Testimonial, and perhaps emblematical of the empty and perishable honors too often bestowed upon those who deserve well of their country.

In 1853, this wooden monument had tumbled down, yet on the rotting and broken panels might with some difficulty be read the following names :

*North Side* — Brigadier-General L. Covington, killed, Chrysler's Field, U. C., Nov. 1813; Lieutenant-Colonel E. Backus, Dragoons, killed at Sackets Harbor, May 29, 1813.

*East Side*—Colonel Tuttle, Lieutenant Colonel Dix, Major Johnson, Lieutenant Vandeventer.

*South Side*—Lieutenant-Colonel Mills, Volunteer, killed at Sackets Harbor, 29th May, 1813; Captain A. Spencer, 29th Infantry, aid-de-camp to Major-General Brown, killed at Lundy's Lane, July 25, 1814.

*West Side*—Brigadier-General Z. M. Pike, killed at York, U. C., 27th April, 1813; Captain Joseph Nicholson, 14th Infantry, aid-de-camp to General Pike, killed at York, U. C., 27th April, 1813.

Many years since, the remains of Colonel Mills were removed to Albany. The remainder, so far as we are informed, still lie dishonored by neglect, within the enclosure of Madison Barracks.

#### THE "PATRIOT WAR" OF 1837-39.

A scheme, having for its declared object the establishment of a Republic in Canada, having been formed among persons living on both sides of the Boundary, in 1837, some events resulting from this movement occurred upon the St. Lawrence, that claim a notice in this connection. The burning of the little steamer *Caroline*, in American waters, on the night of Dec. 29, 1837, by an armed party from Canada, while employed in the service of the insurgents upon the Niagara River, led to great excitement along the Northern Frontier. Secret clubs known as "Hunter Lodges," were formed in most of the villages and cities along the border, for the purpose of engaging men and raising money for the invasion of Canada.



*The Conquest of Hickory Island.*

Arms having been procured, by plundering the State Arsenals at Watertown and other places, a revolutionary rabble began to gather at Clayton Village on the 20th of February, 1838. They had a considerable amount of arms, munitions, and provisions, including among their weapons some 500 long-handled pikes. They came in sleighs and on foot, from various places in Jefferson and adjacent Counties, and generally acknowledged General Rensselaer Van Rensselaer as their leader. They openly avowed the design of crossing the St. Lawrence upon the ice, and of making a lodgment at Gananoque, from whence to attack Kingston. There was neither organization nor discipline in this motley crowd, and between those who assumed to lead, there were mutual jealousies, and a want of plan, that neutralized every operation. The weather was intensely cold, no provision had been made for their shelter, and the men suffered greatly from exposure. On the 22d a portion repaired on foot, and in sleighs, to Hickory Island, in British waters, about seven miles above Clayton, and there, it is said, a difficulty arose about the command, which threw a damper on the whole affair.

On calling for volunteers to proceed, eighty-three appeared at the first, seventy-one at the second, and thirty-five at the third call; then acting upon the maxim of "every man for himself," the crowd dispersed—the officers with the greatest difficulty retaining enough men to remove the arms they had taken over. From such *invasions*, it would seem that little harm could follow; yet from prudence, the

military authorities at Kingston took measures for resisting the invaders. A force of 1,600 men, consisting principally of militia, was assembled, a part of whom were posted on Wolfe Island. The enemy not appearing, the position of affairs was soon discovered, and on the morning of the 23d, not a man was to be seen, having fled with no one pursuing, and in such haste that a part of their weapons and supplies were left behind them. Among these was a quantity of broken iron, intended to be used in place of cannon balls. This panic, it is said, was enhanced by the declaration of a Militia Captain of the war of 1812, who passed up and down among the crowd, and proclaimed in a loud voice *that before morning they would be all massacred!* The thought of this awful fate gave wings to their flight, and with a laudable anxiety for the welfare of the families they had left behind them, when they set out for the seat of war, the new recruits in a few hours had all dispersed to their homes. Soon afterwards two companies of State Militia were stationed for a few weeks at Cape Vincent and Clayton, to intercept any other expedition that might be fitted out against Canada.

The invasion of Hickory Island caused the greatest alarm in Kingston; for, in addition to the forces on the Island, and more expected from the American side, it was rumored that a large body of malcontents from the back townships were to co-operate, and that Kingston was to be given up to plunder and rapine. Plate, money, jewels, and other valuables in families, and the specie in the Bank, were hastily collected and lodged in the Fort. Every man

able to bear arms was mustered, and so far as the means allowed the recruits were armed. As neither invaders nor defenders were uniformed, the latter were enjoined to bind a strip of white linen around their caps. But an eye witness says: "Candor compels me to add, without the least disparagement to the valor of any, that in many cases the adornment appeared to be superfluous; since the paleness of the lengthened visages beneath it would have fairly borne the palm from the whitest linen that was ever bleached."<sup>1</sup> This author does not except himself in this description, but attributes the phenomenon to the insufficiency of his weapon, which consisted of an old rusty sabre without edge, point or handle.<sup>2</sup>

*Burning of the Steamboat Sir Robert Peel.*

At about midnight, on the night between May 29th and 30th, 1838, as the British Steamer *Sir Robert Peel*<sup>3</sup> was taking in wood at McDonnell's Wharf, on the south side of Wellesley Island, in the town of Clayton, a party, consisting of thirteen men,<sup>4</sup> under the lead of William Johnston,

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(1) *Three Years Residence in Canada, from 1837 to 1839*, by T. R. Preston, London, 1840. i. p. 140.

(2) A minute account of the Hickory Island invasion is given in Sir R. H. Bonnycastle's "*Canada as it Was, Is, and May Be.*" London, 1852.

(3) This was a staunch steamer, built the year before at Brockville, and was about 150 feet long by 30 in width, and on this occasion was in charge of Captain John B. Armstrong.

(4) The accounts published at the time give the number of the boarding party as twenty-one. We adopt the statement received from Johnston himself, when preparing our history of Jefferson county, in 1853. He said the attack was planned by a Cleveland Committee, who totally failed

painted like Indians, and armed with muskets and bayonets, rushed on board, yelling and shouting "*Remember the Caroline!*"

There were nineteen passengers on board, mostly asleep in their berths, and, of course, they were exceedingly alarmed. They were hastily driven on shore—some with scarcely more than their night clothes upon them. Some of their baggage was set off, and towards morning the Steamer, having been plundered by the brigands, was cast off into the stream, and set on fire. The burning vessel drifted down till it lodged upon a small island, which since, from this circumstance, has been known as Peel Island.

It was afterwards said that the design in this attack was to capture and use the Steamer for the purposes of the insurgents, and that a party of a hundred and fifty men had been promised for this service. As Johnston and his men could not manage the Steamer, and as the force that was to have been on hand did not appear, the alternative of destruction was adopted.

The night was dark and rainy, and the only building in the vicinity was a woodman's shanty, where the passengers found shelter till five o'clock in the morning, when the *Oneida*, Captain Smith, coming down on her regular trip, found them in this distressed condition, and returned with them to Kingston.

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to meet their engagements. Many more details of the affair are given in the County History here referred to, and in *Lossing's Field Book of the War of 1812*.

This event created the greatest excitement on both sides of the River, and large rewards were offered by Governor Marcy, of New York, and by the Earl of Durham, then Governor of Canada, for the arrest and conviction of the persons concerned in the crime.

On the 7th of June, nine persons charged with participation in this affair, were lodged in jail at Watertown, and afterwards others. Their trial excited great interest, but did not lead to the conviction of any under arrest.

As soon as the news reached Washington, Major-General Macomb was dispatched to Sackets Harbor, to take such course as the exigencies required. On the 20th of June he sent word to Sir John Colbourne, or the officer commanding at Kingston, inviting co-operation in a search among the Thousand Islands for the persons who had plundered and burned the *Peel*, and a few days after Colonel Dundas of the British army, crossed and held an interview, which resulted in an agreement for a joint effort to be made on the 2d of July to arrest the parties. After a search of several days, their retreat was discovered; but in their attempt to take the outlaws, all but two escaped. The gang consisted of but eight men at that time, of whom Johnston was one.

This daring leader for many months baffled all efforts at pursuit, which he was able to do through his intimate knowledge of the Islands, and the vigilance of his friends. The principal agent through whom he obtained intelligence of the pursuit, and subsistence during this period, was his daughter “Kate,” who with a skill, fidelity and success

that commanded the admiration of sympathizers in the rebellion throughout the country, conveyed her father by night from place to place, and supplied him with food.

Thus, from May to November, Johnston evaded every effort that was made for his arrest. At the time when the Patriots made a lodgement in the Windmill at Prescott, he appeared publicly in the streets at Ogdensburgh, but although he was well known there, no one offered to arrest him. At length, weary with hiding, he resolved to give himself up to his son John, who might thus claim the reward. On the 17th of November, 1838, he left Ogdensburgh in a boat with his son, when Deputy Marshal McCulloch pursued and overtook him about two miles above. He was tried at Syracuse before Judge Alfred Conkling, on a charge of violating the neutrality laws of the United States, and acquitted,—was again arrested—escaped, and a reward of \$200 offered for his apprehension. He was arrested a few miles from Rome<sup>1</sup>, taken to Albany, tried, and sentenced to a year in jail and a fine of \$250. His daughter sought and obtained permission to share his imprisonment.

At the end of six months he managed to escape early one evening, and walked forty miles before morning. The exploits of this leader became widely celebrated at the time, and made him the hero of the day. He was commissioned

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(1) This arrest was made by Captain Vaughan, of Sackets Harbor, who has already been mentioned on p. 79. A son of Vaughan was among the prisoners captured at the Windmill near Prescott. He was pardoned, doubtless on account of the service rendered by the father.

in September, 1839, as “Commodore of the Navy, and Commander-in-chief of all the Naval Forces of the Canadian Patriot Service in Upper Canada,” but declined the appointment, as the Rebellion had proved a failure, and he had suffered enough already.

He remained concealed, after his escape from Albany, until tranquility was restored, when he went to Washington, with a petition numerously signed, asking for a pardon from the President. This was refused by Van Buren, but soon after granted by Harrison, and he returned openly to his ordinary pursuits at home. He was afterwards appointed keeper of Rock Island Light, which shines on the spot where the *Sir Robert Peel* was burned<sup>1</sup>.

“Bill Johnston,” as he was called in derision by his enemies, and in affectionate admiration by his friends, was not in common life, by any means, one of the criminal classes. With thousands of others, he was deluded into

(1) Johnston was born at Three Rivers, Lower Canada, Feb. 1, 1782, his father being Irish and his mother Dutch, from New Jersey. He left Canada when a young man; lived at various times at Sackets Harbor, Watertown and at other places in Jefferson County, and for some years kept a ferry to Wolfe Island. During the war of 1812–15 he rendered important partizan services, by procuring information from the enemy, and by intercepting their mails. This may have led to his appointment late in life, to the place of keeper of a Light House. He died at Clayton Feb. 17, 1870, at the age of 88 years. His portrait is given in Lossing's Field Book of the War of 1812, p. 662, with a *fac-simile* of his signature.

His daughter, so often mentioned in connection with the events of that period, married Mr. Charles H. Hawes, of Clayton, and died March 14, 1878, aged 59 years, 6 months and 3 days.

an idea of aiding the Canadas to gain their independence, and for this enterprise, nature had endowed him with a will, energy and courage, that brought him conspicuously into notice, and made him a leader among men who might admire, but could not imitate his example. In his daily life, he was a quiet, law-abiding and respectable citizen,—positive and independent in his opinions, and if he was sometimes strong in his personal dislikes, he was always true to his friends.

*Battle of the Windmill.*

On the 11th of November, 1838, the Steamer *United States* touched at Sackets Harbor, on her downward trip, having on board 150 male passengers with little baggage; and many circumstances tended to excite suspicion that they were upon a military expedition. Their number was increased by twenty or thirty at the Harbor, and by ten or eleven more at Cape Vincent.

On arriving a little below Millen's Bay, she overtook the schooners *Charlotte of Oswego*, and *Charlotte of Toronto*, which were taken in tow—one on each side, at the request of a passenger, and it soon became evident that these vessels contained munitions of war, and great numbers of men, who, with most of the passengers on board the Steamer were destined for a descent upon Prescott.

An effort was afterwards made to prove that the Captain of the Steamer was not previously aware of the object of his passengers, or the purposes of the vessels he had in tow.

A consultation was had between the Captain and two of the owners who were present, and a State Bank Commis-



sioner who was a passenger, and it was concluded to stop at Morristown, and give information to a Magistrate, and send word by express to Ogdensburgh.

Just before the Steamer reached Morristown, about eleven o'clock Sunday evening, Nov. 11th, the vessels were unfastened and dropped astern. The Steamer after stopping two hours and a half, resumed her course to Ogdensburgh, arriving at three o'clock on Monday morning.

The Steamer was the next day pressed into the service of the "Patriots," and during the day, the invading forces were landed, and posted in a stone tower built in 1822, as a Windmill for grinding grain, but then not in use. In 1873, it was fitted up as a Light-House.

Here, until the Friday following, they held out against the Canadian military forces brought against them; but in the mean time, heavy artillery had been brought to bear upon the mill, which would ere long demolish their strong hold, and bury them in its ruins. Their scanty supply of provisions and ammunition was exhausted,—and through the active exertions of the authorities on both sides, it was impossible for them to receive more; the promised co-operation from up the Lake did not arrive, and it finally became evident that they had no ground for hope unless in unconditional surrender.

Accordingly, about noon, on Friday, (November 15th) the firing ceased and the whole party surrendered at discretion.

The Canadian forces lost in this affair, two officers and thirteen rank and file killed, and four officers and fifty-five rank and file wounded.

The "Patriots" in this affair were under the command of Von Schoultz, a Polish exile who had been living some years at Syracuse. The prisoners were conveyed to Fort Henry, at Kingston, and a Court-Martial was organized for their trial, that began its session on the 26th day of November.

This expedition, virtually ended the "Patriot War," and anxiety for the fate of the prisoners—the desperate efforts of their friends to procure a mitigation of punishment, and active measures to put an end to further agitation, became the absorbing themes of the day.

Of the one hundred and sixty three men and boys who were captured in the Windmill, ten were hung, sixty were transported to Van Diemen's Land, three were acquitted, fifty eight pardoned, eighteen released and four turned Queen's evidence. We have not learned the fate of the remaining ten.<sup>1</sup> After about three years, the convicts in Van Diemen's Land were pardoned by the Queen, and returned home.

The irritation which these events occasioned, did not at once subside, and several of the American Steamers, especially the "*United States*," were regarded with aversion on the Canada side for some time. As this Steamer was leaving Ogdensburgh on the evening of April 14, 1839, with a large number of passengers on board, from six to ten rounds of musket shot were fired from the wharf at

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(1) *History of St. Lawrence and Franklin Counties* (1853) pp. 661—674.

*History of Jefferson Co.* (1854), pp. 519—529.

Prescott, upon which an angry crowd had assembled, and the same evening she was fired upon from the wharf at Brockville. A subsequent inquiry failed to fix upon any particular ones as the culprits.<sup>1</sup> On the 17th of May, 1839, the Schooner G. S. Weeks, stopped at Brockville to discharge some merchandise, and the usual papers were sent to the Custom House. Permission to unload was granted, when it was noticed that an iron six-pounder was lying upon deck, belonging to the State of New York, and consigned to Captain A. B. James, at Ogdensburgh, being sent to replace one that had been seized by the "Patriots" in the affair at the Windmill in the preceding year.

An attempt was made to seize this gun, which was resisted by the crew, when the Collector came up and took possession of the vessel, under the pretext of some irregularity in her papers. The gun was taken out, paraded through the streets, and fired several times by the mob in triumph. Word was sent to Col. Worth at Sackets Harbor, who at once repaired to the scene of disturbance, and a few hours after, a Steamer with British Regulars arrived from Kingston. By the united efforts of the Military Officers and of the Civil Magistrates, the gun was finally surrendered by the mob without a collision, which for a time seemed imminent and inevitable, and some of the ring-leaders were arrested and lodged in the guard-house. These disturbances brought Governor Arthur to Brock-

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(1) Fuller details of this and other events upon the Frontier at this period, are given in our "*History of St. Lawrence and Franklin Counties*," p. 671.

ville, and an effort was made to justify these proceedings, by those who had participated in them. It is due to the Canadian Press and to the more considerate portion of the inhabitants to notice, that they very generally denounced this seizure as unjustified. The Collector was removed from office, and the irritation gradually wore away.

The complete suppression of this rebellion, left the Government stronger than before, and doubtless led those who were in its counsels to a thoughtful study of the causes that may have led to the discontent. It was followed by a union of Upper and Lower Canada under one Government, the two sections taking the names of "Canada East" and "Canada West,"<sup>2</sup> the general Seat of Government being located at Kingston. In 1845 this was changed to Montreal, and at a later period it alternated a few years between Quebec and Toronto, until in 1865 it was permanently fixed at Ottawa. Lord Sydenham was Governor of Canada at the time of the Union. He died at Kingston, September 19, 1841 in the forty second year of his age, about two years after his arrival in the country.

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(2) The Proclamation of Union, was dated Feb. 10, 1841.

DESCRIPTIONS BY TRAVELLERS

AND BY

HISTORICAL AND STATISTICAL WRITERS.



DESCRIPTIONS BY TRAVELLERS AND BY HISTORICAL AND STATISTICAL WRITERS.

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FATHER CHARLEVOIX—(1721).

Pierre François Xavier Charlevoix was born in 1682, became a Jesuit priest, and in 1720-1722 made a voyage to North America under orders from the King of France. Passing up the St. Lawrence and through the Lakes, he found his way to the Mississippi, and, after encountering many difficulties, finally reached San Domingo, and returned from thence to France. Besides his Journal of Travels, which was written in epistolary form, he wrote a History of New France, which is regarded as high authority. He closed a life devoted to study and travel, on the 18th of February, 1761.

The Journal of his Travels<sup>1</sup> abounds in historical, ethnological and topographical information, and he was a close observer of Natural History. His description of this region is brief, and is given in a letter dated at Catarocoui [Kingston] May 14, 1721, in which he says:

“ Five or six leagues from la Galette is an island called *Toniata*,<sup>2</sup> the soil of which appears tolerably fertile, and

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(1) An English edition of these Travels, published in 1761, (2 vols., pp. 800) furnishes the extract here given.

(2) Probably the same as that known on modern maps as *Grenadier* or *Barthust Island*. The middle part is quite fertile, and well adapted for settlement.

which is about half a league long. An Iroquois called 'The Quaker,' for what reason I know not—a man of excellent good sense, and much devoted to the French—had obtained the right of it from the Count de Frontenac, and he shows his Patent to everybody that desires to see it. He has, however, sold his Lordship for four pots of brandy; but he has reserved the usufruct for his own life, and has got together on it eighteen or twenty families of his own nation. I found him at work in his garden; this is not usual with the Indians, but this person affects to follow all the French manners. He received me very well, and would have regaled me, but the fine weather invited me to pursue my voyage. I took my leave of him, and went to pass the night two leagues from hence, in a very pleasant spot. I had still thirteen leagues to sail before I could reach Catarocoui; the weather was fine, and the night very clear. This prevailed with us to embark at three in the morning. We passed through the middle of a kind of an Archipelago, which they call *Mille Isles*, (the Thousand Isles,) and I believe there are above five hundred of them. After you have got from among them, you have only a league and a half to sail to reach Catarocoui. The river is open, and is full half a league wide. You then leave upon the right three great bays, pretty deep, and the fort is built in the third."

Fort Catarocoui was described by Charlevoix as a square, with four bastions, built with stone, and the ground it occupies as a quarter of a league in circuit. The situation was very pleasant, and the view upon the river remarkably fine.

An anonymous folio printed for Thomas Jeffreys in 1760,<sup>1</sup> repeats (page 15) the account given by Charlevoix about the Indian living on Toniata Island, and what is said by him concerning the Thousand Islands.

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(1) *The Natural and Civil History of the French Dominions in North and South America, etc.* London, 1760.



JAMES FENIMORE COOPER'S IDEAL "STATION ISLAND."

(Assumed to be about 1755).

In the third of his series of "Leather-Stocking Tales," as placed by its author, although not in the order of publication, is "THE PATHFINDER," a romance by some regarded as the most pleasing of the many that were sketched by the pen of this popular writer. In his youth, *James Cooper*, (as he was known until a middle name was inserted by a special act of the Legislature of New York, in 1826), had been a Midshipman in the American Navy, and in this capacity was stationed for a time at Oswego, where the first beginning was made in the construction of an American naval armament upon Lake Ontario, under Commodore Woolsey, in the Summer of 1808. Of this period of his life, the author himself says:

"This was pretty early in the present Century, when the navigation was still confined to the employment of a few ships and schooners. Since that day, light may be said to have broken into the wilderness, and the rays of the sun have penetrated to tens of thousands of beautiful valleys and plains, that then lay in 'grateful shade.' Towns have been built along the whole of the extended line of coasts, and the traveller now stops at many places of ten or fifteen, and at one of even fifty thousand inhabitants, where a few huts then marked the sites of future marts."

Amid these familiar scenes, Cooper laid the plan of his romance, and the descriptions of scenery and of natural topography which the book contains, he regards "as nearly accurate as is required by the laws which govern fiction," although these wild solitudes of Lake Ontario as he saw them, are so no longer. The period assigned for the romance, was about the middle of the last Century, while

the English held a military and trading post at Oswego, and the French the region to the north and west of the Lake, extending in a chain of posts from their possessions in Lower Canada to those on the Mississippi. It was not long before the hostilities began that ended in the conquest of the French in Canada, and the full establishment of the English power, and of peace along the whole line of this memorable Frontier.

We will not attempt to give an outline of the plot of the tale, leaving that to be known by those who would wish the details from the book itself. It is sufficient for our present use, to copy some of the descriptions of scenery of the Thousand Islands,—among the intricate mazes of which the author has placed THE STATION, upon which depends a part of the plot. It was, indeed, as he represented it, in that day, a place hard to find, the approach being full of difficulties and dangers. The way was known to but a favored few, to whom the secret was in confidence entrusted, and the place is now, like Calypso's favored Isle, an open question for those who choose to explore.

“The Station, as the place was familiarly termed by the soldiers of the 55th, was indeed a spot to raise expectations of enjoyment among those who had been cooped up so long in a vessel of the dimensions of the *Scud*. None of the islands were high, though all lay at a sufficient elevation above the water to render them perfectly healthy and secure. Each had more or less of wood, and the greater number at that distant day were clothed with the virgin forest. The one selected by the troops for their purpose was small, containing about twenty acres of land, and by some of the accidents of the wilderness, it has been partly stripped of its trees, probably centuries before the period of which we are writing, and a little grassy glade covered.

nearly half its surface. It was the opinion of the officer who had made the selection of this spot for a military post, that a sparkling spring near by had early caught the attention of the Indians, and that they had long frequented this particular place in their hunts, or when fishing for salmon—a circumstance that had kept down the second-growth, and given time for the natural grasses to take root, and to gain dominion over the soil. Let the cause be what it might, the effect was to render this island far more beautiful than most of those around it, and to lend an air of civilization that was then wanting in so much of that vast region of country.

The shores of Station Island were completely fringed with bushes, and great care had been taken to preserve them, as they answered as a screen to conceal the persons and things collected within their circle. Favored by this shelter, as well as of that of several thickets of trees and different coppices, some six or eight low huts had been erected to be used as quarters for the officer and his men, to contain stores, and to serve the purposes of kitchen, hospital, etc. These huts were built of logs, in the usual manner, had been roofed by bark brought from a distance, lest signs of labor should attract attention, and, as they had now been inhabited some months, were as comfortable as dwellings of that description usually ever get to be.

At the eastern extremity of the Island, however, was a small, dense-wooded peninsula, with a thicket of underbrush so thickly matted as nearly to prevent the possibility of seeing across it, so long as the leaves remained on the branches. Near the narrow neck that connected this acre with the rest of the Island, a small block house had been erected with some attention to its means of resistance. The logs were bullet-proof, squared and jointed with a care to leave no defenceless points; the windows were loop-holes; the door massive and small; and the roof, like the rest of the structure, was framed of hewn timber, covered properly with bark to exclude the rain. The lower apartment, as usual, contained stores and provisions; here, indeed, the party kept all their supplies; the second story was intended for a dwelling as well as for a citadel, and a low garret was subdivided into two or three rooms, and could hold the pallets of some ten or fifteen persons. All the arrangements were exceedingly simple and cheap, but they were

sufficient to protect the soldiers against the effects of a surprise. As the whole building was considerably less than forty feet high, its summit was concealed by the tops of the trees, except from the eyes of those who had reached the interior of the Island. On that side the view was open from the upper loops, though bushes, even there, more or less concealed the base of the wooden tower. The object being purely defense, care had been taken to place the block-house so near an opening in the limestone rock that formed the base of the Island, as to admit of a bucket's being dropped into the water, in order to obtain that great essential, in the event of a siege. In order to facilitate this operation, and to enfilade the base of the building, the upper story projected several feet beyond the lower, in the manner usual to block-houses, and pieces of wood filled the apertures cut in the log flooring, which were intended as loops and traps. The communications between the different stories were by means of ladders. If we add that these block-houses were intended as citadels, for garrisons or settlements to retreat to in cases of attack, the general reader will obtain a sufficiently correct idea of the arrangements it is our wish to explain.

But the situation of the Island itself formed its principal merit as a military position. Lying in the midst of twenty others, it was not an easy matter to find it, since boats might pass quite near, and, by the glimpses caught through the openings, this particular island would be taken for a part of some other. Indeed, the channels between the islands that lay around the one we have been describing were so narrow, that it was even difficult to say which portions of the land were connected, or which separated, even as one stood in their centre, with the express desire of ascertaining the truth. The little bay in particular, that Jasper used as a harbor, was so embowered with bushes and shut in with islands, that, the sails of the cutter being lowered, her own people, on one occasion, had searched for hours before they could find the *Scud*, in their return from a short excursion among the adjacent channels in quest of fish. In short, the place was admirably adapted to its present uses, and its natural advantages had been as ingeniously improved as economy and the limited means of a frontier post would very well allow.—(*The Pathfinder*, Chap. xix.)

## CAPTAIN POUCHOT—(1760.)

This writer was a Captain in the Regiment of Bèarn in the war of 1755-60—was commander of the fort at Niagara when captured by Sir William Johnson in 1758, and again was captured in Fort Lévis, a little below Ogdensburgh, where the last resistance was made by the French in the conquest of Canada, in 1760.

His Journal was published in Switzerland after his death and affords much valuable information concerning the country as it existed in his day. In speaking of the customs of the Canadian *voyageurs*, he remarks that in ascending the river in their bateaux, they kept as near as possible to the north shore. Of the river above he says :

“At five leagues from Pointe au Baril. [near the present village of Maitland], is the Island of Toniata. The main channel of the river is between this island and the south shore. The north part of the river is filled with rushes, and in summer is a celebrated eel fishery<sup>1</sup>.

“The Island of Toniata<sup>1</sup> is three leagues long by a quarter of a league wide. At the upper end is a little passage with but little water, and full of rushes, which they call the *Petit Detroit*. This is the route that bateaux always take in going up to avoid the currents.

We should notice that we ought to pay no attention to the little channels which we meet among the rushes, and which have no outlet and would ground a vessel.

At the *Petit Detroit* they perform the ceremony of “baptizing” those who have never gone up the river before<sup>2</sup>.

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(1) Now known as *Grenadier*, or on some maps *Barthurst Island*. See the account as given by Charlevoix, on another page. The signification of *Toniata*, is said to be “Beyond the Point.” *Note to Hough’s Translation of Pouchot’s Memoirs*, ii, 110.

(2) The exact locality of this narrow passage may be easily pointed out, as between Tar Island and the Canada

At a league and a half above, begins the Thousand Islands, which continue at least three leagues. These are an infinite number of little rocks covered with trees, with channels quite large in some places. In others, vessels in passing through would almost touch them. They are very safe, almost always have a good depth of water all around them, and there is but a slight current.

At the end of three leagues we find larger islands. We should take care and not go astray. In following the bat-teaux channel nearest the north side, we shall notice several inlets ending in marshes which are near the shore.

It is necessary to turn very short to enter the Bay of Corbeau<sup>1</sup>, which is large and fine. We pass between the south point, which is very straight, and a little island which we have to pass very near. From thence, they coast along the Isle au Citron, which is a good league in length. It is fine and well wooded.

They make a crossing of three leagues to reach the Isle Cochois, which is three leagues long, and half a league wide, abounding in game and fish.<sup>2</sup>

“The view from the foot of this island, with the neighboring islands and the north shore, forms a prospect most delightful on account of the beauty of the channels. This part appears to be very proper for cultivation, and good for hunting and fishing. From thence to Frontenac is three leagues. We find the bay sufficiently deep and quite good before coming to Montreal Point, which is the south point of the Bay of Catarocoui.”<sup>3</sup>

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shore. This custom of making merry at the cost of the luckless novice at the oar, will remind the reader of the frolic which sailors have, on crossing the Equator, with those who have never made the passage before. The unlucky subject of this ordinance, in these solitudes of woods and waters, would of course have no remedy, and the only satisfaction he could expect, would be in the opportunity of assisting in the ceremony himself, upon some new comer.

(1) Probably *Baumgardt Bay* of Owen's Chart. It is on the north shore, about opposite the head of Wellesley Island

(2) This answers to the description of Wellesley Island, more nearly than any other.

(3) *Pouchot's Memoirs*, ii, p. 109.

JOHN LONG.<sup>1</sup>

This author, who was a roving Indian Trader, appears to have met some adventures worthy of notice, although not immediately relating to the place more particularly under description. He stayed only a day or two in a place, bartered his goods for peltries till there were no more to buy, and then pushed off to a new field of enterprise. He stopped three days at the German Flats on the Mohawk—and on the 14th of September, 1784, arrived at the “Jenesee Lake,” probably Seneca Lake of the present day.

A Council was called, and he asked permission to stay awhile and trade, They deliberated, and returned the following answer :

“You are the Sugar, for so you are called in our tongue, but you must not have too much sweetness on your lips. All the Oneida Indians say they have heard that you are come only under a pretence to get our lands from us; but this must not be. My young warriors will not suffer any Englishman to settle here. You are like the Great Chief General Johnson, who asked for a spot of ground, or large bed, to lie on; and when Hendrick, the Chief of the Mohawks, had granted his request, he got possession of a great quantity of our hunting grounds; and we have reason to think that you intend to dream us out of our natural rights. We loved Sir William, and therefore consented to all his requests; but you are a stranger, and must not take these liberties; therefore, my advice is, that you depart to-morrow, at break of day, or you will be plundered by the young warriors, and it will not be in our power to redress you.”

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(1) *Voyages and Travels of an Indian Interpreter and Trader*, describing the manners and customs of the North American Indians, with an account of the Posts situated on the River St. Lawrence, Lake Ontario, etc., etc., 4<sup>o</sup> London, 1791, pp. 295. This work was translated into French and published without the Indian vocabularies, a short time afterwards.

He "departed" for Fort Oswego, which he attempted to pass without permission; but was prevented by a sentinel, and his goods were all seized and confiscated.

In this miserable condition he got across to Cataroqui, [Kingston] and put up at Howell's tavern. He afterwards took up 500 acres of land in this region, on the Canada side; but not liking the tame routine of farm life, he obtained another stock of goods, retired up the Lake, and established himself at Pimitiscotyán Landing, on Lake Ontario. He had scarcely opened his premises for trade, before an officer took possession of everything he could find, even to the tent that sheltered him from the weather, and carried them down to Montreal, where everything was sold for less than a fourth part of its cost. Again stripped of his all, Mr. Long retired to the "Bay of Kenty," and lived ten months among the friendly U. E.<sup>1</sup> Loyalists. Early in the spring of 1786, he crossed to Carleton Island, and from thence proceeded to Oswego, intending to go into the States by post. Having no pass, he was there stopped; but returning eastward, he resolved to proceed from Salmon River through the woods to Fort Stanwix. Having rested a day, he set out with five pounds of pork, and two loaves of bread, with a companion, and a faithful Indian as a guide, —but the old path was obliterated; they suffered great hardships, and were finally thankful at being able to get back to their point of departure alive. From thence they made their way to Oswego along the shore, a distance of not over twenty miles, but they were six days on the way.

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(1) "United Empire."



Towards the last, they were entirely without food, except wild onions, [leeks]; but, fortunately, they found on the sand about a hundred and forty birds' eggs, which they boiled and eagerly devoured, notwithstanding the greater part had young birds in them, with small down on their bodies. They were again turned back, and advised to proceed either to Niagara or Montreal, without further attempting to run their blockade. He adopted the latter alternative.

At this period, there were along the north bank of the St. Lawrence, beginning at Point au Baudet, and extending to the head of the Bay of Quinte, about ten thousand inhabitants, mostly Loyalists from the States, who had been driven out by the Revolution, and who were truly faithful subjects of the British Crown.

Cataroqui, or Fort Frontenac, was in his day, held by a small garrison, and a commanding officer, who examined all boats that passed either to the new settlements, or the upper posts. Mr. Long gives some notes upon the military defenses of this Frontier, on the south side of the Lake, after the close of the Revolution, that have historical interest :

“The first post I shall notice is Oswegatchie, on the River St. Lawrence, about one hundred and fifty miles above Montreal, at the mouth of the Black River<sup>1</sup>, where there are about an hundred savages, who occasionally frequent it, and are called Oswegatchie Indians, although they belong to the tribes of the Five Nations. To this Fort the inhabitants from New England may with ease transport

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(1) The Oswegatchie River was thus called on the maps of that period.

goods to supply the Mohawks, Cahnauages, Connecedagas, St. Regis, and some straggling Messesawger Indians, who live near the Detroit, at a smaller expense than they can possibly be obtained from the merchants of Quebec and Montreal, but particularly rum—which has now become an essential requisite in every transaction with the savages; for though they used formerly often to complain of the introduction of strong-water by the Traders, (as appears by the language of their chiefs in Council), to the prejudice of their young men, yet they have not now the resolution to refrain from the use of it. On the contrary, it is become so familiar, and even necessary to them, that a drunken frolic is looked upon as an indispensable requisite in a barter, and anticipated with extreme delight.

“Carleton Island is higher up the river, and has greater conveniences annexed to it than Oswegatchie, having an excellent harbor, with a strong fortification, well garrisoned. It affords excellent accommodation for shipping, and may be considered as the naval storehouse for supplying Niagara and the other posts. There are vessels of considerable bulk constantly sailing from thence to Niagara, Oswego, etc. There is also a Commodore of the Lakes, whose residence is on the Island.”<sup>1</sup>

The Commodore of the King's vessels on Lake Ontario, in 1796, as described by Mr. Weld, was a French Canadian, as were likewise most of the officers under him. Their uniform was blue and white, with large yellow buttons, stamped with a Beaver, over which was inscribed the word “Canada.” The Naval officers were under the control of the Military Commandant at every post where their vessels touched, and they could not leave their vessels to go up into the country at any time, without his permission.

The Royal Navy on Lake Ontario in 1796, according to Liancourt, consisted of six vessels, of which two were small schooners of twelve guns—the *Onondaga* and the *Mohawk*,

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(1) The Senior Naval Officer at Carleton Island in 1786-8 was *David Betton*, of the British Navy.

(the latter just finished)—a small yacht of eighty tons, mounting six guns—the *Missisaga*, of the same armament as the schooners, and two gunboats. All of these vessels were made of green timber, and the cost of the larger of them was four thousand guineas. The heaviest item of cost was the iron work. The embezzlement and improvidence with which affairs were managed, on the part of underlings in the service was very great.

Mr. Long gives some sketches of Indian life as it then existed in this region, that may be read with interest :

“Early one winter, a newly married couple arrived, and having given them a little rum, they got very merry; and perceiving the woman was in great humor, I desired her to sing a Love Song, which she consented to do with cheerfulness.

*The Song.*

“*Debwoye, nee zargay ween aighter, payshik oathy, seizee-bockquoit shenargussey me tarbircoach neppeech cassawicka nepoo, moszack pemartus, seizeebockquoit meteeek.*”

“It is true I love him only whose heart is like the sweet sap that runs from the sugar-tree, and is brother to the aspen-leaf, that always lives and shivers.”

In one of his descriptions, it would appear that he tarried among the Thousand Islands. The description is too obscure for us now to locate the place—but the account is as follows :

“I was then left with two white men, and two Indians and their wives. We passed our time in hunting and fishing; and as there were a great many small islands near us, we made frequent trips to shoot wild fowl, which enabled us to keep a good table. On one of the Islands we discovered two Indian huts, but from their appearance no one had visited them for a length of time. About half a mile from the place we saw a high pole, daubed over with vermilion paint; on the top were placed three human skulls,

and bones hung around. The Indians supposed it had been erected many years. About an hour before sunset, we returned to our wigwams."

When he was living on the Lake shore not far from the eastern end, he had a large dog for protecting himself and property. An Indian one day came in, rather the worse for rum, and attempted to strike the dog; but the animal instantly seized him by the calf of the leg, and wounded him dreadfully. The Indian returned to his hut, and made no complaint till the next day, when, being sober, he called and desired to speak to our Trader. He told the master how he had been used by the dog, saying he hoped he would give him a new pair of leggins, to supply those which the dog had torn; but that with regard to his leg, he did not trouble himself much about that, as he knew it would soon be well. Wounded flesh would heal—torn leather, never. The request was granted; the Indian retired with a bottle of rum as a present, with which he seemed well pleased, and nothing more was heard of the matter.

P. CAMPBELL—(1791).

This traveler set out from the Highlands of Scotland with an intention of exploring the interior of North America, and with an old and faithful servant, a dog and a gun, he traveled much in the wilderness, in birch-bark canoes, and through regions where comfort and safety were scarcely to be looked for, and often not enjoyed. Thus writing from day to day, in a canoe, or on the stumps of trees, or by the dim fire-light of a settler's cabin, he has given us impressions of the country as he saw it, that make up in vivid

description for what he may lack in style. He had learned from a British officer that a lady was living on his way, whom he had known when she was a child, in a poor widow's family that he had befriended in time of need, and he resolved to visit her. She had married Captain Thomas F—, and was living not far from the River. We cannot describe the incident, which gives a pleasant glimpse of domestic life in those days, better than in his own language:

“When I came opposite to Captain F—’s house, which was a little way from the road, my servant said that was the place we had been directed to; but on my looking about and remarking the good house, but a still larger barn of two stories high, several office-houses, barracks or Dutch barns, the sufficiency and regularity of the rails, and extent of the enclosures,—considerable flocks of turkeys, geese, ducks and fowls, I said it could be no Highlander that owned that place,—that the barracks or Dutch barns were foreign to any Scotchman whatever; that I had not hitherto seen any of them that had such a thing; and that he must be a German who lived in that place. Still he affirmed this must be it, agreeable to the directions we had; but I could not be persuaded, and pushed on to the next house which was then in sight. When I came up, I asked for Captain F—’s, and was told I had left it behind; I therefore had to return.

“When I came in, they took no sort of notice of me, further than desiring me to sit down. My trowsers being torn with the bushes, and the rest of my dress being in the like situation, they supposed me to be a Yankee come from the States. After sitting awhile in this way, nobody speaking to me, or I to them, as Mrs. F— happened to sit by me, I looked full in her face; and clearly recognizing her features, I accosted her in Gaelic and asked her if she had ever seen me before. She could not say whether she had

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(1) *Travels in the Interior Inhabited Parts of North America, in the Years 1791 and 1792*—illustrated with copper plates. Edinburgh, 1793, 1 vol., octavo.

or not. This turned the eyes of everybody in the house toward us; but on my asking if she had heard of or known such a person, naming myself, she said she did, and knew him very well; but could not suppose that I was him. On my saying I was, she turned about to her husband: 'My dear,' said she, 'this is the gentleman whom I often told you was so kind to us when he was Forester of Mam-Lorn; and whatever disputes we and our neighbors had when our cattle trespassed upon the Forest, he always favored our family.'

"Captain F—— on this instantly welcomed me to his house, and ordered dinner and venison steaks to be got ready immediately. While dinner was getting, Mrs. F—— showed me nine or ten large, fat hogs, then lying dead on the floor of her keeping-house, and said they every fall, killed twenty such, and two fat oxen, besides other provisions for their winter's store. After dinner Captain F—— treated me with Port wine until we could drink no more, and pressed me much to stay that night; but as the boats had passed, I could not wait. When he found that I would be away, he ordered a couple of horses to be saddled immediately. \* \* \* The boats arriving, I stepped on board, and the water now becoming smooth and more like a Lake than a running stream, the wind favorable, we put up sails and made great way till late at night, when we put up at a poor, lame, ragged man's house, with a numerous family of small children; but the wife was buxom and well dressed. I and my Canadian crew threw ourselves down upon the floor opposite to the fire and slept soundly till four o'clock next morning, when we got up and set off in the usual way. The wind still favored us, and we soon entered the Thousand Islands, which never were, nor do I suppose ever will be counted, by reason of their numbers, and for which reason they were formerly called by the French, and now by the British the *Mille Iles*. They are of very little value and produce nothing but scraggy wood of useless pine. Here are innumerable flocks of water fowl, mostly of the Teal kind. Such a diversity of creeks, bays, channels and harbors, I suppose is rarely to be met with in the world; and if a crew be not well acquainted with the direct course, and if they once miss it, they may chance to be bewildered, and, for days, may not find it again. After passing these Islands, we entered upon the lower end of Lake Ontario, and about

night-fall arrived at Frontinac or Catraquey, now called *Kingston*, and put up at the Coffee House."

Mr. Campbell describes Kingston as a young but promising Town, most beautifully located, and already (within eight years after the beginning), a place of considerable trade. Over 6,000 bushels of wheat had been bought up and stored here the year before, and at least a fourth more would be purchased each succeeding year. He was told that six score of deer had been sold in town the same year, and venison was sold every day in the market. He met old acquaintances and formed new ones, and greatly admired Parson Stuart's farm, and the prospect from Sir John Johnson's house, that commanded a fine view of the harbor and town. Kingston was then looking forward to a time that seemed near, when the Governor-General would here fix his abode, and the place would become a great emporium of trade, and the seat of government of Canada.

On the 24th of November, 1791, Mr. Campbell took passage on board the sloop *Colville*, Captain Baker, for Niagara. The vessel was armed with two six-pounders and two swivels, and he had as a fellow passenger, Lieut. William McKay, a fellow countryman, whom he had met in Kingston. The day was hazy, and the wind fair, but promised no continuance at this late period in the year, and just on the verge of winter. The early part of his voyage brings us to a point of especial interest :

"We passed several large, woody, uninhabited islands. About night-fall, the wind changed to straight ahead—the Captain, quite drunk, went to bed, the crew, little better, went to rest, and indeed, were almost useless when sober, as they seemed to know scarce anything at all of their

business. No watch or reckoning was kept, and but an ignorant wretch at the helm. The wind increased, and now became a storm. In this way, beating to the windward, the night dark, and surrounded by land-shoals and islands, our situation could not be very agreeable. None of us knew where we were, and in fear of being aground every moment. A man was ordered to sound, and once sung out of a sudden, "five fathoms." I expected the next moment to hear her strike. The ship was put about, and the mistake in the sounding discovered to be owing to the ignorance of the sailor, and the lines having been entangled in the rails, as at the next sounding, no bottom was found. From these circumstances I clearly saw that if we escaped being wrecked, it would be a mere chance, and it appeared that there was at least five to one against us. \* \* But drunk as this man was, before he went to bed, he ordered the main-sail to be double-reefed, and the fore-sail to be handled,—a precaution I was very glad to see. About midnight a severe blast or hurricane was heard coming on. The man at the helm sung out, which brought the Captain and all the crew on deck, who got all the sails handled, and we now went under bare poles; that done, he again returned to bed, eternally bawling out, '*Oh! my poor Family!*' and with the next breath, '*Let us all go to — together!*' Thus we continued till day-light. The surge ran very high, but not equal to that I have seen on sea; and as the wind blew very fresh and hard against us, we had nothing for it but to return back and anchor at 2 P. M. at the head of Carleton island opposite to Kingston; but as several large islands were between us and the town, they could not see us, or know what had become of us. The 25th, 26th and 27th, we lay here without stirring, the wind continually ahead or calm.

"On the 28th I went on shore on Carleton Island, where the British had a garrison last war. The barracks, dry-ditch and rampart are still remaining, but in a decayed state. A sergeant and twelve men are kept here, to preserve the barracks from being burnt by the Indians, and the Americans from taking possession of it and the dismantled guns thereon. The cause assigned for our forsaking this post is said to be, because it is doubtful whether these islands be within the British or American lines."

They tried to get off on the 29th, but were soon obliged



to return and anchor, and the next day they went hunting on the New York shore. They durst not venture far into the woods, and killed nothing, but afterwards had better luck upon some of the islands. Thus day after day, for ten days, they were detained by adverse winds, and even after getting well on their voyage, they were enveloped in fogs of hoar-frost, and so benumbed with cold, that it seemed almost necessary to turn about for Kingston and winter there. The fog cleared up at last, and they got safely in at Niagara.

It being very cold, the Captain invited our traveller into his house to warm him,—and this gave him an occasion to note down the following reflection in the interest of Temperance:

“I there found a decent looking young woman, his wife, with five beautiful children, of whom the father seemed uncommonly fond; and though their whole support, and in a manner their existence, depended on his life and industry, yet such is his love of grog that it would seem he would forsake them and every other consideration in the world for its sake; at least, that he would not forsake it for them.”

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD-LIANCOURT.<sup>1</sup>—(1795).

François-Alexandre-Frederic La Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, a French Duke, and a distinguished philanthropist, was born in 1747 and died in 1827. A faithful adherent of the unfortunate Louis XVI, he was obliged to emigrate, on the approach of the French Revolution, and was several years in England and America. He returned to France

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(1) *Voyage dans les Etats-Unis d’Amerique fait en 1795, 1796 et 1797. Par La Rochefoucauld-Liancourt.* Paris, l’an VII, de la Republique 8 vols., octavo.

under the Consulate, and resumed the efforts he had formerly made, for the improvement of Agriculture and the Industries. He was one of the chief promoters of vaccination in France, and took an active part in various measures of education, benevolence and reform, holding high positions in public and social life, and scattering seeds of kindness with generous hand. He lived to see the fruits of many salutary measures that he was active in promoting. His son, Frederick G., who died in 1863, was distinguished for his literary publications.

The Duke after passing through the country to Niagara, remained some time in Upper Canada, as the guest of Lieut. Gov. Simcoe, at Newark, then the seat of Government of the Upper Province. From thence he took passage for Kingston, on board the Onondaga, one of the armed vessels belonging the British naval force on Lake Ontario. This vessel was pierced for twelve six-pounders, but carried only six. It was employed in carrying freight for the merchants, when the public service allowed. The passage was usually performed in thirty-six hours, being sometimes ten or twelve hours less, or more, according to the wind. At Kingston, he hoped to receive from Lord Dorchester, the Governor-General, a pass allowing him to proceed to Lower Canada. He was thus detained there several days, and finally received a letter absolutely forbidding him from going down the River. This made it necessary for him to cross over to Oswego, and proceed from thence by water to New York. During his sojourn at Kingston, the Duke was able to obtain much information

about the country, and his record concerning Carleton Island is particularly explicit. Of Kingston, he says:

“The barracks are built on the site of Fort Frontenac, which was built by the French, and leveled by the English. The latter built these barracks about six years ago.<sup>1</sup> During the American war their troops were constantly in motion; *and in later times they were quartered on an Island which the French call Isle aux Chevreaux, [Goat Island], and which the English have named Carleton, after Lord Dorchester.*”

In the conflict of interests for securing the Seat of Government in Upper Canada, Lord Dorchester preferred Kingston, while Lieutenant-Governor Simcoe insisted upon the advantages offered in the country between Lakes Erie and Ontario. At the period when the Duke visited Upper Canada, the Capital was located at Newark; but the Treaty of the previous year stipulated for the surrender of the posts still held by the British on the American shore, and York or Toronto was soon after selected.

The trade of Kingston at this period, consisted chiefly in peltries from the Upper Lake country, and in supplies brought up the River from Montreal. There were then three merchant-ships on the Lake, that made eleven voyages in a year. The Town contained about one hundred and twenty or thirty houses, none more distinguished than the rest, and the only one conspicuous was the Barracks, a stone building, surrounded by a palisade. All of the houses stood on the northern bank of the bay, which stretched a mile farther into the country, while on the southern bank

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(1) This fixes the date of their erection in 1789, the year when the garrison on Carleton Island was mostly withdrawn.

were the buildings belonging to the Navy, and the dwellings of those connected with that Department. There the King's ships lay at anchor, apart from the port where the merchant vessels landed.

The Duke speaks kindly of the Rev. John Stuart, curate of Kingston, a native of Harrisburgh, Pa., who sided with the Loyalists of the Revolution, and received a grant of 2,000 acres near Kingston, a part of which—about 70 acres, he cultivated himself. Although decidedly loyal, he was still liberal in his politics—a man of much general information—mild, open and affable, and universally respected.<sup>1</sup> There was then but one church in Kingston, lately built, and more resembling a barn than a church.

ISAAC WELD, JR.

Mr. Weld was an Irish gentleman, who was induced by political troubles to leave Ireland in 1795, with the view of observing the opportunities for settlement which America afforded. His "Travels through the States of North America and the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, in 1795-96-97," were published in quarto in 1799, and afterwards in other editions in English and French. We find in this work an abundance of economical and statistical facts, an ardent appreciation of the beauties of nature, and a candid picture of social institutions and domestic life, that give it a permanent value as a chronicle of the

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(1) Mr. Stuart was the last Episcopal Missionary to the Mohawks, at Fort Hunter, and settled at Kingston in 1784. He opened the first Academy at that place in 1786, and died there August 15, 1811, aged 71 years.

times in which he wrote. This writer was born in Dublin in 1774, and died in 1856. He was fifty-six years connected with the Royal Dublin Society, of which he was for a long time a Vice-President and the Recording Secretary. In 1807, he published "Illustrations of the Scenery of Kilarney."

Mr. Weld, as he was leaving Montreal, in September, 1796, for a journey up the St. Lawrence, had as his first concern to provide a large traveling tent and some camp equipage, buffalo skins, a store of dried provisions, kegs of brandy and wine, and, in short, to make every usual and necessary preparation for the journey. Except for about fifty miles, there were roads, and scattered settlements at no great distance from each other, all the way up to Kingston; but no one ever thought of going by land, as there would be great difficulty in hiring horses and in crossing streams without bridges.

The bateaux were never laden until the boats had been got up the Lachine Rapids. Three men could take an empty boat of two tons up these first rapids, keeping as close as possible to the shore, and using poles, oars and sails, as found most advantageous. It was a very laborious task; but from long observation, they had been able to find places some times half a mile or in others two or three miles apart, where they could take breath. Each of these places the boatmen called "*une pipe*," because they were there allowed to fill their pipes, and this term had come to be a sort of itinerary measure, as, such a place is "three pipes off." The "*pipe*" was about equal on an average to three-quarters of an English mile.

The passage up the rapids was so tedious that travellers often proceeded on foot, by the roads along the north shore.

Coming up from Lower Canada in midsummer, by the tedious water passage, which had then been somewhat relieved by canals and locks for bateaux, he noticed, as he reached the level of lake navigation, enormous flocks of pigeons, "which during particular years, come down from the northern regions, in flights that it is marvellous to tell of."

Besides these "pigeon years," they have also "bear years" and "squirrel years," in which, from abundance of food or other favoring causes, they appear in unusual abundance.

"The former, like the pigeons, come down from the northern regions, and were most numerous in the neighborhood of Lakes Ontario and Erie, and along the upper parts of the River St. Lawrence. On arriving at the borders of these Lakes, or of the River, if the opposite shore was in sight, they generally took to the water, and endeavored to reach it by swimming. Prodigious numbers of them were killed in crossing the St. Lawrence by the Indians, who had hunting encampments at short distances from each other, the whole way along the banks of the river, from the island of St. Regis to Lake Ontario. One bear of very large size boldly entered the river, in the face of our bateaux, and was killed by some of our men whilst swimming from the main land to one of the islands. In the woods it is very rare that bears will venture to attack a man; but several instances that had recently occurred were mentioned to us, where they had attacked a single man in a canoe whilst swimming; and so very strong are they in water, that the men thus set upon, being unarmed, narrowly escaped with their lives.

This abundance of bears in certain seasons has been noticed by other travelers. The distinguished German

traveler and geographer Dr. J. G. Kohl, whose descriptions of this route are elsewhere quoted, in writing nearly sixty years afterwards, (in 1854), speaks of facts observed at a place in the neighborhood of Lake Simcoe, as follows: "The people had killed, in the course of the year, no fewer than thirty bears; though the average number was not beyond three or four. I heard the same account throughout this journey in Canada. I heard everywhere of bears which this summer had broken into villages, or been killed in the neighborhood of human dwellings. It was said that so many bears had never been known to have approached so near to man; and that the deer, squirrels, and other children of the forest, had been equally numerous, the fields and gardens being fairly stormed by them. When I enquired for the cause of this fact, I could get no satisfactory solution. As the year was some times wet and sometimes dry—as there was some times a great abundance of fish and some times scarcely any, as they had gathered this year twenty bushels of potatoes, where in general they had got only two; so there were 'bear years' and 'squirrel years,' in which the beasts of the wilderness seemed to be in great commotion. Many suggested the great drouth that had prevailed this summer as an explanation. The sun had dried up the berries, nuts, and other wild plants, as well as the roots on which the bears and squirrels fed, and so compelled them to come begging to man."

In a separate work entitled "*Kitchi-gami: Wanderings round Lake Superior*," Mr. Kohl again remarks the migrations of the bears:

"The bears, it appears, perform certain wanderings, regulated by the season, from north to south, or from the forest-clad districts to the more open parts. In Spring and Summer, so I was told, they migrate to the south, where a richer harvest of fruit and grain awaits them. In Autumn, however, they return to the great forests, in order to stow themselves away for the Winter, in what the English call the pineries, the French, '*les bois forts*.' In Winter they would positively starve on the prairies and more open plains."<sup>1</sup>

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(1) The bears had certain places for crossing rivers, and

The squirrels in 1796, contrary to the bears, migrated from the south, from the territory of the United States. Like the bears, they took to the water. On arriving at it, but as if conscious of their inability to cross a very large piece of water, they bent their course towards Niagara River, above the Falls, and at its narrowest and most tranquil part, crossed over into the British territory. It was calculated that upwards of 50,000 of them crossed the River in two or three days, and such great depredations did they commit on arriving at the settlements on the opposite side, that in one part of the country the farmers deemed themselves very fortunate where they got in as much as one-third of their crops of corn. These squirrels were all of the black kind, said to be peculiar to the Continent of America. They are in shape similar to the common gray squirrel, and weigh from one to two pounds and a half each. Some writers have asserted that these animals cannot swim, but that when they come to the River, in migrating, each one provides itself with a piece of wood or bark,

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this author gives much information about their habits, and the methods employed by the hunters in killing them. One of these places known as *Passe a l'Ours*, on the St. Croix, a tributary of the Upper Mississippi, was particularly described. The year 1811 was a remarkable bear-year in Upper Michigan, and over six thousand bears were killed on an island and shore adjacent, in the course of one season. A hundred were sometimes killed in one night, and young bears were even taken out of the water by hand.

The Indians of that region almost regarded the bear as endowed with human reason. They would speak to them as though they could understand, and they related stories about the tricks and cheating of bears that seemed almost incredible.



upon which, when a favorable time appears, they embark, spread their bushy tails to catch the wind, and are thus wafted over to the opposite side."<sup>1</sup>

This author does not vouch for the truth of this statement, but adds that he had often shot them while swimming. They would take eagerly to the water, and their light and bushy tails for the most part floating on the water, helped to support the animal, and to direct its course.

After noticing the excellency of the harbor at the mouth of the Oswegatchie, the capacity of the back country for navigation, the portages, through to the American markets, and its natural superiority to Oswego, where the mouth of the river was obstructed by sand-bars, he remarks that the *Seneca*, a British vessel of war, of 26 guns, had formerly plied constantly between the mouth of the Oswegatchie and Niagara, as also the British fur-ships engaged in the remote Indian trade. With a fair wind, the passage from Oswegatchie to Niagara could be accomplished in two days—a voyage only one day longer than from Oswego.

There was then an Indian village just below the Oswegatchie river, at a place called La Galette, that numbered about one hundred warriors.

His description of the voyage to Kingston is as follows:

“The current of the St. Lawrence, from Oswegatchie upwards, is much more gentle than in other parts between Montreal and Lake Ontario, except only where the river is considerably dilated as at Lakes St. Louis and St. Fran-

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(1) *Weld's Travels*, 11, 45. He remarks that these “squirrel years” usually precede severe winters, and in that case observed this proved emphatically true.

cos; however, notwithstanding its being so gentle, we did not advance more than twenty-five miles in the course of the day, owing to the numerous stops that we made, more from motives of pleasure than necessity. The evening was uncommonly fine, and towards sunset a brisk gale sprang up, the conductor judged it advisable to take advantage of it and to continue the voyage all night, in order to make up for the time we had lost during the day.

“We accordingly proceeded, but towards midnight the wind died away. This circumstance, however, did not alter the determination of the conductor. The men were ordered to the oars, and notwithstanding that they had labored hard during the preceding day and had no rest, yet they were kept closely at work until day-break, except for one hour, during which they were allowed to stop to cook their provisions.

“Where there is a gentle current, as in this part of the river, the Canadians will work at the oars for many hours without intermission; they seem to think it no hardship to be employed in this instance the whole night; on the contrary, they plied as vigorously as if they had but just set out, singing merrily the whole time. The French Canadians have in general a good ear for music, and sing duets with tolerable accuracy. They have one very favorite duet amongst them, called the “rowing duet,” which as they sing they mark time to, with each stroke of the oar; indeed, when rowing in smooth water, they mark the time of most of the airs they sing in the same manner.

“About eight o’clock the next, and eighth morning of our voyage, we entered the last lake before you come to that of Ontario, called The Lake of a Thousand Islands, on account of the multiplicity of them, which it contains.

“Many of these islands are scarcely larger than a bateau, and none of them, except such as are situated at the upper and lower extremities of the lake, appearing to me to contain more than fifteen English acres each. They are all covered with wood, even to the very smallest. The trees on these last are smaller in their growth, but the larger islands produce as fine timber as will be found on the main shores of the lake. Many of these islands are situated so closely together, that it would be easy to throw a pebble from one to the other. Notwithstanding which circumstance, the passage between them is perfectly safe and commodious for bateaux, and between some of them that

are even thus close to each other, is water sufficient for a frigate. The water is uncommonly clear, as it is in every part of the river from Lake St. Francis upwards, between that lake and the Utawas River downwards it is discolored, as I have before observed, by passing over beds of marl.

“The shores of all these islands under our notice are rocky; most of them rise very boldly, and some exhibit perpendicular masses of rocks towards the water, upwards of twenty feet high. The scenery presented to view, in sailing between these islands, is beautiful in the highest degree. Sometimes in passing through a narrow strait, you find yourself in a basin, land-locked on every side, that happens to have no communication with the Lake, except by the passage through which you have entered. You are looking about, perhaps, for an outlet to enable you to proceed, thinking at last to see some little channel which will just admit your bateaux—when suddenly an expanded sheet of water opens upon you, whose boundary is the horizon alone. Again in a few minutes, you find yourself land-locked, and again a spacious passage as suddenly presents itself; at other times, when in the middle of one of these basins, between a cluster of islands, a dozen different channels, like so many noble rivers, meet the eye, perhaps equally unexpectedly, and on each side the islands appear regularly retiring till they sink from the sight in the distance.

“Every minute during the passage of this Lake, the prospect varies. The numerous Indian hunting encampments on the different islands, with the smoke of their fires rising up between the trees, added considerably to the beauty of of the scenery as we passed through it. The Lake of a Thousand Islands is twenty-five miles in length, and about six in breadth. From its upper end to Kingston, at which place we arrived early in the evening, the distance is fifteen miles.

“The length of time required to ascend the River St. Lawrence, from Montreal to Kingston, is commonly found to be about seven days. If the wind should be strong and very favorable the passage may be performed in a less time; but should it, on the contrary, be adverse, and blow very strong, the passage will be protracted somewhat longer. An adverse, or favorable wind, however, seldom makes a difference of more than three days in the length of the passage upwards, or in each case it is necessary to

work the bateaux along by means of poles, for the greater part of the way. The passage downward is performed in two or three days, according to the wind. The current is so strong, that a contrary wind seldom lengthens the passage in that direction more than a day."

Kingston, as seen by Mr. Weld, just before the beginning of the present century, contained a fort, barracks for troops, an Episcopal church, and about a hundred houses, mostly inhabited by persons who had emigrated from the United States at the close of the Revolutionary war. Some of the houses were of stone or brick, but for the most part they were of wood.

From sixty to one hundred soldiers were usually quartered in the garrison. The Town had a considerable amount of trade, and was growing rapidly in size, the goods and peltries of traders being here transferred from bateaux to vessels. The principal merchants were mostly partners of old-established houses in Montreal and Quebec, and the stranger, especially if a British subject, was sure to meet a most hospitable and friendly reception among them.

Kingston was then the principal station for shipbuilding on the Lakes, and at that period, several decked merchant vessels, schooners, and sloops, of from 50 to 200 tons each, and numberless large sailing bateaux, were kept employed on Lake Ontario. There were then no vessels larger than bateaux owned on the south side of the Lake, and the British vessels that plied between Kingston and Niagara, rarely touched at any other place.

The heaviest item of ship-building at that period was

iron, which came from England, but great hopes were founded upon the copper of the Lake Superior country, which was then known to exist, but had not yet been worked to much extent.

The established rate of passage across the Lake was then two guineas in the cabin, and one guinea in the steerage, including board. Freight was 36 shillings Sterling per ton, or nearly as much as then charged across the Atlantic.

JOHN C. OGDEN.—(1799.)

This writer, who visited Canada near the close of the last Century, is nowhere explicit in dates, but the facts that he records afford an interesting view of the condition of the country as he observed it.<sup>1</sup> The church at St. Regis had just been built, and he speaks of it as a most distinguished object, inferior to few in size, and built by the Indians themselves, with a small assistance from the clergy, and some gentlemen of rank and fortune. Men, women and children had assisted the masons and carpenters, in procuring timber, stone and lime, and in every possible part of the labor. In speaking of the navigation and the river scenery, he says :

“A water voyage through these Provinces from Kingston to Montreal, is enchanting and entertaining—cheap and expeditious, while much delay and many impediments put the patience to the proof, in attempts to pass into the country against the stream. New objects present every moment to draw the attention. The river—the broader waters of the Lake of St. Francis—the rapids and islands, are full of novelty.

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(1) *A Tour Through Upper and Lower Canada, by John C. Ogden, of the Episcopal Church, Wilmington, 1800.*

“Among the first which attract notice, is a cluster called the Thousand Islands, where at least that number are collected together, not far from Lake Ontario, of various forms and sizes. Sometimes they are exhibited in a regular line, and then surround us, where to a stranger, no certain outlet appears. These islands are not inhabited except by birds and wild animals. Fish are taken in abundance in most of the northern waters.”

## PRISCILLA WAKEFIELD.

This lady, author of “Juvenile Traveller,” “Family Tour,” etc., in a small volume printed in 1806, under the guise of “Letters from Arthur Middleton,” gives a series of sketches, not claimed as from her personal observation.<sup>1</sup>

“In ascending the St. Lawrence—having passed the last rapid below the mouth of the Oswegatchie, the most considerable of those rivers within the territory that falls into the St. Lawrence, the current becoming gentle, we entered the Lake of a Thousand Islands. The multiplicity of small islets that cover its surface give it this name. They vary in size, from several miles around to a spot not bigger than our boat. All of them are covered with wood; and many of them are guarded by rocks and crags of fantastic shapes, that rise to a considerable height above the water. Nothing could describe the beauty and variety of prospects this Lake affords. In some parts, our bateau seemed to be hemmed in by islands, whose rich foliage hung over the water. Between the trees were the hunting encampments of the Indians, when, on a sudden, a narrow passage led us into the open Lake. After enjoying these ever-changing views, we were landed at Kingston, a garrisoned town of great trade, situated at the mouth of a deep bay, at the north-eastern extremity of Lake Ontario.”

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(1) *Excursions in North America, described in Letters from a Gentleman and his Young Companion, to their Friends in England.* By Priscilla Wakefield, London. 12 mo. 1806, p. 420.

GEORGE HERIOT.—(1807).

Mr. Heriot was Postmaster of British North America and the author of "Descriptive Poem, written in the West Indies," (4to 1781)—"History of Canada," (8vo 1809,) and "Travels Through Canada," (4to 1807.) The publication from which we quote<sup>1</sup>, is an elaborate and profusely illustrated work, and very full of information concerning the British Provinces, but its description of the Islands of the St. Lawrence is brief. He simply remarks that the Great River, for an extent of several miles, from Kingston, as far down as Augusta, is interspersed by a multitude of isles, as it spreads itself to a width, in some places, of ten or twelve miles, where this part has acquired the name of the Lake of the Thousand Islands, which he regarded as only a prolongation of Lake Ontario.

CHARLES ROGER.—(Referring to 1813.)

This Canadian writer,<sup>2</sup> in describing the navigation of the St. Lawrence in 1813, represents it as chiefly accomplished in a kind of flat-bottomed boat, of from thirty-five to forty feet in length and about six feet wide in the middle, carrying from four to four and a half tons, and occupying from ten to twelve days in going from Lachine to Kingston. The boat was worked by oars, a mast and sail, drag-ropes for towing, and long poles for pushing them

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(1) *Travels Through the Canadas, containing a Description of the Picturesque Scenery on some of the Rivers and Lakes, etc.* London, 1807.

(2) *The Rise of Canada from Barbarism to Wealth and Civilization, by Charles Roger, Quebec, 1856.*

through the Rapids, while the bow was kept towards the shore by a tow-line held by the boat's crew, or attached to horses.

“To convey stores from Lachine to Kingston during the war, required some tact. On one side were the British batteries, while exactly opposite was an American fort or earthwork, which, as the bateaux poled past Prescott or Brockville, could throw a round shot or two in their immediate vicinity without very much trouble.

“Indeed the Americans did very quietly send one or two cruisers and privateers to dodge about that Marine paradise, the Thousand Islands, forming the delta of Lake Ontario, and covered to this day with timber to the water's edge—islands of all sizes and of all forms, gently rising out of the limped rippling stream, or boldly standing forth from the deep blue water, presenting a rugged, rocky moss-clad front to the wonder-struck beholder.

LIEUT. FRANCIS HALL.—(1816.)

This traveler ascended the St. Lawrence from Brockville to Kingston by bateau, having preferred a stage wagon to a bateau in the most of the previous part of his journey from Montreal. We begin his quotation at about this point:<sup>1</sup>

“I found the accommodation at Prescott so hard, that I seated myself at midnight in a light wagon in which two gentlemen were going to Brockville, and was thus so far jumbled into their acquaintance, that they politely offered me a passage to Kingston, in a boat belonging to the Navy, which was waiting for them at Brockville.

“I am always unlucky on the water, whether it be in crossing the ocean, or a duck-pond. The wind proved contrary, and our boat pulled slowly against the current; it was, however, not so bad as the bateau voyage. I had

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(1) *Travels in Canada and the United States*, in 1816 and 1817. By Lieut. Francis Hall, 17th Light Dragoon, H. P. Lawson, 2d Ed. 1819.



the advantage of agreeable company, and a good provision-basket, the contents of which were spread, towards noon, on a granite table, near the shore: a kettle was boiled at an adjacent cottage, and an excellent breakfast arranged, '*sub tegmine fagi.*' Occasionally repetitions of the ceremony tended evidently to relieve the tedium of the journey, which lasted till the evening of the day after our embarkation.

“The river banks, from the neighborhood of Brockville are of limestone, from 20 to 50 feet in height, and evidently grooved or hollowed by the tides of former ages, Immense masses of reddish granite are scattered along the bed of the stream, and sometimes project bare and bold from the shore. On two of these projections, there is a block-house, forming a prominent object at a considerable distance. The Islands which crowd the approach to Lake Ontario, called from their number the Thousand Islands, have all a granite basis, but are clothed with cedar, pine, and abundance of raspberries; the bed of the Gananoque is also of granite, and the lofty banks of the Kingston river, near the Mills, are of the same rock. \* \* \*

The Gananoque is rising into importance, from the circumstance of a new settlement being formed under the auspices of the Government, on the waters with which it communicates. This settlement lies on the head lakes of the Rideau, and is meant to secure a communication betwixt Montreal and Kingston by way of the Uttawa, in case of another war. The settlers are chiefly disbanded soldiers, who clear and cultivate the land, under the superintendence of the Quartermaster-General's Department. Each man draws rations for himself and family, the expense of which is about five shillings per ration, so that it may be justly called a hot-house settlement.”

WILLIAM DARBY.—(1818).

Mr. Darby was one of the surveyors on the Boundary Commission, and the author of many geographical and statistical works. He died at Washington, D. C., Oct. 9, 1854. In describing the Islands, he remarks that those first met with in going down are low and flat, but that the Thousand Islands themselves seem to be a gigantic chain

which crosses the River, and divides it into a maze, intricate beyond imagination, and presenting a scene more savage, rude and wild, than exists perhaps any where else upon earth.

“The placid and most purely limpid water, reflects the broken rocks, and the few trees and shoals that rise amid their fractured ruins. No human habitation appears to enliven for an instant this picture of eternal waste. Passing this region of silent desolation, a fairy scene opens; a scene that to me was the more delightful, because unexpected. Where the Thousand Islands terminate, the River opens first into a kind of bay, and then in two or three miles again contracts; the shore rising on each bank by a gentle acclivity presents a country I have never before seen equaled, in respect either to soil or situation.”

JOHN M. DUNCAN.—(1819).

In a Journal of Travels, in 1818-19, this writer descended the St. Lawrence, and recorded his observations.<sup>1</sup>

“Another day or two might have been agreeably spent here, [at Kingston,] but October was closing upon me, and I feared that frost might set in, which would make traveling both difficult and disagreeable. It was, therefore, with pleasure that I learned that some bateaux were to go down the river the following morning, and I did not fail to be at the water side in time to secure a passage by them. \* \* \* The Durham Boats of the St. Lawrence are similar to those on the Mohawk. In smooth water they use a sail or oars, but are forced up the rapids by incessant and laborious exertions with the pole. They are generally navigated by natives of the United States. The one in which I sailed in May, was according to the information of the Captain, 62 feet in keel, and 11 feet 4 inches in beam. She carried about 26 tons, and drew only 28 inches of water. She had on board about 270 barrels of flour, which sunk her gunwale within a few inches of the water; and to defend us in

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(1) *Travels through part of the United States and Canada*, in 1818 and 1819; New York and New Haven, 1823. Mr. Duncan died in Glasgow, Oct. 3, 1825, at the age of 31.

passing through the rapids, a couple of stout planks, about a foot in breadth, were nailed along the sides; a precaution which, as we afterwards experienced, was no more than needful.

“Bateaux are flat-bottomed boats, about half the size of the others, tapering to a point at each end, and so substantially constructed that they will endure a great deal of hard knocking on the channel without danger to the passengers. They do not sink so low in the water as the boats navigated by Canadian *voyageurs*,—veterans who have been trained from their youth to the use of the paddle and the setting pole, and who know every channel, rock, and breaker, in the rapids, from the Long Sault to Montreal. If a traveler doing down the River has his choice, let him by all means prefer the bateaux; it does not sail as fast as a Durham boat, and he may be a day longer in making the passage, but in ordinary cases he is far safer.

“Passengers by either of these vessels must take with them a moderate supply of provisions, for it is not customary to go on shore except to sleep; and if the wind is ahead, four or five days may be spent between Kingston and Montreal. Going up the river is a far more tedious process. They should also be well provided, even in summer, with cloaks or other coverings, for the night dews on the rivers are excessively cold.

“The bateaux sailed from Kingston with a favorable breeze, between ten and eleven in the forenoon, and while the wind lasted got on gallantly; but towards the afternoon we were almost becalmed in the Lake of a Thousand Isles, and our *voyageurs* were compelled to tug away at the oar. We had four rowers, besides the *conducteur*, who steered with a small paddle. The scenery of this Lake, as it is called, is very picturesque, but the succession of islands becomes at last tiresome, the more so that you find them take the wind out of the sail, and wofully retard your progress. I had made allowance for a reasonable proportion of exaggeration in its poetical name, but the Islands crowded upon each other in such numerous groups, and we were so long in getting clear of them, that I began at last to doubt whether there might not be two thousand of them instead of one.

“They are of all sizes; some of them bare rocks, a few feet square, others two or three miles long, and thickly

wooded. Loch Lomond, with her two dozen islets, has long sheltered the manufacturers of the genuine *peat reek* from the scent of the Revenue officers; but this must be the very paradise of smugglers, should such a trade ever become profitable in Upper Canada—and a hopeless business it will be for the excise men who are sent to ferret them out.

“Towards evening it began to rain; but some of the company on board were more disagreeable than the weather. \* \* \* \* But for their presence, I could have endured the rain for an hour or two, to listen to the boat songs of the Canadian *voyageurs*, which in the stillness of the night had a peculiar pleasing effect. They kept time to these songs as they rowed; and the splashing of the oars in the water, combined with the wildness of their cadence, gave a romantic character to our darksome voyage.

“In most of the songs, two of the boatmen began the air, the other two sang a response, and then all united in the chorus. Their music might not have been thought extremely fine, by those whose skill in concords and chromatics forbids them to be gratified but on scientific principles. My convenient ignorance of these rules allowed me to reap undisturbed enjoyment from the *voyageurs*’ melodies, which like many upon Scotch airs, were singularly plaintive and pleasing.

“Our conducteur expected to have reached Brockville that evening, a small town about 50 miles below Kingston, but we began to be somewhat impatient to get on shore. The evening was so dark, that we could with difficulty distinguish even the shadowy outline of the river; not a sound was heard around us but the echo of the voices of those on board, or the plash of the oars; and we were gliding along with no other convictions of safety than what arose in firm confidence in our boatmen. About eight o’clock a twinkling light by the river’s side broke upon our view; we hailed the cheering spark, and urged the conducteur to haul in to the bank, in the hope of obtaining lodgings. It was a farmer’s house; a crackling fire of pine logs blazed on the ample hearth, festoons of sliced apples for winter pies, hung round it to dry, and the comfortable kitchen contrasted most agreeably with our situation in the bateau in darkness and rain. The inmates made us welcome to their fire-side, and although not much used to entertain

strangers, very soon provided for us a most comfortable supper. Hot steaks, fried bacon and potatoes for those who preferred it, tea and toast, were served up with an alacrity that would have done credit to a regular inn. It scarcely needs to be added, that we enacted wonders with the knife and fork. When the time of retiring came, every bed in the house was surrendered for our use; but finding that I could not participate in one, unless I accepted a bed-fellow, I preferred my box-coat and the floor.

About two o'clock next morning, we were aroused to resume our voyage. The boatmen before starting swallowed a plentiful allowance of soup thickened with meat and bread, very similar to what sailors call *lobscoss*; the players fortified themselves for the water by an antiphogmatic of rum.

The wind had shifted during the night, and was now right ahead. It was a genuine American North-wester, and blew as if it were resolved to take the skin off our cheeks. The water froze upon the oars, as they rose above the surface; and I never appreciated better the comforts of a thick traveling coat, and a fur cap. Our boatmen had to row without intermission; and although they did not always pull very hard, they tugged away with amazing constancy. About nine o'clock in the morning, we reached Prescott, sixty-seven miles from Kingston."

WILLIAM TELL HARRIS.—(1819).

This English gentleman travelled with the view of learning facts useful to emigrants, and came from Niagara to Kingston on the Steamer *Frontenac*.<sup>1</sup> He there changed it to the *Charlotte*, which set out about day-break. He was awakened by the discharge of a swivel on the bows, the signal employed to call out the passengers to witness the scenery of the Islands. He says :

"In descending the Ohio, the eye was charmed by the rich luxuriance with which both Nature and Industry had

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(1) *Remarks made during a Tour through the United States of America in 1817-18-19*; London, 1821.

adorned its sloping banks and numerous islands, and in the thought that here is fulfilling that promise "on earth peace, good will towards men." Here the waters of the St. Lawrence are divided into numerous channels by islands and large rocks; some bare, some where the cedar and the pine rear their spiral heads, while others assume the castellated form, and, partially covered with moss, invite fancy to the ancient legends of holy and of haunted ground. A block-house here and there upon some of them, assisting in the delusion,

"——— works sublime  
To human art a sportive semblance bore,  
And yellow lichens coloured all the clime,  
Like moonlight battlements, and towers decayed by time."

"They are known by the name of the Thousand Islands, though nearly double that in number; some few of them are from four to five miles in extent, and in a state of improvement, but the greater number are mere rocks.

"At Brockville, a pretty village on the Canadian bank, about sixty miles below Kingston, the river widens, or rather is not so incommoded by islands as before, and continues clear of any impediment to Prescott or Fort Wellington, where it is a mile and a quarter wide."<sup>1</sup>

JOHN HOWISON.—(1820.)

This author was two years and a half in Upper Canada, and in this time resided in various parts of the Province, where he enjoyed numerous opportunities for inspecting the new settlements.

On the occasion described, he had come from below by land carriage as far as Brockville, but having had a hard experience in that mode of travelling, he determined to proceed from thence to Kingston by water. He says:<sup>1</sup>

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(1) The width of the river at Prescott is about 1,600 yards, or 4,800 feet.

(1) *Sketches of Upper Canada, Domestic, Local and Characteristic; to which are added Practical Details for the Information of Emigrants of every Class; and some Recollections of the United States of America.* Edinburgh and London, 1821.

“ I accordingly secured a passage in a bateau, and in the evening, after it got dark, I strolled to the side of the river, that I might ascertain whether or not my baggage was safely put on board; and there I found the crew carousing, after the fatigues of the day. They had kindled a fire upon the beach, and were making ready supper. Some reclined around the fire, talking barbarous French, and uttering the most horrid oaths; others sat in the boats, and sung Troubadour songs; and a third party was engaged in distributing the provisions. They resembled a band of freebooters. Most of them were very athletic, and had the sharp physiogomy and sparkling eyes of a Canadian. The red glare of the fire communicated additional animation to their rude features; and their bushy black beards and discordant voices rendered them rather a formidable looking set of people.

“ Early in the morning, I found the boatmen preparing to leave port. There were five bateaux, and this number constitutes a brigade. The crew of each boat consists of five rowers, and a man with a paddle to steer; and the whole equipment was under the command and superintendence of an individual who was styled the *conducteur*.

“ The freshness of the morning breeze was rendered truly delightful by the odor proceeding from young pine trees, which grew in profusion on each side of the river; and as the sun arose, every little gale that shook the dew-drops from their branches seemed to scatter a thousand gems upon the bosom of the St. Lawrence. The noise of the oars sometimes started the deer which were browsing along the bank, and I occasionally saw them thrust their beautiful heads through the branches, and then suddenly start away into the recesses of the forest.

“ The water of the river is exquisitely pure and transparent, and when it sparkles round the oars, one is almost inclined to drink it, whether he feels thirsty or not. \* \*

“ After rowing nearly two hours, we landed upon a small island, and the boatmen began to make ready breakfast for themselves. They take a meal regularly every four hours during the twenty-four, and it is to be supposed that the great labor they undergo must create a proportionate appetite; but it does seem astonishing that they should be contented with the quality of the provisions they subsist upon. Pork, pea-soup and biscuit, compose their daily fare; and though

they give their meals the appellations of breakfast, dinner, etc., this distinction is founded upon the time at which they are taken, not upon the difference of the articles presented at each.

“But notwithstanding all this, they are the happiest race of people imaginable. Inured to hardships, they despise it; and after toiling at the oar during the whole day, and lightening their labor with songs and jests, when night comes, they kindle a fire and sleep around it, in defiance of the elements and everything else. The men having refreshed themselves, took to their oars with alacrity, and we again stemmed the translucent surges of the St. Lawrence. There is something so wearisome and depressing in the steady unvaried motion of the bateau, and the regular noise of the oars, that when the banks of the river presented no variety, I often felt an uncontrollable desire to sleep, though I had been particularly warned to resist any inclination of the kind, because an indulgence in it would produce the ague; however, the fear of an attack was not strong enough to enable me to keep my eyes open, and I enjoyed several slumbers in the course of the passage, without experiencing any bad consequences.

“We now entered that part of the river which is called the Lake of the Thousand Islands. The St. Lawrence expands into a large basin, the bosom of which is diversified by myriads of islands, and these are characterized by every conceivable aspect of nature, being fertile, barren, lofty, low, rocky, verdurous, wooded and bare. Some are a quarter of a mile long, and others only a few yards; and I believe, they collectively exhibit, on a small scale, a greater variety of bays, harbors, inlets and channels, than are to be found throughout the whole continent of America. Nature seems to have thrown sportively from her hand a profusion of masses of the material world, that she might perceive what combinations of scenery would be produced when they assumed their respective positions on the bosom of the waters.

“The number of islands has never been correctly ascertained, but it is generally supposed to exceed seventeen hundred. Many of them are of little value, being covered with scraggy pine, and having no depth of soil, and I believe, any person, whose romantic fancy might inspire him with the desire of possessing one, would find no difficulty



in getting it granted by Government. But some of the larger islands would form delightful little farms; and the energies of a future people may perhaps bring them under cultivation, and embellish them with all the beauties that arts and agriculture can communicate. When this takes place, the scene will realize all that fairy loveliness in which eastern historians have delighted to robe the objects of the material world.

“The scene reminded me of the beautiful descriptions of the Happy Islands in the Visions of Mirzah, and I thought at the time, that if the Thousand Islands lay in the East, some chaste imagination would propose, that they should be made an asylum for suffering humanity, and distributed according to the respective virtues and merits of those who deserved them.”<sup>1</sup>

Our writer here introduces the description of a night scene upon the Islands, and a deer-hunt, involving details which our space will not admit.

CAPTAIN BLANEY.—(1822.)

This writer publishes his observations anonymously.<sup>2</sup>

“Some fine Steamboats ply from this place [Kingston] to Prescott a distance of seventy-five miles. The broad expanse of the St. Lawrence, from its origin in Lake Ontario to Brockville, twelve miles above Prescott, is studded with numerous islands, which are covered with the most luxuriant foliage, wherever their rocky surface affords any place for trees to fix themselves. These, from their number, have been called ‘The Thousand Islands,’ and this part of the St. Lawrence, ‘The Lake of the Thousand Islands,’ but their exact number was not known until the Commissioners for determining the boundary between the United States and Canada ascertained that there were 1,692, reckoning as an island every rock on which there was a tree. These islands, being of various shapes and sizes, from the simple rock on which grows a solitary pine

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(1) See Addison’s *Spectator*, No, 159.

(2) *An Excursion through the United States and Canada during the year 1822-23*. By an English Gentleman, London, 1827.

or cedar, to the largest, eighteen miles in length, afford an infinite diversity of picturesque views. We sometimes glided through a small, narrow channel, bounded by perpendicular rocks which almost touched the sides of the steam vessel. At other times, we entered a broader expanse, where the islands formed numberless beautiful vistas, which, from the rapid progress of the boat, were constantly varying. The pure, clear water of the St. Lawrence, so different from the muddy streams of the other American rivers, added considerably to the general effect. I never in my life beheld a scene of such romantic beauty.

“The islands terminate at Brockville, and from thence to Prescott, the channel of the St. Lawrence is open and picturesque, being about a mile and a half wide, with bold, rocky banks on either side.”

The passage down the rapids was not yet attempted by steamboats, when this traveller passed, and he embarked on a flat-bottomed boat at Prescott. Of the Long Sault, he said: “It was curious to see the velocity with which the trees on the bank appeared to run past us; indeed, the whole voyage afforded me a great deal of amusement, though when passing down some of the worst rapids, I was obliged to hold my breath, between fear and admiration.”

HON. FREDERICK FITZGERALD DE ROOS.<sup>1</sup>—(1826.)

This writer was a Lieutenant in the Royal Navy, and his attention naturally turned to dock-yards, ships, seamen, and the historical events associated with naval life. He

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(1) *Personal Narrative of Travels in the United States and Canada in 1826. Illustrated by Plates. With remarks on the present state of the American Navy.* London, 1827. 8vo. Pp. 207.

This writer was promoted, January 19, 1828, to the rank of Commander, and February 7, 1836, to that of Captain in the Royal Navy.

made a rapid tour through the country, and closed "with the satisfactory conviction that the naval strength of the United States has been greatly exaggerated; that they have neither the power nor the inclination to cope with Great Britain in maritime warfare, far less to dispute with her the dominion of the seas." He admits, however, that "everything in America is upon a gigantic scale. How enormous are its resources! How boundless its extent! Its Lakes vie with the Ocean in magnitude, and its Provinces with mighty Empires. From the energies she has displayed in her infancy, to what powers may not her maturity aspire?" Of the voyage up from Prescott, he says:

"There we found the Steamboat which was to convey us to Kingston, on Lake Ontario. It was widely different from those in which we recently journeyed, being handsomely and comfortably fitted up. At this spot, the scenery assumes a more interesting character and as we approached the little village of Brockville, the woody islands and rich banks of the river, whose enormous breadth continues undiminished, formed a varied and delightful landscape.

"We landed at the village, which has a church, wharves, and every appearance of prosperity; though only ten years ago, the forest-tree reigned the undisturbed possessor of the soil;—with such rapid strides has civilization invaded the solitudes of the wilderness! If such has been the growth of Brockville in so short a period, what she may be ten years hence who can say? Let it be remembered, however, in our speculations, that we are now in the country into which the superabundant population of Europe and America is pouring, and that such an extraordinary infusion of industry and vigor most naturally produce uncommon and unlooked for results.

"In half an hour we again proceeded on our journey, and were fortunate in the state of the weather. The softness of a charming autumnal evening, enhanced our enjoyment of

the beauties of "The Lake of the Thousand Islands." It bears this name, but there are, in reality, according to the last surveys, 1,700. The shores of these Islands are very bold, and the Steamboat shooting in and out among them, continually shifted the interesting scene. Though exhibiting an endless variety of shape and size, they are all remarkable for the richness of their verdure. The whole extent of the Lake is never visible; the prospect being bounded by the Islands which immediately surround you.

"In the evening, as we passed an opening, we came in sight of a new settlement on the American shore. Five or six log huts formed the only habitation of the infant colony. The thick wood was cut down in the immediate vicinity, and a few wretched-looking individuals were assembled around the blaze of a fire which burned in the centre. Never did I contemplate so dreary and hopeless a picture, nor a scene of such desolation; but even this place is already named '*Alexandria*,' and bids fair to become a prosperous vil'age; nor is it by any means improbable, so excellent is its situation, that it may in a few years possibly rival in size the city from which it derives its name.<sup>1</sup>

"As the sun set below the Islands, the full moon rose in all her beauty. The light evening breeze had subsided into a calm; not a breath of air ruffled the glassy surface of the waters. Impressed with the solemnity of the scene, I could not refrain from wishing that here, at least, Nature might be permitted to reign unmolested; but the solitary watch-fires of the recent settlers gave sufficient proof that though his tenure was as yet but frail, Man! rapacious and indefatigable Man! was fast establishing his usurpation."

CARL BERNHARD, DUKE OF SAXE-WEIMAR-EISENACH,  
(1826).

This Prince, the brother of a former reigning Duke of Saxe-Weimar, and a relative of the present Empress of Germany, was born in 1792, and died July 31, 1862. In 1825-26, he traveled in America, and in 1828 upon his re-

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(1) This place was named from Alexander LeRay, who fell in a duel in Texas, while serving in the Texan army in 1836.

turn to Germany, he published two volumes of Travels, which were also printed in London and at Philadelphia, in English. His Highness describes the country, its scenery, and its inhabitants, in a kindly and genial spirit, but without particular study or original research, and it has been remarked of it that "it excites respect for the man, more than admiration for the writer." His benevolent interest, and his detailed account of what he sees and hears, are the most remarkable traits. He says :

"We left Kingston after eleven o'clock, on board the Steamboat '*Lady Dalhousie*,' for Prescott, sixty-eight miles from Kingston, on the left bank of the St. Lawrence. We had scarcely left this place, before we sailed around a promontory on which stands Fort Henry, into the St. Lawrence. This river is here very wide, and forms an archipelago about fifty miles in length, called the 'Thousand Islands.' The English and American Commissioners for determining the boundary line, took the pains to count these Islands, and found that they amounted to 1,692; in this calculation, however, they have included every projecting rock, even if it had but a single tree.

"This archipelago presents a beautiful prospect; most of the Islands are rocky, and overgrown with trees, generally cedar. Here and there a fir reared its lofty head, which, generally growing upon the bare rocks or where the trees are less numerous, presents a picturesque appearance. We observed something similar to the pictures of Frederick, of which we were reminded in descending the St. Lawrence. Eighteen miles from Kingston, our vessel stopped at the village of Gananoque, on the Canada shore, to take in wood. I went for a moment ashore, and found an insignificant village, in the neighborhood of which, the river of the same name, falls into the St. Lawrence. The Gananoque river has a rocky bed, and is crossed by a wooden bridge, beyond which, upon a small eminence is a square, two-story log house, the upper story of which was formerly occupied as a garrison by about forty men.

"During the late war, the Americans got possession here of an English post and a magazine, in consequence of which

they built this block-house. At the extremity of the archipelago of the Thousand Islands, is a similar block-house, for the protection of the navigation of the river.<sup>1</sup>

ADAM FERGUSON.<sup>2</sup>—(1831.)

This traveller went up the river on a large Steamer and passed Morristown and Brockville, with a promise that he should be called before entering on the labyrinth of the Thousand Islands. At this point we begin his account:

“*Sunday, May 1.*—About four this morning I was summoned on deck, and found the vessel moored to a natural wharf, where we had been taking in a supply of fuel. A set of free-and-easy woodcutters find a livelihood here, by clearing Government land of its timber, without troubling the authorities to collect value or rent. It consists of pine, and is not, I believe of much intrinsic value. A man may prepare two cords a day, but it is severe work, and the price, which is one dollar per cord, will do little more than compensate maintenance and labor. Our vessel takes about 2,000 cords per annum. The morning was worthy of May-day, and I watched the gradual approach of sunrise with interest. The river, smooth as a mirror, reflected minutely on its surface every tree and every rock. We soon got involved among the Islands, the river expanding to a Lake, and deriving its name from the number. On every hand you observe numberless channels and wooded islands of all sizes and forms. Some are of considerable extent; while others scarce admit of footing to the woodman, who seeks to rob them of their solitary pine. Many a flock of water-fowl did our paddles scare from their quiet haunts, while occasionally a majestic eagle might be seen soaring aloft. It was altogether a scene of much interest and beauty.

“Our helmsman recounted to me a sporting feat of some novelty which occurred last fall, and ended in the capture of a fine buck, observed swimming among the Islands, and which, after many a double, was fairly run down by the

(1) Referring to “Bridge Island.” See page 81.

(2) *Practical Notes made during a Tour in Canada and a portion of the United States in MDCCCXXXI.* By Adam Ferguson, of Woodhill Advocate. Edinburgh, 1833.

Steamer, encumbered at the time by four heavy Durham boats towing at her stern. We stopped for a little at Gananoque, where a fine mill-stream pours into the St. Lawrence, and has led to a thriving establishment of flour mills, a cooperage, etc., with a well cultivated farm, the property of Mr. McDonnell."

JOHN MACGREGOR.—(1830?)

This writer was Secretary of the Board of Trade, and the author of a great number of works upon Commercial Statistics and National Economy, of which, perhaps, the most interesting to Americans are his "Progress of America, from the Discovery by Columbus to the year 1846," in two royal octavo volumes of 1,520 and 1,480 pages, published in 1847, and the work from which the extract below given was quoted. His descriptions are generally concise, although at times remarkably comprehensive. Of the St. Lawrence in this vicinity, he briefly says:<sup>1</sup>

"From Prescott, nearly opposite to which stands the American village of Ogdensburgh, Steamboats run to Kingston, passing between the little British town of Brockville and the American town of Morristown, and then through the Lake of the Thousand Islands, the charming, picturesque scenery of which has been so frequently admired.

"At Kingston, the St. Lawrence frigate of 112 guns, the Psyche frigate, and two or three other ships of war, with several gunboats, were lying in the harbor, rotting, and in nearly a sinking state. The dock-yard was furnished with every article of naval stores required to equip ships of war. There were two seventy-four gun ships, a frigate, a sloop of war, and eleven gunboats, which had reposed on the stocks, and under cover, since the war. They were not planked, and men were employed to replace any piece of timber that might be decaying. The wooden work of

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(1) *British America*. In two volumes. Edinburgh and London, 1832.

the *Psyche* frigate had been sent out from England to a country where it could be provided on the spot, in one-tenth of the time necessary to carry it from Montreal to Kingston, and at one-twentieth part of the expense. Even wedges were sent out; and to exemplify more fully the information possessed at that time by the Admiralty, a full supply of water casks were sent to Canada for the use of ships of war on Lake Ontario, where it was only necessary to throw a bucket overboard with which to draw up water of the very best quality.

“Kingston harbor was at the period of Mr. McGregor’s visit, crowded in the Summer with sloops, Durham boats, bateaux and scows, and he regarded its position as one that would always secure to it a great share of trade.”

HENRY TUDOR.—(1831.)

In 1831-2, Henry Tudor, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, made a tour in North America and the West Indies, and in 1834 published a narrative of his observations.<sup>1</sup> He appears to have had no particular object in view, beyond that of personal observation in the country, and recorded his opinions of persons and places with impartial fairness, and in the epistolary form.

He came from westward by Steamer in August, 1831, and at Kingston saw several large ships, one or two of which had been destined to carry one hundred guns each, which had been commenced in the war of 1812, and then lay unsheltered and falling into decay.

The Rideau Canal, then under construction, attracted his attention, and its objects and probable influence upon

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<sup>1</sup>*Narrative of a Tour in North America, comprising Mexico, the Mines of Real del Monte, the United States and the British Colonies; with an Excursion to the Island of Cuba.* In a series of letters written in the years 1831-2. In two volumes. London, 1834.



the welfare of the country, were discussed at length. He says :

“But I come now, to scenery that will perhaps delight you more than either canals, or ships, or sailors. I have brought you to the very shores of the splendid St. Lawrence, which, as I mentioned before, receives its crystal flood at Kingston, from the waters of Lake Ontario, terminating at that place. From this, its noble source, it rolls along its majestic and expansive stream, fertilizing the lands and domains of a thousand cities, towns and villages, lying on its banks, through a distance of 700 miles to the Ocean. The scene now presented to me, and extending throughout the day’s excursion of seventy miles, to Prescott, displayed all the attractions of novelty, united with the most exquisite beauty. Shortly after entering the River, which is several miles in breadth, you approach the broken and undulating outline of a region of Islands. They are called *par-eminence*, ‘The Thousand Islands’; nor does the figure, as if lending a poetical charm by the multiplication of numbers, outstrip the fact; since, I believe, the whole group amounts to fourteen or fifteen hundred, scattered in all directions on the surface of this ‘shining river.’

“Nothing can be imagined more lovely and picturesque than winding your constantly meandering course through this verdant labyrinth. All the endless varieties of shape, color, height, size, and contour, are exhibited in ever-changing appearances. Their forms, indeed, are as diversified as their numbers. Some of them, covered with a rich, green sward, repose on the stream, so nearly level with it, as if floating down upon its bosom; others elevate their summits in bold perpendicular ascents, crowned with the most luxuriant foliage; and here and there is seen an islet, formed of fantastic rocks, piled on each other, and contrasting their rugged and barren surface with the smiling fertility of the rest. On some few of these fairy islands you perceive a cottage, or a log house, rearing its simple structure amid this landscape of loveliness and silent beauty, and affording a pleasing relief, in the symptoms of human existence which it offers to the otherwise unbroken solitude that reigns around. On another side, you see a natural terrace, or a glade, peeping forth from its half-concealed position in a wood; while the transparent

water casts back from its placid current the rocks and trees by which it is overshadowed.

“The endless succession of objects that regale the eye as you thread the maze of isolated rocks and woods, basking, in countless numbers, on the sunny element, brings home to your imagination all the enchanting visions of Arabian and Oriental descriptions.

“I was forcibly reminded of the interesting Straits of Malacca, through which I sailed a few years ago on my passage to China, and presenting a similar aspect; and where several of the islands, though larger and much more numerous, exhibit in the grotesque shapes the forms of crocodiles, rabbits, alligators and other singular animals. Nothing, however, can exceed, if equal, the ‘Thousand Islands’ of the St. Lawrence. Here Nature has wrapped herself in all the witchery of her silent charms, and here her lonely and soothing beauty speaks a language to the heart, unfelt by the proudest works of man.”

J. S. BUCKINGHAM.—(1839.)

James Silk Buckingham was born in Flushing, England, in 1786, and closed a life of extraordinary vicissitudes June 30, 1855. He had travelled extensively in Europe, Asia and Africa, was a voluminous and graceful writer, an able lecturer, and a man of vast and varied information generally. His books of American travel, in nine illustrated octavos, form the most extensive series yet published by any one writer, and are regarded as of great value. They discuss questions relating to education, morals, manners, manufactures, trade and commerce, with fairness, and indicate his freedom from prejudice, while they prove the benevolence of his heart. His voyage down this part of the St. Lawrence was made in the Steamer *Dolphin*, in August, 1839, and of the passage he says:<sup>1</sup>

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(1) *Buckingham's Canada, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.*  
p. 83.

“The weather was very beautiful, and as we soon got among the Thousand Islands, which here stretch themselves along the centre of the St. Lawrence for a distance of forty miles, we had abundant exercise for all our faculties. The main stream of the St. Lawrence, as it flows from the western termination of Lake Ontario, is about twelve miles wide; but it is so thickly studded with islands that it is like passing through a vast Archipelago, rather than navigating a River. Though this extensive range bears the name of The Thousand Islands, it is said that there are more than 1,600 of them, which I can readily believe. The largest of them are from eight to ten miles in length, and four to five in breadth; and the smallest of them covers perhaps an acre of space. They are for the most part rocky, sometimes rising in abrupt cliffs from the water, and so bold and steep that you may run the boat near enough almost to touch the cliffs from the vessel; a few only are low and flat, but being nearly all wooded, they form a perpetual succession of the most romantically beautiful and picturesque groups that can be conceived. The water of the St. Lawrence is of a bright green tinge, and beautifully clear, much clearer than the upper part of the Mississippi; almost, indeed, as transparent as Lake Huron itself; and from its majestic breadth, its rich and varied scenery, and the settled population seen along its banks, the St. Lawrence has a grandeur, as well as a variety and beauty, about it which no other River that we have yet seen on this Continent possessed in an equal degree.”

GEORGE COMB.—(1839).

Mr. Comb was born at Edinburgh, Oct. 21, 1788, and was educated as a lawyer. At the age of thirty he became interested in Phrenology, as expounded by Gall and Spurzheim, and during the whole of his subsequent life, which ended in 1858, he devoted himself to the promotion of this study, in which he wrote and published much. He delivered courses of lectures in various parts of Great Britain and America,<sup>1</sup> and some of his writings were extensively

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(1) *Notes on the United States of North America, during a Phrenological Visit in 1838-39-40.* Edinburgh; 3 Vols., 1841.

published in French, German and Swedish. Among his later studies were questions of reform in Prison Discipline and Criminal Legislation. Under date of June 28, 1839, he says :

“The Steamboat was large, and had excellent accommodations. We sailed all night, and at 7 A. M. touched at the American town of Oswego. \* \* \* At 2 P. M., we arrived at Kingston. The St. Lawrence commences here. When we were at Niagara Falls, General Scott mentioned to us that a plot was suspected to be hatching by the disaffected Canadians and their American allies, to burn the British Steamboats on the St. Lawrence; that he had communicated all the information he possessed on the subject to the British officers, and had also instructed the American officers to observe the strictest watch to defeat the scheme. At Kingston we entered another Steamboat, and soon saw that General Scott’s information was acted on. We were boarded by a British sergeant and corporal, and a party of soldiers. The sergeant mustered them on the dock, gave the words ‘shoulder arms,’ ‘open pans,’ and then went along the line and examined every lock and flint, to see that it was fit for service. The arms were then piled on deck, and we commenced our voyage. The River is here ten miles broad, strewed with a Thousand Islands, varying from a foot square to many hundreds of acres in extent, all covered with bushes or timber. The evening was fine, and the scene was highly picturesque as we glided among them. Their grouping and forms presented a new picture every five minutes, and all graceful and rich. At sunset the sergeant again mustered his men, and placed three sentinels; one near the paddle-box on the American side; one on the stern on the same side, and one in the bow. It was moonlight. We approached a large barge lying at anchor close to the shore. ‘What boat, a-hoy?’ cried the soldier on the bow. No answer. We approached close to her. She was a lumber boat, with nobody aboard.”

CHARLES DICKENS.—(1842.)

In the summer of 1842, Charles Dickens, the well known English novelist, made a journey in America, and pub-

lished his observations in a book entitled "American Notes for General Circulation," a work which many persons have regarded as anything but just or fair in its conclusions, or creditable to the author. He had already made an extensive tour through the States, and approached this region by way of Steamer from Niagara. His record of present interest is as follows :

"We left Kingston for Montreal on the 10th of May, at half-past nine in the morning, and proceeded in a Steamboat down the St. Lawrence River. The beauty of this noble stream at almost any point, but especially in the commencement of this journey, where it winds its way among the Thousand Islands, can hardly be imagined. The number and constant succession of these Islands, all green and richly wooded; their fluctuating sizes, some so large, that for half an hour together, one among them will appear as the opposite bank of the river, and some so small that they are mere dimples on its bosom,—their infinite variety of shapes,—and the numberless combinations of beautiful forms which the trees growing on them present;—all form a picture fraught with uncommon interest and pleasure."<sup>1</sup>

REV. GEO. LEWIS.—(1844.)

This writer came to America upon a religious errand, and much of his book is devoted to an account of the interests with which he was connected.<sup>2</sup>

"I left Kingston on the morning of the 12th of June, sailing down the St. Lawrence, by the *Highlander* Steamer. The weather was splendid, the river broad and beautiful—the noblest sheet of running water I ever beheld. As we descended, we entered among the Thousand Islands, that

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(1) The New World Edition of "*American Notes for General Circulation*," p. 37.

(2) *Impressions of America and the American Churches, from a Journal of the Rev. G. Lewis, one of the Deputation of the Free Church of Scotland to the United States.* Edinburgh, 1845.

break this noble river into so many small lakes and narrow channels. The woods have nothing of the magnificence and rich foliage of the South, and remind you rather of the forests of the Scottish Highlands, presenting many a lovely combination of wood and water for forty miles, until you come to Brockville, a considerable town, which looked so tempting that I determined to spend a day there. I was so fortunate as to find the Canadian Methodist Conference holding its sittings. This Conference consists of 120 ordained preachers and has no bishops, the Episcopalian Methodists not being so numerous in Canada as in the States."

WILLIAM CHAMBERS.—(1846.)

William and Robert Chambers, deserve an honorable place in Literature, on account of their zeal and success in the diffusion of useful knowledge. Of these, the first was born in 1800, and in boyhood was thrown upon his own resources. He fell into the book-selling trade, and with his brother in 1832 began a popular periodical, followed by other publications which attained a well-merited success. Taking a cheap and attractive form, and being very judiciously edited, the brothers gave to the world a series of works, that sold in immense editions, and made their name widely known. William Chambers visited America in 1853, and records his impressions of this region, in a journey up the river from Montreal to the Lakes, as the scenery appeared to him, on a fine Indian-summer day:<sup>1</sup>

"We may be said now (after passing Brockville), to enter that beautiful and spacious part of the St. Lawrence known as the Lake of the Thousand Islands. The river is expanded to a width of from two to three miles, and so dotted over with islands, as to have apparently neither in-

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(1) *Things as they are in America*. By William Chambers, 1854, p. 97.

gress or egress. The Islands are of all imaginable sizes and forms, from a single rock to several acres in extent. All are richly clothed with wood and shrubs, the variegated foliage of which contrasts finely with the smooth blue surface of the water. The sail for fifty miles amidst these irregularly formed Islands, situated at lesser or greater distances from each other, and many of them little paradises of beauty and fertility, is exceedingly charming, and to visit this part of the St. Lawrence is the object of numerous summer excursions from the United States. At certain points, light-houses are placed among the Islands, to show the proper track for navigation; and we can suppose that without these guides, the vessels might chance to lose themselves in a labyrinth of land and water.

“The Islands continue until we reach Lake Ontario. One of the largest of the series is Wolfe Island, twenty miles long and seven miles across, lying in the greatly expanded river as it issues from the Lake; and here, on rounding a rocky and fortified promontory on the Canadian side, the vessel reaches its destination at Kingston.”

REV. JAMES DIXON, D. D.—(1848.)

In 1848, the Rev. James Dixon, D.D., under an appointment of the British Conference, made a tour through the United States and Canada, and on his return to England published a volume giving his observations upon the country, and his remarks upon Methodism.<sup>1</sup> His impressions of the St. Lawrence, as he descended by Steamer in June, are thus described, as he set out from Kingston:

“Our Steamer from Montreal was awaiting our arrival, and after some time we got on board, and were soon off again for fresh scenes and a new destination. We at once got into the current of the St. Lawrence, and found ourselves in the midst of, I should think, the most perfect fairy scene in the world—the Thousand Islands. These

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(1) *Personal Narrative of a Tour thorough a part of the United States and Canada; with Notices of the History and Institutions of Methodism in America.* New York, Lane & Scott. 1849.

Islands are so called, not because they have been counted,—a definite being being put for an indefinite number. They extend from the singular union of waters by the termination of Lake Ontario, the Bay of Quinte, and the head of the St. Lawrence, for a space of thirty miles. They are of every size and form, though never attaining any great elevation, and are all covered with trees and shrubs. Our passage lay in the midst of this wonderful group, through which we threaded our course safely, though it needed a most skilful pilotage. Some of the Islands appeared to occupy a considerable space on the bosom of the flood; but one isolated little thing, just standing in our course, and requiring some tact to avoid, looked exactly like a flower-pot, with one plant growing in the centre, of diminutive size, reaching only the elevation which its scanty soil could nourish. So true is Nature to her laws! Had this tiny shrub risen higher, the winds would soon have levelled, and sent it floating in the water.

“The day was clear, the sun bright, the winds soft and genial. Could anything more perfectly remind one of Paradise than this scene? No ruined castles, it is true, graced these Islands; no rising turrets covered with ivy, mantled these spots of primitive beauty; no baronial traditions, no deserted halls, no banqueting rooms, once the scenes of revelry, of love, and of revenge, were here open to inspection. All was simple, primeval:—Nature clothed in her own attire of leafy loveliness. Not a building, not a cottage was seen. No ascending smoke, no signs of human life, no bleating animals, no ploughman’s note, no stroke of the woodman’s axe, no labours of the spade or hoe, were anywhere visible: silence and repose reigned in these Islands, which in ancient times would have been peopled, in the imagination of poets, with nymphs and goddesses, without interrupting sound, except the whispers of the wind. Nature lay undisturbed in her own soft bed; cradled in the waters; rocked in the elements, and soothed by the rippling stream as it passed along. This simple, primitive state of things has always been, from the time when God spoke Creation into existence; or certainly, from the period when, some convulsion breaking off these fragments from the main-land, He stretched out His hand to place them in their present position, to show His love of beauty, and teach mankind lessons of grateful admiration.

“One only inhabitant who has been known to dwell on



these Islands, was a sort of freebooter, who made them the headquarters of his piracy for some time. He shifted his abode as occasion dictated, in order to avoid detection; and, sallying forth upon passers-by, feeble enough to tempt his cupidity, plundered them of their effects, and then hastened to his lurking places in the Islands, to enjoy the spoil. He was at last detected, and is now expiating his offence in some distant prison, or living at large, with the brand of infamy upon his forehead, as the violator of the sanctities of a spot hallowed to innocence, peace and beauty."

XAVIER MARMIER.—(1850.)

This writer was born at Pontarlier, France, in 1809, and early evinced a passion for travel. Having visited Switzerland and Holland, he came to Paris in 1830. Being well versed in German literature, he edited for ten years the *Revue Germanique*, during which period he traveled and wrote much. In 1836-38, he went as the secretary of a scientific expedition to the north of Europe. He spent several weeks at Archangel, visited Iceland, Greenland, and other hyperborean regions, and after his return, published many works, among which may be mentioned, *Travels in Iceland and Greenland*, (7 vols., 8 vo., with elaborate maps and numerous folio plates,)—*the Literature of Denmark and Sweden*,—*Souvenirs of Voyages and Traditions*,—*Popular Songs of the North*,—*Letters upon Holland*, and upon *Russia, Finland and Poland*,—*Poesies of a Traveller*,—*The Rhine and the Nile*,—*Letters upon Algeria*, and upon the *Adriatic*,—*A Summer on the Baltic*, etc., etc., besides voluminous essays in *Reviews and Magazines*. He was recalled from travels to become *Librarian of the Department of the Marine*, and in 1847, was

appointed in charge of the Library of Sainte Genevieve. He is still (in 1880), living in Paris.

We commence his description of the St. Lawrence as he was passing up the river from Mon'real:<sup>1</sup>

“On the St. Lawrence, traversed by steamboats, by vessels heavily laden, and by light bark canoes, we may see early in the season, immense rafts of timber that are brought down from the dense northern forests—hewn where they are felled, drawn to the rivers upon the snow, and made up into rafts. Their Canadian crews erect masts and spread their sails, and by the aid of wind and current, and sometimes by rowing, they boldly guide these acres of fir down the Rapids to Quebec—while they animate their labors with the melody of their popular songs. A part would intone the Canadian song

“A la Claire Fontaine,”

while the others, repeating the last two lines, would at the same time let drop their oars, as those of the former arose.

“There is probably no river on earth that has heard so many vows of love as the St. Lawrence; for there is not a Canadian boatman that has ever passed up or down the River, without repeating, as the blade of his oar dipped into the stream, and as it arose, the national refrain :

“ ‘ Il y a longtemps que je t'aime,  
Jamais je ne t'oublierai !

“ ‘ Long time have I loved thee,  
Ne'er will I forget thee.’

“And I will here say, that there is a harmonious sweetness in these simple words, that well accords with the simple yet imposing character of the scenery of this charming region.

“Upon our coquettish Rivers in Europe, they may whisper of loves, along their flowery banks, and under the vine-clad branches that overhang them like the curtains of a saloon;—but here, in this grand severity of Nature—upon these immense and half desert plains,—in the silence of these gloomy forests,—on the banks of this majestic River

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(1) *Letters sur L'Amérique, Par X. Marmier. Canada—Etats-Unis—Havane—Rio de la Plata; 2 Vols. Paris, 1851.*

that is ever speeding onward to the eternal Ocean, we may feel emotions that are truly sublime. If in this quiet solitude, should we open the soul to a dream of love, it takes the serious tone; it need should be a pure being, that dares to breathe to the heavens and to the waves these sacred words, "I love thee," and that should add the promise and the pledge of the Canadian song—

‘Jamais je ne t’oublierai;  
‘Ne’er will I forget thee.’

Amid emotions like these, which the aspect of this vast expanse of River and shores without limit inspired, I will note, only to acquit my conscience, that we passed various villages and cities, some nearer, some more remote, on the right hand and on the left: Mariatown, Moulinette, Prescott, Ogdensburgh, Brockville.

“So animated and flourishing did these masses of habitations appear, that I almost looked upon them with impatience. It seemed to me as if they had no right to be there, to trouble with their little bustle of life, and to profane by their petty traffic, the religious repose and august grandeur of the scene.

“But I have reached that wonderful point of view, the Lake of the Thousand Isles. Imagine a vast English Park, with its massive trees, its hills and slopes, and its laps of verdure. Replace its green turf with water, blue, transparent and crystalline. Do I give you in the comparison some idea of this beautiful lake? No, I dare not hope to believe this. Over an area twelve leagues long, and two or three wide, on whichever side you turn your eyes, you see nothing but Islands of every kind and form,—some raising their pyramidal heads boldly above the water, others lying just above the level of the River, as if bowed to receive its blessing as it passed. Some are bristling with firs and pines—others lie open and level like a field awaiting the husbandman’s care. Some are but an arid rock, as wild and picturesque as those we see among the Faroe Islands; others have a group of trees, or a solitary pine, and others bear a crown of flowers, or a little hillock of verdure, like a dome of malachite, among which the River slowly glides, embracing with equal fondness the great and the small,—now receding afar, and now retracing its course, like the good patriarch visiting his domains, or like the god Proteus counting his snowy flocks.

“No, surely, these cannot be the Isles of Greece, with their mantle of light and their balmy fruits—the poetic isles that inspired the Song of Homer, and crowned with flowers the brow of Anacreon—the voluptuous isles which bore the immortal Paphian beauty, the *alma mater* of Lucreè, that intoxicated to death the senses of Sapho. No, this is neither Rhodes, that still appears before my eyes, nor yet Cypress, that I long to see again, nor Lemnos. These are more captivating and sweeter still. It seems as though a Fairy, a friend of man—that a Titania from the North, had in its sport with Ariel, scattered all these Islands upon this mirror of the waves, and these mysterious woods, and mounds of verdure, to awaken by their aspect, thoughts of goodness, with those who pass this way.

“ ‘ Que faire dans un gîte a moins que l’on ne songe ? ’

“ ‘ What should be done in such a place of repose, if not to dream ? ’

“While passing the Lake of the Thousand Isles, I was all alone in my little room at the end of the boat—and can you guess what idea struck me? It was another Icaria; it was a project which reminded me of the virtuous Cabet!

“But you will hardly wait to hear me tell you what has M. Cabet to do with this affair? Have patience! You know that I am not in the least degree tainted with the Communistic idea: Therefore re-assure yourself—for I am not about to develop any new plan, for one of those amiable societies that are to regenerate old humanity. I was only letting my poor fancy dwell upon what might be a happy colony of friends, each having his island, his Patmos, to retire to as to a hermitage, and to go forth from as to a revelation. As these islands are still for the most part nameless, they might be christened as their souvenirs and their affections might lead. On the Summer evenings, they might go out in their light gondolas, and with the songs of Tasso, inhale the freshness of the Lake in the cooling shades of the environs. In Winter, they might glide from place to place upon their sledges or their skates, without fear of being thrown down by an omnibus, or of falling into a mob, or of ever hearing among these Philosophic Isles a dozen of those good apostles of Socialism, extolling their panacea of Universal Good.

“What say you to my dream? There are those who might stop me short by asking—‘How are people to live, upon these barren rocks, and amid these hoary solitudes in

Winter?' But honestly—had we not ran against such obstacles, here are ways for making this dream possible."

J. J. AMPERE.—(1851.)

Jean Jacques Ampère, was the son of André M. Ampère, the celebrated French Savan, who became eminent for his Mathematical and Philosophical researches, especially in electro-magnetism. The son was born at Lyons, in 1800, studied at Paris under his father, and became distinguished for the ardor and success with which he pursued various branches of literature. In 1833 he became a Professor of Belles Lettres in the College of France, and in 1842 was elected to the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres. He published a History of Poesy, and various works of Foreign Travel in Scandinavia and other countries, besides special researches of various kinds. He was much occupied with Egyptian Hieroglyphics, which he learned to decipher with facility. He died in Paris in 1864.

This accomplished and pleasant writer, in the dedication of his work to M. Alexis de Tocqueville, attributes to him the inspiration of a desire to visit America, from a reading of his *Democratie en Amerique*, which in its English dress is well known to our countrymen. He arrived in the autumn of 1851 at New York, and after visiting Boston, found his way northward to Quebec, and from thence ascended the St. Lawrence. After visiting the Indian villages below, and having pleasant interviews with Father Marcou, he arrived one Saturday morning in the early part of October, at Ogdensburgh, where our quotation begins:<sup>1</sup>

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(1) *Promenade en Amerique Etats-Unis, Cuba, Mexique.* Paris, 1858; 2 vols.

“The night was spent in passing through the locks of the canal made along the St. Lawrence, for the purpose of surmounting the Rapids. We arrived at Ogdensburgh, and they took pains to inform us (they omit nothing in America), that we must here change boats. They set me and my baggage quickly ashore, where several large Steamers lay smoking and ready to start for different points. As we knew not which to take, we were obliged to get information as best we could, but nobody appeared to guide me, or carry my baggage, and in the meantime some of the Steamers were off. The one we were to take, however, still lay at the wharf, but it did not leave this evening, nor on Sunday, so we were obliged to stay in Ogdensburgh till Monday morning.

“I have frequently remarked, that adversities often bring a happy incident. This is one of the principles in my Philosophy of Travelling, which I have often had to apply in my journeys, and my philosophy this time also became triumphant. I would have been very sorry not to have come to Ogdensburgh, and to there pass a day and a half, for I don't know as I would otherwise have witnessed the spectacle of a City that grew under the eye like the wings of some insects. It would have been a misfortune not to have stopped at Ogdensburgh, of whom no one had spoken to me, and which I never shall forget.

“A railroad connecting Boston and the Western Lakes, has just been opened, giving to Ogdensburgh an impetus of which we can as yet scarcely speak—but which is most curious to the observer. We here see the transition from a Village to a great City—the skin of the chrysalis still covering the butterfly which just begins to open its wings.

“The most interesting spectacle that the European meets with in the United States, is what I may term the embryology of cities; and we can readily trace their complete development from the huddle of wooden houses, having a well marked term of existence and individual life, with regular relations of all members of its society to the general whole. From this germ to the great City, there is an infinite number of intermediate degrees, and Ogdensburgh answers to one of these, in a stage of rapid development. I had hitherto seen nothing in the United States that struck me so forcibly. In this expanding City, everything is new and unfinished. In German, they would say, *that it is going*

to be (ein werden). It is like a house, where they begin to furnish a room before the roof is covered. Imagine broad, straight and well-laid-out streets; in their midst a black mud—on the borders, plank walks; here and there ravines, with groups of trees that belonged to primeval forests; fields scarcely enclosed, with an abandoned look, as if not yet taken up, or yet to be cultivated, and on every hand beautiful gardens and elegant cottages, with every appliance of the most refined civilization—on a place cleared but yesterday, and close beside an unimproved waste. Some cows were straying along the street, near a store of novelties, where the fashion-plates of the *Journal du Modes* were displayed in the windows, by the side of portraits of members of the local government; and bales of merchandise lay in the streets among the trunks of overturned trees. It was a strange mingling of departing savagery and of industries to come. In these carefully aligned and half-filled streets, we see at once the rudeness of primeval life, and the rising splendors of the Orient; for they have got the idea that this City which they are building, will be a great one; and the vision comes before me that in twenty years or so, the place where I stand will have a hundred thousand souls. Should one of my readers come next year to Ogdensburg, he would see nothing as I see it to-day. It reminds me of a visit once made to an Island that came out of the sea between Italy and Sicily. They made profiles of its outlines for sale to the curious, but the outlines of this volcanic Islet changed from hour to hour, so that the next day, these pictures bore no likeness to the original. So cities in the United States spring up from the soil, so to speak, like the eruption of Julia Island from the sea. They change their aspect continually, and what is a faithful picture to-day is no longer so to-morrow.

“From these impressions, more extraordinary than pleasing, I sought the calm serenity afforded by a walk in the fields, and along a fine road that displayed the great expanse of placid water. A little clump of oaks had been spared in the clearing, close by the River bank, and I reposed a long time under their branches, listening to the tinkling of cow-bells, as in a solitary pasture of the Oberland.

“My reverie was broken by the sharp notes of a woman’s voice:—*Cette poisson d’enfant!*<sup>1</sup> I did not dream, on the

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(1) “What a fish that young-one is!”

banks of the St. Lawrence, of beings so near the *Place Maubert*, and I was quickly aroused from my revery by this anything-but-poetic reminder of my native country.

“We passed up the Great River, and presently came among the Thousand Islands, which lie before the entrance of Lake Ontario. These are generally low, and covered with trees that seem to rise out of the Lake. The progress of the boat, as it winds through this verdant labyrinth, gives them the appearance of movement, and they seem to float upon the waters. When the last of the Islands are passed, the Lake which had been before a vast River, at once expands into a Sea. If the scene is not picturesque, it is still poetic. A landscape painter might despise this spectacle,—but painters too often undervalue effects that they can not reproduce, and expend their talent upon pictures of lofty mountains, vast expanses of water, and immensity in every form. Creation in the painter’s art has not as its sole end, to make a fine effect within a space of three feet square.”

WASHINGTON IRVING.—(1803–1853.)

In the Summer of 1803, Washington Irving, then a youth of twenty years, made a journey to Ogdensburgh, by way of the Mohawk and Black River Valleys, in company with the families of some land-proprietors of St. Lawrence county. From the High Falls on Black River [Lyon’s Falls], they floated down on a scow to the Long Falls [Carthage], consuming two days on this voyage of forty-two miles, the intervening night being spent in a humble log cabin on the bank of the River, in Lowville. Soon after starting on the second day, they had an exciting chase of a deer swimming the River, and finally secured it.

“On reaching the foot of navigation, at the beginning of the Long Falls, they found only one public house, which was kept by a Frenchman, the last survivor of the ‘Castorland Colony,’ and of this he says:

“‘A dirtier house was never seen. We dubbed it ‘The



Temple of Dirt,' but contrived to have the venison cooked by a servant, and with crackers and gingerbread felt quite independent.' Before leaving next morning, Irving wrote with a pencil over the firep-lace, the following verse:

'Here Sovereign Dirt erects her sable throne,  
The house the host, the hostess all her own.'

"Some years after, Mr. Hoffman (who was with Irving on this occasion), put up at the same house, in company with Judge William Cooper (father of J. Fennimore Cooper, the novelist), and their attention being attracted by the legend, the Judge, who had seen too much of pioneer life to be over-nice about trifles, wrote underneath:

'Learn hence, young man, and teach it to your sons,  
The wisest way's to take it as it comes.'

"The remaining sixty miles of Irving's journey, led through a wilderness, along a road newly cut, and in a vehicle drawn by oxen."<sup>1</sup>

The editor of this volume, when writing the History of St. Lawrence and Franklin Counties in 1852, having met with Irving's name as the witness to deeds of land, addressed to him a letter, asking him, if willing, to furnish some account of the scenes and events of that early period of the settlement. He politely declined on the ground of dim recollection, and pressure of engagements; but about a year afterwards he made a journey through Northern New York, and the reminiscences which these scenes of youthful adventure recalled, are given with a freshness

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(1) *Life and Letters of Washington Irving*. By Pierre M. Irving. i. 48.

and beauty quite characteristic of his pen. Coming by railroad from Lake Champlain to Ogdensburgh, he says:

“Here we passed part of a day—a very interesting one to me. Fifty years had elapsed since I had visited the place in company with a party of gentlemen-proprietors, with some ladies of their families. It was then a wilderness, and we were quartered in the remains of an old French Fort at the confluence of the Oswegatchie and the St. Lawrence. It was all a scene of romance to me, for I was then a mere stripling, and everything was strange and full of poetry. The country was covered with forest; the Indians still inhabited some Islands in the river, and prowled about in their canoes. There were two young ladies of the party to sympathize in my romantic feelings,<sup>1</sup> and we passed some happy days here, exploring the forests, or gliding in our canoe on the rivers.

“In my present visit, I found, with difficulty, the site of the old French Fort, but all traces of it were gone. I looked round on the surrounding country and river. All was changed. A populous City occupied both sides of the Oswegatchie, great steamers ploughed the St. Lawrence, the opposite Canada shore was studded with towns and villages. I sat down on the river bank, where we used to embark in our canoes, and thought on the two lovely girls who used to navigate it with me, and the joyous party who used to cheer us from the shore. All had passed away—all were dead! I was the sole survivor of that happy party; and here I had returned, after a lapse of fifty years, to sit down and meditate on the mutability of all things, and to wonder that I was still alive.”

Mr. Irving lived about six years after this journey, and died November 28th, 1859.

JOHAN GEORG KOHL.—(1854.)

Of the numerous quotations we have made, there is not one more worthy of notice than that of the distinguished Traveller and learned Geographer, JOHAN GEORG KOHL,

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(1) Miss Eliza Ogden and Miss Ann Hoffman. *Irving's Life and Letters*, i. p. 48.

Ph.D. His voluminous publications, including Travels in every part of Middle and Northern Europe, and his admirable geographical memoirs, (the most valued of which by Americans is his elaborate work on the Early Discoveries upon the Coast of Maine), have been uniformly regarded as productions of high authority, as they evidently were of profound research. Dr. Kohl was born at Bremen in 1808, and was educated at the Universities of Gottingen, Heidelberg and Munich. He first studied law, but turning his attention to archæological and scientific pursuits, he perhaps rendered the greater service to mankind. His work on the Influence of Climate upon Man, is one of particular merit. This writer returned home from America in 1858, and died Oct. 28, 1876. His sister, Madame Ida Kohl, was the author of several books of European Travel.

Dr. Kohl's full and intelligible description of the Islands, is enlivened by a poetic sentiment, and by legendary associations that indicate a mind keenly alive to the beauties of Nature, as well as thoroughly trained in the field of historical inquiry.<sup>1</sup>

To him, at least, the remark of Sallust, the Roman Historian, would not apply—"that many human beings, resigned to their appetites and to sloth, pass through life like travellers in a strange country, uninstructed and unimproved." His description of this region is as follows:

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(1) *Travels in Canada and Through the States of New York and Pennsylvania, by J. G. Kohl, author of "Russia and the Russians," "Austria," etc., etc. Translated by Mrs. Percy Sinnett. Revised by the Author. In 2 vols. London, 1861.*

“The middle of that portion of the St. Lawrence, which, as I have said, was formerly called Cataraqui, has become, I scarcely know why, the chief centre of traffic for this part of the country. The two most important towns of the district here lie opposite one another, Prescott on the Canadian side, and Ogdensburg on the American. Railroads from the interior terminate at both places, and there is therefore, a great deal of life and bustle on the water. The St. Lawrence is rather narrower at this point, and nowhere can a comparison be made more conveniently between a Canadian and an American town. Prescott exhibits much darker hues than Ogdensburgh, where all looks brighter and pleasanter; the houses of the former are built in solid style of grey stone, and same building material that has served for Montreal. The Americans have a passion for white and green houses, and plant willows and other elegant trees between them, and the contrast might be continued to many other particulars were it worth while. You have before you at once a picture of the ‘old country,’ and one of the quite new.

“Ogdensburgh is the capital of the tract of land that I have described a chapter or two back; some miles beyond it lies another pretty river-port, Brockville, and then again some miles further begins the celebrated ‘Lake of a Thousand Islands’; but to have a clear idea of the origin and configuration of this Lake, you must begin at Lake Ontario.

“Lake Ontario forms on its western side a regularly drawn oval, with smoothly cut shores, and no considerable islands or appendages. On its north-eastern side, however, where its waters have broken through the obstacles that opposed their progress, its hitherto broad, smooth expanse is broken up among numerous islands and peninsulas.

“First comes the large peninsula of Prince Edward, then Duck Island, and several others, as well as long gulfs, bays and islets, breaking the land right and left. Then near Kingston, you have the Great Wolfe Island, Amherst Island, and others;—rugged masses of land that the water could not overcome, or possibly which rose above the surface when the Ontario subsided into its present bed. At length, beyond Wolfe Island, the Lake contracts to a breadth of six or seven miles, and here begins the ‘Lake of the Thousand Islands.’ These Islands

are, as the name indicates, extraordinarily numerous, and the water is split up into a corresponding number of channels, but at length the river develops itself again out of the labyrinth. For a distance of thirty miles, reckoning from Kingston, the waters contract more and more, hollow out a deeper and deeper channel, and wear away more and more of the Islands, which gradually become less numerous, and cease entirely some miles above Brockville. The current now becomes stronger, the two shores appear, the Lake disappears, and the River takes its place; but this is for any one coming down the River; we were pursuing an opposite course.

“The name of the locality, ‘Thousand Islands,’ was probably bestowed by the Jesuits, or the celebrated Canadian traveller, Champlain, who was the first discoverer of Lake Ontario. The number of the Islands is, of course, only guessed at. Some make them 1,500, and some as many as 2,000, as there perhaps may be, if they bestow the name of Island on each separate bit of rock that sticks out of the water, or every reef or sand bar that lies just under it.

Half of these Islands lie along the American shore, the rest nearer to Canada, and the frontier line has been drawn between the two, and the channel for Steamers keeps pretty closely to that line. The whole scene is renowned as interesting and picturesque, both in the United States and Canada, and parties of pleasure, pic-nics, and sporting excursions are made to it both from Kingston and Brockville. People hire one of the elegant yachts or boats built at Kingston, and sail about with their friends from Island to Island, dine, camp under the trees, shoot the water-fowl, fish, and amuse themselves in many ways. Many remain for days together, for the tours among these countless Islands have something of the charm of discovery. One of the party, perhaps, declares he knows of an Island that has never been visited; another tells of a deep, wooded Bay, in whose, clear, calm waters no one has yet tried to anchor.

“We reached the first of the Islands, a little above Brockville, and soon found ourselves surrounded by them; sometimes lying in a long string, like a row of beads; sometimes flung pell-mell together in a heap. Some are large and covered with thick woods; all have trees, and

there are some so small that they have only just room for one tree or a bush. There is an infinite variety in the grouping of the trees, too, some being gathered into social parties, some living as solitary hermits, so that perpetually new combinations are formed in the scenery. Some of the Islands are just barely hidden under a thin covering of moss and other vegetation, and sometimes the crystal water is flowing over a mass of naked rocks that it barely covers.

“The foundation of all these Islands, I believe to be granite, and in general they are not high, though picturesque pedestals are afforded for the trees by banks of twenty feet deep. The larger have hills and valleys, and arable land enough to be worth cultivating, though hitherto little has been obtained from them besides game, fish and wood. Villages there are none, and only a few scattered dwellings or shanties for sportsmen, wood-cutters, and lumbermen, with a few mechanical contrivances, such as are seen on the Ottawa, for the collecting and transporting of the felled trees. The Islands all have owners, but as everywhere in America where land, wood and water remain unsettled, they have been to some extent invaded by squatters, whose huts we saw here and there on the shores, and the owners seldom offer any objection, as they consider that these people help to reclaim the land, and make some steps towards its cultivation.

“The best time to visit the Islands is in Spring and in the early Summer, for then the trees and shrubs are fragrant from every cliff; the woods are full of birds and various animals; and sometimes when the air is very hot, the water is so deliciously cool and fresh, that it is a delight to plunge into it. But in the cold Autumn day when I visited the Lake, the water is less attractive. Goethe’s fisherman could only have been enchanted by the Nixie on a warm Summer’s evening.

“The Autumn is, however, the loveliest time for one of the greatest attractions of the Islands, and the green, red, yellow, brown and golden leafage was beautifully mirrored in the clear water beneath. Some of the Islands, when the sunbeams fell on them, seemed quite to flame, and, in fact, this does sometimes happen in more than a metaphorical sense, and the burning woods produce, it is said, a most magnificent spectacle. If you chance to be passing in a Steamer, you may enjoy the sight nearer and more

conveniently than a similar scene elsewhere, as the intervening water renders it safe. The boats there run very close in-shore, and the passengers can look deeply into the recesses of the blazing woods, and yet remain in security. I was told this by a gentleman who had enjoyed the sight; and another, who noticed the interest I took in these Thousand Islands, mentioned some further particulars. In his youth, he said, they were inhabited by Indians, remnants of the Iroquois, or Six Nations, to whom the whole north of the State of New York belonged. These Islanders were called *Mississagua*,<sup>1</sup> a name that still occurs in various localities on the St. Lawrence; their Chief resided on one of the principal Islands, and the rest of the tribe was scattered about on the others, in birch huts or tents. Their canoes were of the same material, and with these they used to glide softly over the water, and, in the numerous little Bays, or arms of the River, surprise the fish, which, having never been disturbed by noisy Steamers, filled the waters in countless abundance. The birds and other game were equally plentiful in the woods, but now, when greedy squatters and sportsmen, with guns, have exhausted the district, the Islands are comparatively devoid of animal life.

“It was the practice among the Mississagaus, at certain times of the year, to leave the Islands to their young people, and make great hunting expeditions northward into the interior of Canada, and southward into New York. My informant had visited them once when he was a young man, and being hospitably received, had afterwards repeated his visits, made acquaintances and friends among them, lived with them for weeks, and shared the joys and sorrows of the hunter’s life. Once when he had been on a journey to Niagara and the West, and had been a long time absent, he could not desist when he passed the Thousand Islands on his return to his native town, Brockville, from making a call by the way on his Mississagua friends. They recognized him immediately, gave him the warmest reception, and carried him on their shoulders to their Chief, who made a great feast in his honor, and canoes full of Indians came gliding in crowds from the Islands to see and welcome him. He had to pass the night among

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(1) These Indians were a branch of the Chippewas, and not of the Iroquois race.

them; the squaws prepared his couch, and two of the Indians insisted on serving him as a guard of honor at his tent-door, where they camped out and kept the fire. 'I was almost moved to tears myself, sir, on seeing my half-savage friends again. Believe me, it is a race very susceptible to kindness, though at the same time, certainly very revengeful for injuries. They never forget their friends, but are very terrible and even treacherous against their enemies. We have very erroneous notions of the Indians. We call them poor and miserable, but they appear quite otherwise to themselves. They are proud of their prowess and animal daring, and of the performances of their fore-fathers. In fact, they think themselves the first race in creation.'

“‘Are there now any remains of these proud people on the Islands?’

“‘No. They have been scattered like the chaff; their fisheries and their hunting became continually less productive; the villages and towns of the whites grew up around them; they began to feel the pressure of want; their race died away like the fish in their waters, and at last the few who remained, accepted a proposal of the Government, that they should exchange these Islands for a more remote habitation—I do not myself know exactly where.’”

We are here able to supply some information which our author had not the opportunity to obtain:

[Before the year 1826, these Indians were pagans, wandering about in the neighborhood of Belleville, Kingston and Gananoque, and earning a precarious living by hunting and fishing. They claimed the title to a large tract north of the River, and the Islands as far down as Prescott. Below that place, the St. Regis Indians claimed, and these have never ceded to the Government their right to the Islands.

In 1826-7, between two and three hundred of these “Mississaguas of the Bay of Quinte,” as they were called, or more properly the Eagle Band of the Chippewas, were induced to settle on Grape Island in the Bay of Quinte, about six miles from Belleville, where a Wesleyan Methodist Mission was established, schools opened, and the simpler arts of civilized life began to be introduced. Under kind and gentle treatment they made much progress, and



began to plant, and improve their homes with commendable zeal. After living eleven years on the Island, they gave up their improvements, to be sold for their benefit, and removed to Alnwick, in the County of Northumberland, eighteen miles from Coburg, and ten from Hastings, where a location of 2,000 acres was secured to them by Sir John Colburn, and laid out into farms of 25 acres each. Nine years after this removal, a Report showed that their settlement had 36 dwellings, of which 22 were framed buildings and the rest of logs. They had from 360 to 400 acres cleared, and had a population of 233. Their present population is not far from 200.

Many years ago, they ceded to the Government their lands in Newcastle, Midland and Johnstown Districts, and in 1856, they relinquished the management of their property in the Islands, reserving whatever rents or profits might result therefrom. This trust is managed by the Indian Branch of the Department of the Interior, at Ottawa. The Report for the year ending June 30, 1878, gave the capital of their account as \$81,408.61—their revenue as \$5,659.08, chiefly from interest, and the expenditures as \$4,254.69, chiefly in distribution to those entitled. The future policy of the Government in respect to these Islands has not been determined.

Several of the larger Islands were granted, or leased for long periods, a century or so since, and some of the smaller ones are held under Indian titles by residents upon them, or the owners of lands opposite.

In the map of the Canadian Islands prepared by Mr. Unwin, under date of June 14, 1873, upon a scale of ten chains to the inch, names or numbers are applied to all of them, 348 in number. They are divided among four agencies for supervision. By far the greater number of these Islands are still wholly unoccupied, and in a state of nature, except as the timber has been despoiled by unauthorized persons for pleasure or profit, or as destroyed by fires.]

We will now resume the narrative of Dr. Kohl, on his voyage among the Islands :

“The only living being that appeared very common here now was the bird the English call the *Loon*. It is a water-fowl as large as a goose, with a very thick head and long

beak; its color black, with white spots on the wings. This large bird was swimming about every where among the Islands, and it was curious to see how exactly similar was the impulse of instinct in the numerous specimens that we met in the course of thirty miles. As long as our boat continued pretty far off, they swam quietly about on the glassy water, attending only to their own affairs, and busy in catching insects or fish; but as soon as we came within three hundred yards, they shot up into the air, with their long necks stretched out, and rolling about their still longer heads, so as to look at us timidly, now with the right, and now with the left eye.

“In the second state of their fear, this anxious movement was communicated to their whole body, and they steered alternately right and left, and at last flew straight on before us; but when they noticed that our winged steam monster was soon again within a hundred yards or so, they seemed fairly to give it up,—rolled their heads about a little more, and then threw a somersault, and went down heels over head in the water and disappeared. All these motions were repeated by every individual as exactly as if they had been previously agreed upon.

“These ‘loons,’ the ‘wintergreens,’ and the numerous watch-towers among the Islands, were the only objects that attracted my attention. This wintergreen, or *Pyrola*, is a low plant or bush, that does not at all, at least in the Autumn, correspond with its name, for it looked blood-red, and covered the ground under the trees with a red carpet. Sometimes it ran as a border round the Islands, and then the groups of trees seemed to be enclosed in a wreath of red flowers, as I have seen them in an English Park. The Light-Houses, too, tended to convey the impression that we were not upon the mighty St. Lawrence, but on the artificial waters of some pleasure ground,—for they were elegant white buildings, like pavilions, or kiosks, sometimes hidden in a grove, sometimes rising from a little island or promontory. They are numerous, and of course very necessary, as the winding watery channel is continually changing its direction in this labyrinth of Islands.

“By degrees—after you have breakfasted once, and had one dinner—the garden comes to an end, and you emerge upon the open field—that is to say, the broad water, and the approach of the Ontario and the City of Kingston is announced.”

MISS BIRD.—(1855.)

This cheerful writer published her travels anonymously. Taking passage at Toronto, on board the *Arabian*, the Steamer raced for a time with the *Maple Leaf*, and arrived in the night at Gananoque. She was awakened towards morning, and went on board the *New Era*, to continue the voyage down the river. It was a cold, dreary October morning, but although the prospect was anything but cheerful, she was evidently resolved to make the most of the opportunity.<sup>1</sup> She says:

“I didn’t allow myself to fall asleep in the very comfortable state room which was provided for me by the friend with whom I was traveling, but hurried up stairs with the first gray of the chilly, wintry dawn of the morning of the 18th of October. The saloon windows were dimmed with snow, so I went out on deck and braved the driving wind and snow on that inhospitable morning, for we were in the Lake of the Thousand Islands. Travellers have written and spoken so much of the beauty of this celebrated piece of water, that I expected to be disappointed; but, *au contraire*, I am almost inclined to write a rhapsody myself.

“For three hours, we were sailing among these beautiful, irregularly formed Islands. There are 1,692 of them, and they vary in size from mere rocks to several acres in extent. Some of them are perfect paradises of beauty. They form a complete labyrinth, through which the pilot finds his way, guided by numerous beacons. Sometimes it appeared as if there was no egress, and as if we were running straight upon a rock, and the water is everywhere so deep, that from the deck of the Steamer, people can pull the leaves from the trees. A hundred varieties of trees and shrubs grow out of the gray lichen-covered rocks. It seems barbarous that the paddles of a Steamer should disturb their delicate shadows. If I found this Lake so beautiful on a day in the middle of October, when

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(1) *The English Women in America*. London, 1856.

the bright Autumn tints had changed into russet-brown, and when a chill, northeast wind was blowing about the withered leaves and the snow against the ship,—and when, more than all, I was only just recovering from ague,—what would it be on a bright, Summer day, when the blue heaven would be reflected in the clear waters of the St. Lawrence!”

JOHN SHERIDAN HOGAN.—(1855.)

At the Paris Exposition of 1855, a prize was offered for the best Essay upon Canada and its Resources, and of the eighteen that were offered, that by Mr Hogan was selected as deserving the highest honors.<sup>1</sup> In noticing its internal communications, this writer says:

“To appreciate the magnitude of the canals and locks on the St. Lawrence, it is necessary to glance at the splendid River of whose nearly two thousand miles of navigation they form the connecting links. Let me conduct the reader, then, to where the Steamer destined to ‘shoot the Rapids,’ first winds in amongst the *Thousand Islands*. It is between Kingston and Brockville, and usually just after sunrise. The scene here of a bright morning—the mornings are seldom otherwise in Canada—is magnificent beyond description. You pass close by—near enough to cast a pebble from the deck of the Steamer upon them—cluster after cluster of little circular Islands, whose trees, perpetually moistened by the River, have a most luxuriant and exquisitely tinted foliage, their branches overhanging the water.

“Again, you pass little winding passages and bays between the Islands, the trees on their margins interlacing above them, and forming here and there natural bowers; yet are the waters of these Bays so deep that Steamers of considerable size might pass under the interlacing trees.

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(1) *Canada. An Essay to which was Awarded the First Prize by the Paris Exhibition Committee of Canada.* By J. Sheridan Hogan. Montreal, 1855. A French edition of this Essay was also published.

Mr. Hogan, who had been returned to the Parliament from the County of Grey, was murdered near Toronto, in December, 1858.

Then opens up before you a magnificent sheet of water, many miles wide, with a large Island apparently in the distance, dividing it into two great Rivers. But as you approach this, you discover that it is but a group of small Islands, the River being divided into many parts, and looking like silver threads thrown carelessly over a large, green cloth. Your Steamer enters one of these bright passages, and you begin at length to feel that in the multitude of ways there must be great danger, for your half-embowered and winding River comes to an abrupt termination four or five hundred yards in advance of you. But as you approach at headlong speed the threatening rocks in front, a channel suddenly opens upon your right; you are whirled into it like the wind, and the next second a magnificent amphitheatre of Lake opens out before you. This, again, is bounded, to all appearances, by a dark green bank, but as you approach, the mass is moved, as if in a kaleidoscope, and lo! a hundred beautiful Islands make their appearance! And such, for seventy miles, and till you reach the rapids, is the scenery which you glide through.

“It is impossible, even for those whose habits and occupations naturally wean them from the pleasures derivable from such scenery, to avoid feelings akin to poetry while winding through the *Thousand Islands*. You feel, indeed, long after they have been passed, as if you had been awakened out of a blissful dream. Your memory brings up again and again, the pictures of the clusters of the little Islands rising out of the clear cold water. You think of the little bays and winding passages, embowered in trees; and recurring to the din, and dust, and heat, and strife of the City you have left, or the City you are going to, you wish in your heart that you had seen more of Nature, and less of Business.

“These may be but dreams—perhaps they are so,—but they are good and they are useful dreams; for they break in for a moment, upon the dull monotony of our all-absorbing selfishness; they let in a few rays of light upon the poetry and purity of sentiment which seem likely to die of perpetual confinement in the dark prison-house of modern avarice.”

REV. FREDERICK JAMES JOBSON.—(1857.)

This writer was born at Lincoln, England, in 1812, and

in 1834 he entered the Wesleyan Ministry, in which he was stationed in some of the most important circuits of the Methodist Conference. He was also appointed by the Conference to visit the Methodist Episcopal Church in America, in company with Dr. Hannah. Dr. Jobson has filled some of the most important posts in the denomination to which he belongs, and in the various societies that are under its patronage. He is the author of several devotional works that have attained success, and among his other publications may be mentioned—"Chapel and School Architecture," (1850);—"America and American Methodism," (1857);—and "Australia, with Notes by the Way of Egypt, Ceylon, Bombay, and the Holy Land," (1862).

This description of this voyage is as follows:<sup>1</sup>

"We left the City and our friends at Toronto, on Tuesday at noon, June 3d, by the steamer which was to carry us over the length of Lake Ontario, through the Thousand Islands and by the St. Lawrence, to Brockville, where we were to attend the Wesleyan Conference for Western Canada. \* \* \* \* \*

"I rose before five o'clock next morning, that I might view the 'Thousand Isles,' as a number of islands extending from the foot of Lake Ontario thirty miles down the St. Lawrence are named. Those islands, are, in reality, more than 1,600 in number, and they are surprisingly picturesque and lovely. They are of various sizes, some containing fifteen acres, and others only just visible, and bearing a single shrub, and they are of every form imaginable. But while richly adorned with trees and rocks, they have only a slight elevation above the water. The scenery of these Islands while threading your way among them, with their varied shapes and colors, and with their clear re-

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(1) *America and American Methodism*, by the Rev. Frederick J. Jobson, with a prefatory Letter by the Rev. John Hannah, D.D. London, 1857.

flections in the surrounding waters, you feel to be exceedingly beautiful, and that it would repay a voyage from England to the St. Lawrence to gaze upon such a sight alone. The 'Thousand Island' scenery is more like Killarney than any that I have seen, but it is much more extensive. In steering through these isles it is an ever-changing vision—at one time you are inclosed in a narrow channel, then you see before you many openings, like so many noble rivers flowing in different directions, and immediately afterwards you are surrounded on every side as by a spacious Lake."

BENSON J. LOSSING.—(1850-1860.)

This well known historical writer has many allusions to the Upper St. Lawrence, and the events with which they are associated. While collecting materials for his "Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution," he passed up the River by Steamer, in the summer of 1850, and thus records his impressions of the scenery :

"A calm, sweetly consonant with ideas of Sabbath rest, was upon the main, the Islands, and the River, and all the day long not a breath of air rippled the silent-flowing, but mighty St. Lawrence. We passed the morning in alternately viewing the ever-changing scene as our vessel sped towards Ontario, and in perusing Burke's 'Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful.' I never read that charming production with so much pleasure as then, for illustrative examples were on every side. And when, towards noon, our course was among the Thousand Islands, the propriety of the stars as an example, by their number and confusion, of the cause of the idea of sublimity, was forcibly illustrated. 'The apparent disorder,' he says, 'augments the grandeur, for the appearance of care is highly contrary to our idea of magnificence.' So with these Islands. They fill the St. Lawrence through nearly sixty miles of its course, commencing fifteen miles below Kingston, and varying in size from a few yards to eighteen miles in length. Some are mere syenitic rocks, bearing sufficient alluvium to produce cedar, spruce and pine shrubs, which seldom grow to the dignity of a tree; while others were beautifully fringed with luxuriant grass and shaded by lofty trees. A few of

the larger are inhabited and cultivated. There are twelve hundred and twenty-seven in number. Viewed separately, they present nothing remarkable; but scattered, as they are, so profusely and in such disorder over the bosom of the River, their features constantly changing as we made our rapid way among them, an idea of magnificence and sublimity involuntarily possessed the mind, and wooed our attention from the tuition of books to that of Nature."—(*Field Book of the Revolution*, i, 314.)

Again, ten years later, while preparing his "Field Book of the War of 1812," in referring to the Islands, he says:

"This group of Islands, lying in the St. Lawrence, just below the foot of Lake Ontario, fill that River for twenty-seven miles along its course, and number more than fifteen hundred. A few of them are large and cultivated, but most of them are mere rocky islets, covered generally with stunted hemlocks and cedar trees, which extend to the water's edge. Some of them contain an area of only a few square yards, while others present many superficial square miles. Canoes and small boats may pass in safety among all of them, and there is a deep channel for Steamboats and other large vessels, which never varies in depth and position, the bottom being rocky. The St. Lawrence here varies from two to nine miles in width. The boundary-line between the United States and Canada passes among them. It was determined in 1818. The largest of the Islands are *Grand* and *Howe*, belonging to Canada, and *Carleton*, *Grindstone* and *Wells*, belonging to the United States. They have been the theatre of many historic scenes and legendary tales during two centuries and a half."

#### JOURNEY OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.—(1860.)

In 1860, the Prince of Wales, (known while in the United States as *Baron Renfrew*) accompanied by His Grace, the Duke of Newcastle, Secretary of State for the Colonies—the Earl of St. Germain, Steward to the Queen's Household—Major-General Bruce, Governor to the Prince—Dr. Ackland, the Prince's Physician—Major Teesdale and



Captain Grey, the Prince's Equerries, and Mr. Engleherst, Private Secretary to the Duke of Newcastle, traveled through portions of the United States and Canada. He was everywhere received by the officials of both countries with the honors due to his rank. Besides those properly belonging to his suite, were several correspondents of newspapers, who kept the public informed of the incidents of the journey, and several books were soon after published, giving these in a collected form. We present extracts from two of these works, one by a correspondent of the New York *Herald*, and the other by the writer representing the London *Times*. The Prince after visiting Lower Canada, proceeded to Ottawa, and laid the corner stone of the new Parliament Buildings of what has since become the Dominion Government. From thence he proceeded to Brockville, where he took passage on board the Steamer *Kingston* and passed through this part of the St. Lawrence on the 3d of September, 1860.

At Kingston the Orangemen had prepared to join in the reception of the Prince, in their regalia, justifying themselves in this by alleging that the Catholics in Lower Canada had been recognized upon similar occasions. The Duke of Newcastle addressed a letter to the City officials, requesting them to prevent these partisan demonstrations, but neither party appeared willing to yield, and after waiting nearly a day, the Steamer proceeded on its way up the Bay without landing. At Belleville a similar event happened, and at Toronto a serious misunderstanding arose from like causes.

*Reception of the Prince of Wales as described by Kinahan Cornwallis, Correspondent of the New York Herald.*

The letters of this writer, were afterwards collected in book form.<sup>1</sup> The party arrived at the railway station by the Grand Trunk Railway, where our extract begins :

“At twenty minutes to eight, the train entered Brockville; there the greatest crowd that Brockville ever gathered was seen at the railway station.

“On stepping on the platform, the cheering prevented anything else being heard for several minutes; but when this burst of joy and welcome had subsided, the Mayor of the Town, accompanied by several members of the Common Council, advanced and read an address, to which His Royal Highness replied. The Prince was conducted to his carriage, in which he took his seat beside the Governor-General, with His Grace the Duke of Newcastle, on the opposite seat. A torch-light procession of the firemen and others was in waiting, and a general illumination had the effect, in the midst of the triumphal arches and other evergreen and floral decorations, of lending a species of fairy enchantment to the scene, which was one of the prettiest I have ever seen—far more so than that of the great Japanese Ball. The flaming torches in the background, the exploding rockets high above, the brilliant transparencies spanning the streets, the Chinese lanterns swinging from roofs, and windows, and arches, the distant bonfires, the ringing church bells, and the ringing cheers, combined to make a spectacle as brilliant as it was exciting. The procession then moved forward towards the Steamer *Kingston* at the wharf,—the firemen and other torch-bearers following in the rear, and were saluted with fireworks that lent a terribly lurid aspect to the whole, at every point of their progress.

“The display was highly creditable to the towns-people, many of whom, however, went home very much disappointed at having been unable to catch a glimpse of the royal visitor.

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(1) *Royalty in the New World, or the Prince of Wales in America.* New York, 1860; 12 mo., pp. 288.

“On the next morning, the Prince appeared on the Steamer’s deck at nine o’clock, and being recognized by those on shore, there was great cheering. The Steamer being anchored a short distance mid-stream, was surrounded by numerous boats filled with those eager to see him. At a quarter to eleven, he gratified a general wish by coming ashore in a small boat, and driving through the principal streets of the Town. All the resources of the place were taxed to provide carriages for the party, and with tolerable success, although there was a great want of uniformity in the size, color and shape of the vehicles and horses enlisted in the service. The Prince took his place in an open carriage by the side of the Governor-General, while the Duke of Newcastle and Earl of St. Germain sat opposite. Lord Lyons and the suite followed in separate carriages. The streets were very dusty, owing partly to the crowd that ran alongside and before and behind the Prince’s carriage, which was guarded by the policemen, one at either side, armed with batons. The royal party had to keep their eyes shut for a while, but afterward the clouds diminished, both in volume and density. The drive lasted about half an hour.

“At twenty minutes past twelve, the *Kingston* steamed away, and in a few minutes afterward was pursuing her course among the Thousand Islands.

“The weather was fortunately warm and sunny, and the granite Islands were seen to great advantage. There Nature appeared to have fancifully prepared a grand proscenium to feast the travellers’ eyes, for nothing could have exceeded in singularity the scene that presented itself. The mighty St. Lawrence—the ‘Iroquois’ of the red man—here, in ages long elapsed, urged its vexed waters, before pent up in the vast inland basin of North America, against that portion of the primitive barrier which visibly extends from the granite mountains of the East over to the dividing ridge between the wild regions of Hudson’s Bay and the tributary waters of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence; and here, by some tremendous effort, which has evidently shaken the whole country from Kingston, at the eastern extremity of Lake Ontario, to the other side of the region through which the granite ridge pursues its north-westerly course, the River has at one time rushed over a sheet of cascades and rapids miles in breadth, but which

have long disappeared under the wearing influence of time. Island succeeded Island, group succeeded group, till the eye almost wearied of the succession. Most of these were beautifully wooded, and many of them so low and flat as to suggest to the mind the tranquil prospect of an Italian lagoon. Others again were split and rent into a variety of fantastic forms, forming views of peculiar wildness. A turn of the channel disclosed a new labyrinth, while we passed under a dark wall of rock, coated with moss and lichens that had likely flourished there for generations, and from whose bare and rugged top the hoary fir lifted its sombre head. Further on, a Light-House stood perched on a rock, and further, still another. All was still and lonely—the cerulean vault above, the tranquil tide below—the sunshine over all. Was the poetry of the scene felt by that fair young man gazing so calmly, so thoughtfully, upon it from the deck of that Steamer, over which the rich tints of a Prince of Wales' standard flaunted in the sun? If I were a novelist, I would say, 'Yes.'

“Then another fairy picture presented itself in groves, growing, as it were, out of the water, and seeming to bar our further progress. till suddenly the sylvan curtain was withdrawn, and the eye wandered over a wide sweep of water, dotted here and there with a few small rocks, and bounded by the endless forest of the main-land. Towns and villages were meanwhile passed on either shore, and once a lonely fisherman was seen practising his gentle art in a small row-boat. The Islands extended the whole way from Brockville to Kingston, but the most compact cluster was seen in front of Alexandria Bay. Here the view was exquisite. A wide expanse of River reposed, mirror-like, beneath the rich Autumnal sky, and this sheet of water reflected the forms of an assemblage of Islets of the most picturesque, diversified and inviting aspect; here a naked crag, there a majestic bouquet, yonder a clump of trees, or a perfect Island supporting a solitary stem. Such happy confusion, such an indiscriminate sprinkling of all shapes and sizes and varieties of vegetation, was unique in the extreme.

“As we neared Kingston, after leaving Brockville, the channel by which we had advanced, and which was formed by Long Island, on the borders of which were several Islets, and by the main-land, Pittsburgh and Kingston,

gradually widened. These were well wooded, and the larger one disclosed several neat farms.

“Further on, appeared the strong fortification crowning the Promontory of Point Henry, about a hundred feet above the level of the Lake, for here Ontario and the St. Lawrence meet.”

*The Thousand Islands as described by N. A. Woods, Correspondent of the London Times.*<sup>1</sup>—*The Isle of Dogs.*

After pleasantly discoursing of the Rapids of the lower St. Lawrence which appeared after all to be not very difficult to descend, and no great affair, notwithstanding all that had been said of their awful grandeur, he remarks:

“This language is dreadful guide-book heresy, of course, but the worst is yet to come. Canadians tell you that if there is anything better worth seeing than the Rapids, it is the Thousand Islands, which dot the surface of the St. Lawrence just where Lake Ontario and the River commence. Here, you are told the rich grandeur of the Hudson, the luxuriance of the Bosphorus, the wild, stern magnificence of the Saguenay, and, for aught you hear to the contrary, the flowing beauty of the Euphrates in Spring, may all be met with.

“It is a trying thing to have to contend against such notions; but if an individual opinion is worth anything, I must unhesitatingly give mine, that these Thousand Islands are in their way a delusion and a snare, and will as much bear comparison with the Hudson or the Saguenay, or the Bosphorus, as the Thames below Blackwall. Take slips of the Isle of Dogs of all sizes, from an island as large as a footstool, up to ten or twelve acres; plant the larger ones with stunted firs; strew the little ones over with broken stones as if they were about to be macadamized, put them near the surface of the water in a mechanical dis-arranging confusion without picturesqueness, and number without variety,—imagine them choking the highway of a noble River, and you can fancy yourself on the St. Lawrence, and in the middle of the far-famed Thousand Isles.”

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(1) *The Prince of Wales in Canada and the United States.* London, 1861. 12 mo., pp. 438.

It appears a few pages further on, that the writer of the above extract, took the railroad from Brockville to Kingston, nor does it anywhere appear that he saw the River at any point between these two places. His recipe for making "Thousand Islands," will therefore very probably be classed with the prescriptions of the quack, who might recommend an un-tried remedy, for a patient he had never seen.

To better appreciate his brilliant comparison, we should remember that this Isle of Dogs lies in a bend in the Thames, within five miles of St. Paul's Church, London. It consists of some 600 acres, and a part of it covered with steam-factories, chain-cable works and other establishments incident to the commerce and industries of the great metropolis, while much of the remainder is covered seven feet deep at every high tide. Out of such materials this pleasant writer requests his readers to construct the ideal of the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence!

FRANCIS DUNCANSON,<sup>1</sup>—(1863.)

This writer was much devoted to literary and scientific inquiries. In speaking of the Islands, he says :

"The Thousand Islands, as they are called, occupied no small portion of a day in passing; and even at this distance of time, that vision of beauty rises before my mind with a clearness and vigor, such as attend the impressions left on

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(1) *Our Garrisons in the West, or Sketches in British North America.* By Francis Duncanson, M. A. Fellow of the Geological Society; Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society; Member of Colonies Committee, Society of Arts; D. C. L. King's College, N. S. Lieutenant, Royal Artillery. London, 1864.

the mind of childhood by startling events of great joy or sorrow. Could one imagine a beautiful dream or poem realized in nature, one could more easily conceive this marvelous scene. There are passages in Tennyson which remind one of these Islands, and in some of our Scottish Lakes, they are faintly shadowed forth, but not Helen's Isle can approach in beauty the simplest of these bright jewels, which are so profusely scattered over the surface of this proud River.

"Truly the beauties of that day were a brighter dream than one could hope to dream in slumber. Our vessel, as it threaded its way through the maze of Islands, almost touched their steep green sides, and the branches of the trees which crowned them almost brushed us, as we leaned over the bulwarks in silent admiration. There were many varieties of water-fowl in the River around us; but not the least pleasing part of the picture was the utter wildness of the Islands, and the absence of any signs of man's handiwork or habitation,—the untouched purity of their pristine beauty—for there is a strange calm comes over man as he finds himself with Nature alone.

"Now, to many this idea will be designated by the title 'bosh.' Your eminently practical man will say that a turnip-field is a far more picturesque and soothing sight than a bramble-covered rock; and, buttoning up his pockets, will say that, for his part, he always considers sentimentality and swindling as twin-brothers. Your imaginative friend of another class, that class, I mean, who have but one idea, one care, and one study, and that is 'ego'—will say that 'Haw! for their part, haw! This sort of thing was all doosed fine in books, but haw! my dear fellow! where *do* you get your gloves?' And pretty little Minnie, she will say, clapping her hands: 'Oh! ma-ma! what a charming place for a pic-nic! and I could wear that new muslin, and the hat that Charles liked so much, and you could put your dear old feet in rubbers, and we should have such a hamper! But oh! it would be so stupid without some gentlemen; so I am afraid we should have to make these dear Islands "*man's habitation*" for an afternoon, at any rate!

"Well, in answer to all this, I have merely got to say, that if I could get these two gentlemen and the charming Minnie on board a River steamer in the Thousand Islands,

I would wager that, for half an hour at least, Mr. Consols would cease to be practical, Mr. Butterfly would feel tightening across the chest different from any ever produced by a tailor's mis-fit, and even chattering little Minnie would be quiet for a minute or two, and forget that such a thing as muslin existed in the world.

“There were many hard-looking men on board with me that day, and many of the other sex whose hearts had been sadly tried by this life's worry and the cares of daily bread, which look so small on paper, but which are sad things for aging us, and knocking the romance out of our nature. But I doubt if there was one among them all who did not feel softened by the scenery around us; whose face did not lose for a moment the look of anxious worry, and wear something approaching the calm, placid look, which Death leaves when he draws away the soul. All their souls had gone out, as with a great longing to Nature the Great Mother, as a lost and weary child falls on the loving maternal bosom which yearns over her re-found treasure. And in some eyes, whose daily sparkle is due to keen hard love of gain,—I am not sure I did not see a tear. You have seen, reader, in a crowded festive room, one quiet pensive face, whose spirit is far away in thought, and whose owner is for the time all unconscious of the throng, and the music, and the dance. So on the deck of that plodding Steamer, we stood giving our souls out in unconscious love and admiration of the beauty before us, and recking not that we were units in a motley crowd of passengers.

“In the prairie territories of America, there is experienced by the traveller and the hunter a strange sensation which has been called the Prairie Fever. It is a sweet and exhilarating feeling, absorbing for a time all recollection of the past, and killing all anxiety about the future. It is a maddening enjoyment of the present, arising from lightened spirits, and the grandeur of surrounding nature. In the more settled parts of the continent, where the advances of civilization have furrowed the wild meadows, and the flowery prairie is wrinkled with the cares of toil, yet in the Forest and on the Lakes, something approaching to this feeling is entertained. In tracing out the origin of this state of mind, a metaphysician might discover properties and faculties of whose existence he was not formerly aware. We doubt whether any mental philosopher has devoted his



attention to this subject; or, if he has, whether he has not merely attributed it to some excitement of the perception of the sublime and beautiful.

“But may it not be otherwise? Is it rash to say that away in great solitudes, fresh from the Creator’s hand—where man’s toil has not defaced, nor his dullness polluted—the mental faculties may acquire a higher power over the body, and somewhat loosen his faculties? Is it rash to say that in the flowers of God’s garden, in the trees and rocks of his untouched mountains, there may be left an impress of His hand which affects the spirit of his creature? As the sound of the trumpet inspires the old and weary war-horse, or the strains of some melody heard in youth affects the hardened sinner in the midst of crimes, may not the music of nature, pure and fresh from God, inspire in some way the soul of man?

“Thou’sts of God’s Majesty, and of infinity, make our giddy brains reel; yet with these same spirits, we are to enjoy or endure eternity. Must there not, then, be some latent faculty, which when the soul is freed from the body, shall better comprehend all these; and which, even now, at odd times, in disease or delirium—as of old in inspiration—throw glimpses into us of the mighty unknown and unfathomed?

“May not prophecy or inspiration be merely the momentary loosening of this mortal coil, to let some mysterious dormant faculty have play? And may not some such loosening come by the sudden sight and enjoyment of a portion of God’s works, as they lie before our vision, fresh and unsullied?

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“But this sort of thing must be put a stop to; once let a Scotchman back to his metaphysics, and you require a heavy bit to hold him. O, outraged public! you shall be that bit; so, after this specimen of what the Yankees would call ‘high-flutin’ composition, (I don’t answer for the spelling) I shall come back from mental faculties and prairies to my camp-stool on the deck of the river Steamer.

“Let me look back and see where I was when I mounted my metaphysical Pegasus. I see, yes; we had alluded to some water-fowl. Now, considering the dearth of ornithological life in American forests, to which we allude in a

former chapter, are not the least pleasing part of the picture we studied. I have often thought that the Trans-Atlantic woods realize beautifully in one respect, what England will be, when—according to terrified correspondents of the *Times*—the small boys shall have shot the last sparrow.”

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GIOVANNI CAPELLINI.<sup>1</sup>—(1863.)

This Italian Savan, who is now a professor in the University of Bologna, was attracted to this country as a prominent field for geological observation. He is at the time of this writing actively engaged as President of the Committee of Organization of an International Geological Congress, that is to hold its session at Bologna in 1881. He published in his native language after his return to Italy, his impressions of travel, and in connection with this part of his route, an engraving of a point of view in the Thousand Islands.

He had previously viewed the principal cabinets, and had met the Professors of his science in Boston and its vicinity—had passed from thence to Quebec—had diverged to Lake Champlain on his journey up the River, and from thence arriving at Ogdensburgh, he took passage for the West. His journal then says:

“On the 7th of September, I left Ogdensburgh by steamboat for Lake Ontario, about noon, and in two or three hours, we had the grand spectacle of the Thousand Islands, that form as it were a labyrinth, on the bosom of the Lake. The St. Lawrence, which had appeared narrowed for some distance above Ogdensburgh, here began to expand, and spread itself out into a multitude of channels, worn through

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(1) *Ricordi di un Viaggio Scientifico nell'America Settentrionale nel MDCCCLXIII, Del Prof Cav Giovanni Capellini.* Bologna, 1867, 8 vo., pp. 284.

the oldest of granites. Some of the islets scarcely arose above the surface, while others were some thirty metres in height, and were clothed with pines, firs, birches, maples and beeches of moderate size, but presenting a scene most diversified in form, and constantly changing as we passed along. To me, as I was most anxiously looking for something that would remind me of Italy, a part of this labyrinth presented a scene not unlike that of the lagoons of Venetia.

“As darkness came on, the occasional gleams of quiet lamp-light from the windows of the farm houses along the shore, or scattered here and there upon the Islands, or the vivid splendor of a Light-House, would cast their long reflected beams upon the waters, which, when lightly rippled by the approach of the Steamer, appeared like serpents of fire swimming toward the shore. As our colossal Steamer, the *Ontario*, pressed rapidly forward through the winding channel of the Islands, we passed a little Island where a party of fishermen had built a fire, and were busy preparing a supper from the proceeds of the labors of the day. A vessel, with its long-spreading, square-sail, lay idly floating near the shore, secured to the trunk of an aged fir, while the dark shadows of the forest cast a gloom over the spot, reflecting the flames that appeared to conceal rather than illuminate the scene, and presenting a picture that no painter could reproduce.

“At a later hour in the evening, a cone of reddish light appeared on the horizon, that came from a burning forest, which often in this region, for months together, will illuminate the night and darken the day with their spreading flames and clouds of smoke, causing vast destruction in regions where colonization has already begun. Amid these scenes of light in the darkness, the moon alone was wanting to shed its crowning glory over the Thousand Isles. When the morning came, we had already passed Oswego, and were speeding onward toward our next landing at Charlotte.”

W. D. HOWELLS.—(1872.)

In a pleasant little Romance, full of wit and sentiment, this writer describes the ideal incidents of a journey over some of the more fashionable routes of northern travel,

with a fidelity that proves his personal familiarity with the localities described.<sup>1</sup> The romantic couple, whose adventures he is describing, had come from Niagara, and had just left the landing at Kingston, where our extract begins:

“Kingston has romantic memories of being Fort Frontenac two hundred years ago; of Count Frontenac’s splendid advent among the Indians; of the brave La Salle, who turned its wooden walls to stone; of wars with the savages and then with the New York Colonists, whom the French and their allies harried from this point; of the destruction of La Salle’s fort in the old French war; and of final surrender a few years later to the English. It is as picturesque as it is historical. All about the City, the shores are beautifully wooded, and there are many lovely Islands—the first, indeed, of those Thousand Islands with which the head of the St. Lawrence is filled, and among which the Steamer was presently threading her way. They are as charming, and still almost as wild as when, in 1673, Frontenac’s flotilla of canoes passed through their labyrinth, and issued upon the Lake. Save for a Light-House upon one of them, there is almost nothing to show that the foot of man has ever pressed the thin grass clinging to their rocky surfaces, and keeping its green in the eternal shadow of their pines and cedars. In the warm morning light they gathered or dispersed before the advancing vessel, which some of them almost touched with the plumage of their evergreens; and where none of them were large, some of them were so small that it would not have been too bold to figure them as a vaster race of water-birds assembling and separating in her course. It is curiously affecting to find them so unclaimed yet from the solitude of the vanished wilderness, and scarcely touched even by tradition. But for the interest left them by the French, these tiny Islands have scarcely any associations, and must be enjoyed for their beauty alone. There is about them a faint light of legend concerning the Canadian rebellion of 1837, for several ‘Patriots’ are said to have taken refuge amidst their lovely multitude; but this episode of modern

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(1) *Their Wedding Journey*. By W. D. Howells, author of “*Venetian Life*,” *Italian Journeys*,” etc. With illustrations by Augustus Hoppin. Boston, 1872.

history is difficult for the imagination to manage, and somehow one does not take sentimentally even to that daughter of a lurking 'Patriot,' who long baffled her father's pursuers by rowing him from one Island to another, and supplying him with food by night.

"Either the reluctance is from the natural desire that so recent a heroine should be founded on fact, or it is mere perverseness. Perhaps I ought to say, in justice to her, that it was one of her own sex who refused to be interested in her, and forbade Basil to care for her. When he had read of her exploit from the guide-book, Isabel asked him if he had noticed that handsome girl in the blue and striped Garibaldi and Swiss hat, that had come aboard at Kingston."

VISIT OF THE EDITORS' AND PUBLISHERS' ASSOCIATION OF  
THE STATE OF NEW YORK.—(1872.)

Perhaps no incident has contributed to bring more widely before the public a knowledge of the beautiful scenery of the Thousand Islands, than the occasion of the annual meeting of the Association above named, at Watertown, in 1872. This Association had been formed as early as 1853, but its annual gatherings had been interrupted by the war. Partaking of a social, as well as of a professional character, these meetings had come to be regarded as both pleasant and profitable to the members and their families; and on the second day of the Convention at Watertown (June 26, 1872), the whole day was given up to a Railroad and Steamboat excursion to the Thousand Islands.

The R., W. & O. R. R. Co. had provided a train of eight cars, drawn by the engine "Antwerp," gaily adorned with flags, evergreens and flowers, which took the party, (about two hundred in number,) to Cape Vincent, from whence a Steamer conveyed them down among the Islands

—stopping at Clayton for a reception, and dining in the open air on Pullman's Island. The day was beautifully calm, and the Islands in the full verdure of early Summer appeared to best advantage. A cornet band from Watertown accompanied the party, and added much to the enjoyment of the occasion. Among the visitors were a considerable number from the Southern States, and many of the editors were accompanied by their wives. The descriptions published in local papers throughout the State, made the incidents of the excursion well known among their readers, and created with many a desire to view the scenery for themselves. From that time to the present, this interest has been increasing, but more especially since the beginning of Summer encampments, partaking of a religious and of a social nature, of which a further notice is elsewhere given.

W. E. RIDEING.<sup>1</sup>

“It is three o'clock of a June morning on the St. Lawrence; the little City of Kingston is as fast asleep as its founder, the old Frenchman De Courcelles; the moon is ebbing before the breaking day; a phantom-like sloop is creeping slowly across the smooth stream. At the Steamboat wharf there is a little blaze of light and a rush of noisy life, which breaks, but does not penetrate the surrounding silence. The Lake Ontario Steamer has brought a pack of eager tourists into town—not to stay, for another vessel is waiting, ready to bear them down the river, through the Rapids, and the channels of the Thousand Islands to Montreal. The pent-up steam screams through the pipes; lamps gleam fitfully among barricades of freight and baggage on the wharf; men's voices mingle hoarsely. ‘All Aboard!’ The bell rings out its farewell notes; the whistle pipes its shrill warning into the night, and the

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(1) In “*Picturesque America*,” vol. ii, p. 370.

*Spartan* slips her moorings, to the pleasure of the sleepy travellers who crowd her decks and cabins. By this time the East is tinted purple, amber and roseate. Night is fast retreating. Ardent young couples on their wedding journey are a notable element among our fellow travellers; but there are all sorts of people from the States, with here and there a chubby, florid, drawling Englishman. Most of us are journeying on round-trip tickets from New York, and are as intimate with one another's aims and ends as if we were crossing the ocean together. We all came up the Hudson in the *Vibbard*; all occupied the same Pullman car between Albany and Niagara, and will all rush to the same hotels in Montreal and Quebec, as fashion bids us.

“Soon after leaving Kingston, we bestir ourselves, and choose eligible seats in the forward part of the boat. We chat without restraint, and expectation is rife, as we near the famed Thousand Islands. The descriptions we have read and the stories we have heard of the panorama before us, flock vividly into our memories. We are all accoutred with Guide-books, Maps, and books of Indian Legend. One sweet little neighbor of ours in regulation lavender, brings out a neatly-written copy of Tom. Moore's ‘Row Brothers, Row,’ which she holds in her pretty hand, ready to recite to her husband the very moment St. Anne's comes in view. Meanwhile she is fearful that St. Anne's may slip by unnoticed, notwithstanding the assurances made to her that the much-desired St. Anne's is twelve hours' sail ahead of us. How lightly she laughs as the boat's white stem cleaves the cool, gray surface! and how enthusiastically she repeats Ruskin as the colors of the morning skies grow warmer and deeper, and as the sun rises directly ahead of us, opening a golden pathway on the water! and how prettily surprised she is when her beloved tells her that the Thousand Islands number one thousand six hundred and ninety-two, as may be ascertained in the Treaty of Ghent! Still listening to her childish prattle, we are further occupied with the banks of the River, and the numerous dots of land that lie in our course—the Thousand Islands.

“Are we disappointed? That is the question which most of us propound before we proceed many miles. There is little variety in their form and covering. So much alike are they in these respects that our Steamer might be almost

at a stand-still for all the change we notice as she threads her way through the thirty-nine miles which they thickly intersperse. In size they differ much, however, some being only a few yards in extent, and others several miles. The verdure on most of them is limited to a sturdy growth of fir and pine, with occasionally some scrubby undergrowth which sprouts with northern vigor from crevices in the rocky bed. The Light-Houses which mark out our channel are a picturesque feature, and are nearly as frequent as the Islands themselves; but all are drearily alike—fragile wooden structures, about twenty feet high, uniformly whitewashed.

“As the *Spartan* speeds on, breaking the rippling surface into tumultuous waves, we meet a small boat, pulled by a lonely man, who attends to the lamps from the shore, lighting them at sunset, and putting them out at sunrise. Some anglers are also afloat, and anon a large fish sparkles at the end of their line, and is safely drawn aboard. The Islands are famous for sport, by the way. Fish of the choicest varieties and the greatest size abound in these waters, and wild fowl of every sort lurk on the shores. They also have their legends and romances, and the guide-books tell us, in eloquent language, of the adventures of the ‘patriots’ who sought refuge among their labyrinths during the Canadian Insurrection. As the sun mounts higher, and the mist and haze disperse, we run between Wellesley Island and the Canadian shore, and obtain one of the most charming views of the passage. The verdure is more plentiful and the forms are more graceful than we have previously seen. Tall weeds and water-grasses crop out of the shoals. An abrupt rock throws a reddish-brown reflection on the current, which is skimmed by a flock of birds in dreamy flight. The banks of the island and the main-land slope with easy gradations, inclining into several bays; and afar a barrier seems to arrive where the river turns and is lost in the distance. Thence we steam on in enthusiastic mood towards Prescott, satisfied with the beauties we have seen, and arrive there at breakfast-time, five hours and a half after leaving Kingston.

“Our preconceptions—have they been realized? Scarcely. But an artist in our company tells us, consolingly, that preconceptions are a hindrance to enjoyment, and ought to be avoided, and that when he first visited the



Yosemite last Summer, he spent several days in getting rid of idle dreams, before he could appreciate the majesty and glory of the real scene."

JULES LE CLERCQ.—(1876.)

This writer, a Frenchman, had made an extended tour in the West, and was returning by way of the Lakes. We begin our extract at the moment of his departure from Toronto:<sup>1</sup>

"We found ourselves on board the *Spartan*, a very large crowd, thanks to a legion of pilgrims on their way to Wells Island, one of the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence, for the purpose of assisting at a great religious meeting, or *revival*, as they say in this country. The 'revival' is an effervescence of devotion, an outburst of fanaticism that generates itself at intervals, and suddenly comes on like a storm. There are spiritual fevers that generate and keep alive the strangest of sects in America, and it is seldom that some new and extraordinary sect does not arise from a revival. \* \* \* \* \*

"Before our pilgrims had landed at Wells Island, the revival spirit had already appeared among them with some intensity, but this was nothing but the prelude.

"Towards evening, as the setting sun was touching the waves of Lake Ontario, they began their songs. To these succeeded exhortations, which might perhaps have made me a new convert, had they not been so entirely grotesque. A personage who seemed to act the part of a President invited any persons who might be moved from Heaven, to give the company their inspirations. A profound silence followed this solemn request, and every one was looking around, when some one more inspired than the rest, arose, and spoke in a solemn and prophetic tone, his countenance lit up as if under the influence of a Divine Spirit. This spectacle interested me very much, from its entire strangeness, but all of these inspired people, who seemed to think themselves holier than the rest of the world, gave me an impression quite repulsive. One or two of them, in their

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(1) *Un Eté en Amérique de l'Atlantique aux Montagnes Rocheuses.* Par Jules LeClercq. Paris, 1877.

extravagance, implored the Supreme Being to enlighten the minds of every person aboard,—first the passengers, one and all, and then from the Captain down to the humblest deck-hand. Being unable to endure more of this, I left this saintly assemblage, to retire at the further end of the Steamer,

“I know not what passed the next day at the revival on Wells Island; but if we may believe an English writer, worthy of credit,<sup>1</sup> these revivals become the scenes of the gravest disorders:

“As the night came on, the disorder became indescribable; for, including the revivalists, there were not less than four hundred persons aboard, and there were only some fifty state-rooms, with two berths in each, all of which were occupied by the ladies. There were, therefore, three hundred persons without beds, and I found myself among these unfortunates, obliged to sleep on a plank, with a satchel for a pillow. At my age, happily, this does not matter, and although I would not like to renew the experience, I am not ashamed to know how it seems to sleep on a plank. On awaking in the morning, I found to my great astonishment that I had a severe headache, and on raising the plank, found that I had been sleeping just over the boiler.

“They undertook to give breakfast to four hundred passengers—but the tables would accommodate but a hundred guests. They got over this difficulty by setting the table four times. In this setting and serving four tables in succession, it required from six to ten o’clock, and it was marvelous to see how every one rushed forward as soon as the gong sounded. It was a pitched siege, where the strongest had the best chances. Not caring to engage in such a skirmish, I patiently waited for the last edition, and by the time I had finished, those who had breakfasted first, were coming about for their dinners. Such are the little incidents of travels in America, and if my star ever guides me to that country again, I trust it will not be at the time of a revival.

“After passing Kingston, the second largest city in the Province of Ontario, we entered the St. Lawrence, and

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(1) *Hepworth Dixon*. New America. Spiritual Cycles. Vol. 2; chap. 14.

for two hours were steaming through the midst of the Thousand Islands, concerning which Mr. Xavier Marmier and other travellers have expressed an admiration in which I cannot join.

“I will, therefore, content myself with giving one of those descriptions found in the guide-books. I can only get up a sort of cold enthusiasm, for this is not my trade. I can understand how amateur hunters and anglers can here find their delights; but, though I am not altogether hostile to the mysteries of *shooting* and *fishing*, I cannot truly say that I found much to admire in this River Archipelago.

“They tell me that the number of these Islands amounts to eighteen hundred; but if there were a hundred thousand, would they therefore be the more beautiful? For my part, I would not exchange a single pearl in the enchanting group of the Borromeo Islands, in Lake Maggiori, for the whole eighteen hundred Islands of the St. Lawrence. At the risk of incurring the reproach of heresy, I will venture to say, that the Thousand Isles have a reputation altogether adorned. They have been honored by so many pompous and emphatic descriptions, that all tourists are obliged to believe them the wonder of wonders. Tourists have an unfortunate way of admiring all that Murray, Joanne, and others, tell them they must admire, and they think they must not return from America without having seen them. If otherwise, the conversation would take some such form as this:

“ ‘You have been in America?’

—“ ‘Yes.’

—“ ‘And have seen the Thousand Islands?’

—“ ‘I did not see them.’

“At the end of the dialogue you would hear—‘Simpleton! don’t you know they are cited in prose and verse? You might be pardoned for passing Niagara—that is superannuated—but the Thousand Islands!—What then did you go to America to see?’

“To finish off: ‘I know some part of Sweden, and upon that part of Lake Maelar, that extends from Stockholm to Upsal, is an Archipelago infinitely more picturesque than that of the St. Lawrence; yet the Swedes have not the tact to boast of their Thousand Islands like the Americans.’”

J. R. STEBBINS.—(1878.)

After describing the mode of life at the Park, and the discomfort of excursions, this writer says :<sup>1</sup>

“To me, the pleasures of this magnificent River are its very solitudes. Given a silent, attentive oarsman, a light ripple upon the water, a gentle breeze upon the cheek, turn behind an island away from the sight and sound of the thoroughfare, with the blue sky above, the clear water below, and the finest scenery in the world upon every side. Surely now, if ever, one may yield himself to Nature, and meet his own soul face to face. Silence is a blissful companionship here, and there can be no tediousness of solitude to him who has within himself resources of thought and dream—the pleasures of memory, of imagination, of dreamy forgetfulness, of delightful rest. Never in even the poet’s grandest song, was the grandeur and beauty of these scenes fully expressed.”

GEORGE LANSING TAYLOR, D.D.—(1878.)

While most of preceding notices refer only to the natural scenery of the Thousand Islands, this writer speaks particularly of their occupation, and the improvements along their shores :<sup>2</sup>

“There are nearly two thousand of these Islands, lying in about twenty-five miles of the course of the River, from the broad outlet of the Lake down to the narrowed and united stream above Ogdensburgh. It is one of the most densely crowded archipelagoes in the world. The Islands range from the size of a township, down to that of a haystack. But a very large number of them are habitable, and many have been long inhabited. Yet so many have remained wild, that the prevailing character of the whole has been that of a wilderness.

“It is precisely that fact that has given the Islands their value and charm in modern days. It is this that has made

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(1) Editorial Correspondence of the *Little Falls Journal*, August 28, 1878.

(2) From *The Methodist*, August 29, 1878.

them the chosen and delightful retreat they are, and has brought wealth and taste hither to find a summer refuge sweeter than can be found at any of the old and crowded resorts of extravagance and fashion.

“It is this that has caused a modern Venice, gay as a dream of a fairy land, to spring up here on every hand among these green solitudes. There are now hundreds of beautiful and tasteful cottages here, where a few years ago there was only an unvisited wilderness, or at most the log-cabins of a few fishermen and lumbermen. Alexandria Bay, twenty years ago a lumbering station, is now a fine watering place, with two superb hotels and several plainer ones. Clayton, then a post-office village, is now a brisk railway and steamer port, with five thousand inhabitants and a large trade.

“Such is the general outline of the spot chosen by the Methodists of Central and Northern New York for their great summer resort and resting place. Seldom has a choice been so fortunate. Few are the chances for so fortunate a choice. The tract owned by the company embraces nearly 500 acres,<sup>1</sup> situated on the western or up-stream end of Wellesley Island. There is a great advantage in having the western end, as the prevailing winds in Summer are from the west, and, blowing across a vast sheet of fresh water, come highly charged with that modified form of oxygen known as ozone, the greatest vitalizing agent in all nature. Besides this advantage, the situation itself is the best that could have been selected, giving a fine oak and hickory and white-pine grove for the encampment, with the finest rock scenery on the River just at hand.”

This same writer, in the *Christian Advocate*, of August 15, 1878, says:—

“Ulysses managed to sail past the Enchanted Islands, and so to escape the songs and snares of the Sirens, but Calypso’s spells were too powerful for him, and for a while he had to succumb. And this among the Isles of Greece! Who can say what had happened had the Ithacan sage been tested amid the innumerable charms of the Thousand (nearer two thousand) Isles of the great St. Lawrence River! At any rate, many a Modern Ulysses has here met

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(1) Now about 983 acres.

his fate, and not only been ensnared and detained temporarily against his will, but, like Peter or Hermon, (I believe in Hermon, not Taber,) has said, 'It is good for us to be here,' and, as Peter wished to do) has forthwith gone to cottage-building, singing,

My willing soul would stay  
In such a FRAME as this.

(Albeit, many of these cottages have not even a *frame*, or, at most, none to speak of.)

“And so it has come about that this once wild, untenanted and almost inaccessible Archipelago has, like the lagoon of the Northern Adriatic, given birth to another Venice; not a Venice in marble, but a Venice in pine; but one more beautiful in the wild irregularity of Island, Forest, Rock and River, than the flat mud banks of the marshy delta of the River Po ever made possible. A few years ago, a sail through these Islands was a glorious panorama of wilderness, save here and there, upon a few of the larger Islands, appeared the clearing and log cabin of some settler, probably a ‘squatter,’ perhaps a trapper or fisherman, possibly a lumberman, or, more likely of all, one who cuts forests not his own, into huge wood-piles, which he sold to passing River Steamers. Not a few log cabins remain, memorials of other years, some of them the best of their kind, and still inhabited. One such still stands on one part of the lands owned by this Park Association, and the Association ought to preserve it as a primal relic, to be sacredly cherished, and put to some artistic use, that should do honor to one of the primitive homes of white men. Will the presiding *genius loci*, Brother Dayan, and his worthy associates, make a note of this observation, an ‘govern themselves accordingly?’”

NEW YORK HERALD CORRESPONDENT.<sup>1</sup>—(1878.)

After noticing the recent interest which the scenery of the Islands had excited, “the walking shoes of tourists not having effaced the imprints of Indian moccasins,” and

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(1) *New York Herald*, July 4, 1878.

enumerating the persons of high official rank who were Summering here, this writer says:

“The vicinity of the Thousand Islands will probably be thronged, but a million of people could be swallowed up in its vast solitudes without interfering with each other’s routes or pleasures. In the old Indian days, that part of the St. Lawrence lying between Clayton and Alexandria Bay, sixteen miles in extent, and embracing a labyrinth of Isles of which the number is considerably more than a thousand, went by the name of Manatoana,<sup>1</sup> or Garden of the Great Spirit. The name would suit the beauty and general tranquillity of the region still. Picturesqueness and calm are the traits of the shores and Islands, rather than the pomp and sublimity which have been imagined by some enthusiasts, and the climate helps to render them an earthly paradise for sportsmen and seekers after health and rest. For many years before the Civil War, a few persons, some of them men of note, had made this their Summer vacation-place. Among these early visitors were Governor Seward, Martin and John Van Buren, Silas Wright, Frank Blair, Preston King, Gen. Dick Taylor, and Rev. Dr. George W. Bethune. But the rush to Alexandria Bay did not fairly commence until 1872. In 1870, George W. Pullman, known the world over as ‘Palace Car Pullman,’ purchased what is now known as Pullman Island, one of the most beautiful of all the Islands, lying a short distance from the village. This he improved with buildings and other conveniences, and his family and guests were made happy there and thereabouts during the succeeding Summers.

“In 1872, President Grant and family, with a party of friends, went there at Mr. Pullman’s invitation, and stayed eight days. During their visit, some brilliant evening entertainments were given, and people flocked thither by hundreds from miles around, while others came from afar. The same year, a large party of New York and Southern newspaper editors made an excursion to the Islands from Watertown, where the annual State Editorial Convention

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(1) This word is purely the invention of the writer, like Cooper’s “Horicon,” as applied to Lake George, neither of them having the least claim to genuineness.

was held, and enjoyed a big out-door feast. These two events brought the islands into extensive notice.

*The Island Parks.*

“The largest of the five or six large Islands in the vicinity is Wells Island, directly opposite Alexandria Bay. It is eight miles long, and about four miles wide, and contains between eight and nine thousand acres. Parts of it have long been cultivated. A deep indentation across the centre almost divides it in two.

“Two great Parks, each containing 500 or more acres, one controlled by Methodists and the other by Presbyterians, are now the chief attractions of this Island.

“*The Thousand Island Park* of the Methodists, on the upper end, was laid out in 1874. To its varied natural beauties, they have added drives and walks along the River’s edge, and through the woods. Buildings for religious services and for the accommodation of visitors, have been erected; also, a dock and dock buildings, a number of bath-houses, and perhaps a hundred cottages.<sup>1</sup> Here are held Camp-Meetings and Sunday-school Conventions each Summer and Fall, which in recent years have been attended by tens of thousands of people.

“*Westminster Park*, at the opposite extremity of the Island, a mile across from Alexandria Bay, was recently purchased by a Presbyterian Company, which has a capital stock of \$30,000. It embraces about five hundred acres, finely situated between two long fronts, one bordering on the River, on the American side, the other on the ‘Lake of the Island,’ on the Canadian side. It is made up of hill, vale, forest and cleared land. In the centre is a height, up which a winding roadway is intended to lead to a tower commanding a majestic view. A huge boarding-house is about completed. The sale of lots has been going on briskly; in one week, 100 lots were sold at prices ranging from \$25 to \$200 a lot. It is anticipated that by the middle of July, seventy-five dwellings of various kinds and sizes, will have been erected in the new Westminster Park.”

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(1) In the Spring of 1880, the number of cottages and buildings of various kinds, was about 200.



This writer next proceeds to notice the beautiful capes and headlands along the American shore, that afford admirable sites for cottages, many of which have been improved. He particularly mentions Dr. J. G. Holland's place, named "Bonnycastle," after one of his own novels, as one of the choicest of these locations and under the finest improvement.

The attractions of the Islands as a place for fishing, and for rural enjoyment generally, the extent and character of the fine hotel accommodations of this region, and the routes by which it may be reached by tourists, are then given in detail.

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.—(1879.)

In the Summer of 1879, the Duke of Argyll, (father of the Marquis of Lorne, Governor-General of Canada), made a visit to America,—arriving at New York June 3d, and departing from that port on his return July 15th. In an article published in *Frazer's Magazine*, he has given his "First Impressions of the New World," which so far as they relate to the St. Lawrence, were as follows:

"Of the scenery of the St. Lawrence between Kingston and Montreal, I can only say that its sole attraction is in the majesty of the River, and that where that majesty is lost by the River becoming merely a series of Lakes, the view is irredeemably monotonous. The banks are very low; the houses visible upon them are too often like wooden boxes; and it is only at a few spots that the trees exhibit any effective masses of foliage. A labyrinth of little rocky islets, rising out of tranquil water, and divided from each other by intricate channels and creeks and bays, with changing vistas of lights and shadows and reflections, must always be beautiful in its own way. But the famous 'Thousand Islands' of the St. Lawrence cannot be com-

pared with the analagous scenery in many of the Lakes of Europe, and especially of Scotland. The general uniformity of elevation in the Islands themselves, and the utter flatness of the banks on either side, give a tameness and monotony to the scene which contrasts unfavorably indeed with the lovely islets that break the surfaces of Loch Lomond and Loch Awe. But on the other hand, wherever the St. Lawrence reveals itself to the eye, not as a series of Lakes, but as a rushing River—then, indeed, its course becomes wonderfully impressive. It is worth crossing the Atlantic to see the Rapids of the St. Lawrence. Such volumes of water rushing and foaming in billows of glorious green and white, can be seen nowhere in the Old World. They speak to the eye of the distances from which they come; of the Rocky Mountains, which are their far-off water-shed in the West; of the vast intervening Continent which they have drained; of the great inland Seas in which they have been stored and gathered. These Rapids are the final leaps and bounds by which they gain at last the level of the Ocean, and the history of their triumphant course seems as it were written on their face.”

POETIC ASSOCIATIONS  
OF THE  
THOUSAND ISLANDS.  
—  
MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES



## CANADIAN BOAT SONGS.

Most early travellers speak of the Songs with which the Canadian *voyageurs* were accustomed to beguile their labors at the oar, and of the impressions that they left upon the memory. These are now entirely unknown upon this part of the St. Lawrence, but are still heard upon the upper waters of the Ottawa, and in regions not yet invaded by the power of steam.

These souvenirs of travel, belong to a period in society that appears to be passing away, and like the popular songs of all countries, that perpetuate their historical legends, and the traditions of ancestors, they are unknown in cities, and are found only in rural life. In this instance, they may be often traced back to a European origin, and are of the kind that tend to keep alive the poetic associations of a gay and happy peasantry, rather than the historical memories of a great and powerful people. In fact there appear to be very little sense, much less a connection of narrative, in any of these popular songs of these people, and the most that can be said of many of them is, that they were a jolly string of words without rhyme or sense, with frequent repetitions, and a joyous refrain.

In their incoherent stanzas and their repetitions, they resembled in some respects the slave-songs of the South before the late war, although wholly devoid of that religious sentiment which formed a feature in many of the Social Songs of the Slaves.

Some years since, Mr. Ernst Gagnon, of Quebec, prepared a collection of these Canadian songs.<sup>1</sup> It contains only those most commonly known, for according to this author, "ten large volumes would scarcely contain them." He further remarks, that as a general thing, there is nothing indelicate or wanton in these popular melodies, and that even in some of this description that can be traced back to French origin, the objectionable features have been dropped. In other cases, the change in these airs has been so great that their origin can scarcely be traced back beyond the period of emigration, and in others they are unmistakably and entirely Canadian.

We will limit our notice of these songs, to two or three of the most popular and well known, and of these the one first given is altogether the most important.

"A LA CLAIRE FONTAINE."

Says Mr. Gagnon:—"From the little seven-year-old child to the gray-haired old man, every body in Canada knows this song. There is no French Canadian song that in this respect will compare with it, although the melody is very primitive, and it has little to interest the musician, beyond its great popularity."

It is often sung to a dancing tune, and is even brought into the fantasies of a concert. It is known in France,

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(1) *Chansons Populaires du Canada, Recueillies et Publiées avec annotations, etc.* Quebec, 1865.

The author is organist in the Cathedral at Quebec, and his special musical education and earnest devotion to this study, gave these labors peculiar value. It is understood that a new edition of this work is in course of publication.

and is said to be of Norman origin, although M. Marmier thinks it came from La Franche Comté, and M. Rathery thinks it was brought from Bretagne, under the reign of Louis XIV. In France it has nearly the same words, but with this difference—that the French song expresses the sorrow of a young girl at the loss of her friend *Pierre*, while the Canadian lad wastes his regrets upon the rose that his mistress rejected. The air as sung in France is altogether different. Some years since this song in its Canadian dress was brought out in all the principal theatres of Paris with immense success. This led to a distressing burlesque of "*La Claire Fontaine, as they sing it in Paris.*"

On the occasion of the visit of the Prince of Wales to America in 1860, a little incident occurred on board the *Hero*, on the last evening before the landing at Quebec, that brought this song and its air into notice upon a much wider field than before. Several prominent Canadians had come on board, and as the evening wore away, Mr. Cartier, a high official in the Colonial Government, stepped forward, and began to sing this song in a clear and melodious voice.

The chorus was easily picked up by the listeners, and after once hearing it, a few voices joined in:—at first in subdued and gentle murmur, but at each return more clear and strong, until at the end, the whole party were in full accord, and singing with enthusiasm the oft-repeated declaration—

•  
" Il ya longtemps que je t'aime,  
Jamais je ne t'oublerai."

From this time onward till the end of his journey in America, this simple melody became the favorite piece,

or was brought in as an accompaniment to other music, at receptions and parties, and in short upon all occasions wherever music was in order, and for this reason, it is now better known outside of Canada, than all the rest of French-Canadian songs put together.

*A la Claire Fontaine.*

A la claire fontaine,  
M'en allant promener,  
J'ai trouve l'eau si belle,  
Que je m'y suis baigne.

Il y a longtemps que je t'aime  
Jamais je ne t'oublerai.

J'ai trouve l'eau si belle,  
Que je m'y suis baigne  
Et c'est au pied d'un chene  
Que je m'suis repose.

Il y a longtemps, etc.

Et c'est au pied d'un chene  
Que je m'suis repose  
Sur la plus haute branche  
Le rossignol chantait.

Il y a longtemps, etc.

Sur la plus haute branche  
Le rossignol chantait,  
Chante, rossignol, chante,  
Toi qui as le cœur gai.

Il y a longtemps, etc.

Chante, rossignol, chante,  
Toi qui as le cœur gai,

Tu as le cœur a rire,  
Moi je l'ai a pleurer.

Il y a longtemps, etc.

Tu as le cœur a rire,  
Moi je l'ai a pleurer,  
J' ai perdu ma maitresse  
Sans pouvoir la trouver.

Il y a longtemps, etc.

J'ai perdu ma maitresse,  
Sans pouvoir la trouver,  
Pour un bouquet de rose  
Que je lui refusai.

Il y a longtemps, etc.

Pour un bouquet de rose  
Que je lui refusai,  
Je voudrais que la rose  
Fut encore au rosier.

Il y a longtemps, etc.

Je voudrais que la rose  
Fut encore au rosier,  
Et que le rosier meme  
Fut a la mere jete.

Il y a longtemps que je t'aime  
Jamais je ne t'oublerais.

The following not-very-literal English translation of this Chanson, has in one sense more poetic merit than the original, inasmuch as it has a rhyme, to which the French does not pretend.

As by the crystal fount I strayed,  
On which the dancing moonbeams played,  
The water seemed so clear and bright,  
I bathed myself in its delight ;  
I loved thee from the hour we met,  
And never can that love forget.



# A LA CLAIRE FONTAINE.

A la clai-re fontaine, M'en al-lant pro-me-ner,

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is the vocal line, written in a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 2/4. The lyrics are written below the notes. The middle and bottom staves are for piano accompaniment, with the middle staff in a treble clef and the bottom staff in a bass clef, both sharing the 2/4 time signature and one flat key signature. The piano part features a steady accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

J'ai trou-vé l'eau si bel-le, Que je m'y suis baigné

The second system of the musical score continues the piece. It follows the same three-staff format as the first system, with a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The musical notation and accompaniment continue in the same style.

Il y a long temps que je t'aime J'ama-is je ne t'oublerai.

The third and final system of the musical score concludes the piece. It maintains the three-staff structure with vocal and piano parts. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The piece ends with a double bar line.



The water seemed so clear and bright,  
 I bathed myself in its delight ;  
 The nightingale above my head,  
 As sweet a stream of music shed.  
 I loved thee, etc.

The nightingale above my head,  
 As sweet a stream of music shed,  
 Sing, nightingale, thy heart is glad,  
 But I could weep, for mine is sad !  
 I loved thee, etc.

Sing, nightingale, thy heart is glad,  
 But I could weep, for mine is sad !  
 For I have lost my lady fair,  
 And she has left me to despair !  
 I loved thee, etc.

For I have lost my lady fair,  
 And she has left me to despair,  
 For that I gave not when she spoke,  
 The rose that from its tree I broke,  
 I loved thee, etc.

For that I gave not when she spoke,  
 The rose that from its tree I broke;  
 I wish the rose were on the tree,  
 And my beloved again with me.  
 I loved thee, etc.

I wish the rose were on its tree,  
 And my beloved again with me,  
 Or that the tree itself were cast  
 Into the sea, before this passed.  
 I loved thee, etc.

Of the above *Chanson*, Marmier observes:

“As you notice, there is neither verse, nor rhyme, nor anything else besides an outlandish measure of syllables;  
 \* \* \* \* \* Yet these rude couplets sung  
 to the rudest of melodies, have in them an indescribable  
 melancholy that penetrates the soul.”

An English writer who published his observations in 1864,<sup>1</sup> gives one of these songs, prefaced with the following descriptive account of its execution :

“The French Canadian boatmen seem to be a happy devil-may-care sort of fellows, who did not allow the

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(1) *English America, or Pictures of Canadian Places and People.* By Samuel Phillips Day. London, 1864.

thought for to-morrow to interfere in any way with the enjoyment of to-day. They sing in concert very plaintively; and some of their favorite ballads are highly pathetic. One day I was prevailed upon by a friend to take an excursion in a canoe, manned by half a dozen of these thoughtless people. Upon sailing up the St. Lawrence, as they warmed to their work, they commenced singing the following *chanson*; and so prettily was it executed, that the effect was most extraordinary .

“PETITE JEANNETON.”

Quand j'étais chez mon pere (bis.)  
 Petite et jeune etions, (ou, Petite Jeanneton,  
 Dondaine, don,  
 Petite et jeune etions,  
 Dondaine.

M'envoi - t - a la fontaine (bis.)  
 Pour pecher du poisson.  
 Dondaine. don, etc.

La fontaine est profonde, ( bis.)  
 J'me suis coulee au fond,  
 Dondaine, don, etc.

Par ici-t-il y passe (bis.)  
 Trois Cavilliers barons,  
 Dondaine, don, etc.

—Que donneriez-vous, belle, (bis.)  
 Qui vous tir-raït du fond ?  
 Dondaine, don, etc.

—Trez, tirez, dit-elle, (bis.)  
 Apres ca nous verrons,  
 Dondaine, don, etc.

Quand la bell' fut tiree, (bis.)  
 S'en fut a' la maison,  
 Dondaine, don, etc.

S'assit sur la fenetre, (bis.)  
 Comopose une chanson,  
 Dondaine, don, etc.

—Ce n'est pas ca, la belle (bis.)  
 Que nous vous demandons,  
 Dondaine, don, etc.

C'est votre cœur engage, (bis.)  
 Savoir si nous l'aurons,  
 Dondaine, don, etc.

—Mon petit cœur en gage (bis.)  
 N'est pas pour un baron,  
 Dondaine, don, etc.

PETITE JEANNETON.

Quand j'étais chez mon père Quand j'étais chez mon

père, petite et jeune étions don daine don

petite et jeune étions, don daine.



Ma mere me le garde (bis.)  
 Pour mon joli mignon,  
 Dondaine, don,  
 Pour mon joli mignon,  
 Dondaine.

Dr. J. J. Bigsby, Secretary of the Boundary Commission on the part of the English Government in the survey westward from Niagara, in 1823, picked up this song in the West, somewhat different in the chorus. The first stanza was as follows :

Quand j etais chez mon pere,  
 Petite et jeune etant,  
 M'envoyait a la fontaine, } bis.  
 Pour pecher des poissons, }  
 La violette dandine, la violette donde.

The following rather free translation was furnished to him by Mrs. Henry Malon :

With heart as wild  
 As joyous child,  
 Lived Rhoda of the mountain;  
 Her only wish  
 To seek the fish  
 In the waters of the fountain.  
 Oh, the violet, white and blue!

The stream is deep,  
 The banks are steep,  
 Down in the flood fell she,  
 When there rode by  
 Right gallantly,  
 Three barons of high degree.  
 Oh, the violets white and blue!

"Oh, tell us, fair maid,"  
 They each one said,  
 "Your reward to the venturing knight  
 Who shall save your life  
 From the water's strife  
 By his arm's unflinching might."  
 Oh, the violet, white and blue!

"Oh! haste to my side,"  
 The maiden replied,  
 "Nor ask of a recompense now!  
 When safe on land  
 Again we stand,  
 For such maters is time enow."  
 Oh, the violet, white and blue!

But when all free,  
 Upon the lea  
 She found herself once more,  
 She would not stay,  
 And sped away  
 Till she reached her cottage door.  
 Oh, the violets, white and blue!

Her casement by,  
 That maiden shy  
 Began so sweet to sing,  
 Her lute and voice,  
 Did e'en rejoice,  
 The early flowers of spring.  
 Oh, the violet, white and blue!

But the barons proud  
 Then spoke aloud,  
 "This is not the boon we desire;  
 Your heart and love,  
 My pretty dove,  
 Is the free gift we require."  
 Oh, the violets, white and blue!

"Oh, my heart so true,  
 Is not for you,  
 Nor for any of high degree;  
 I have pledged my truth  
 To an honest youth,  
 With a beard so comely to see"  
 Oh, the violet, white and blue!

An American writer has given in the following verses the impressions which the Boat Songs of the *Voyageurs* made upon him, as he heard them approaching from a distant point:

*Lines written while at anchor in Kingston Harbor, Lake Ontario, on hearing from several Canadian boats—entering from the St. Lawrence—their usual songs.*<sup>1</sup>

Hark! o'er the Lake's unruffled wave,  
 A distant solemn chant is sped;  
 Is it some requiem at the grave?  
 Some last kind honor to the dead?  
 'Tis silent all—again begin;  
 It is the wearied boatmen's lay,  
 That hails alike the rising sun,  
 And his last soft departing ray.

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(1) *Canniff's Settlement of Upper Canada*, p. 146, where it is attributed to the *Boston Weekly Magazine*, of old date.



Forth from yon Island's dusky side,  
 The train of bateaux now appear,  
 And onward as they slowly glide,  
 More loud their chorus greets the ear.  
 But, ah! the charm that distance gave,  
 When first in solemn sound their song  
 Crept slowly o'er the limpid wave,  
 Is lost in notes full loud and strong.

Row, brothers, row, with songs of joy,  
 For now in view a port appears ;  
 No rapids here our course annoy,  
 No hidden rocks excite our fears,  
 Be this sweet night to slumber given,  
 And when the morning lights the wave,  
 We'll give our matin songs to heaven,  
 Our course to bless, our lives to save.

TOM MOORE'S BOAT SONG.—(1804.)

In the years 1803-4 the social favorite and graceful writer Thomas Moore, made a hasty tour through the Middle and Northern States and Canada. It would appear from his writings, and it has been strongly intimated, that this visit to America, was designed to afford capital for satire and song in the interest of British prejudice, and under the political agitations of the day, there can be no doubt but that this result was in some degree realized.

But whatever may have been the animus or the effect of his writings, we may well afford, after this lapse of time, to forgive him, since he has left us some that throw a charm over the places that he described, and impart an interest due to the smoothness of their measure, and the poetic sentiments which they embody. His lyrics entitled "The Lake of the Dismal Swamp," and "The Canadian Boat Song," are of this number. Moore was born in 1779, and when he passed this way, in 1804, was therefore about twenty-five years of age. He had already gained popular notoriety by his writings; and the extraordinary attentions

that were paid to him, especially among English Officials in Canada and elsewhere, gave a prominence to his presence wherever he travelled. In a letter to his mother written soon after his passage down the St. Lawrence from Niagara in a sailing vessel in August, 1804, he shows how exceedingly flattering to his vanity these attentions were; making him at once satisfied with himself, and with all the rest of mankind. He says:

“In my passage across Lake Ontario, I met with the same politeness which has been so gratifying, and indeed convenient to me, all along my route. The Captain refused to take what I know is always given, and begged me to consider all my friends as included in the compliment, which a line from me would at any time entitle them to. Even a poor watch-maker at Niagara, who did a very necessary and difficult job for me, insisted I should not think of paying him, but accept it as the only mark of respect he could pay one he had heard so much of, but never expected to meet with. This is the very nectar of life, and I hope, I *trust*, it is not vanity to which the cordial owes all its sweetness. No; it gives me a feeling towards all mankind, which I am convinced is not unamiable; the impulse which begins with *self*, spreads a circle instantaneously round it, which includes all the sociabilities and benevolences of the heart.”<sup>1</sup>

As to the circumstances under which the Boat Song was written, these can best be learned from his own pen. In a note appended to the full edition of his writings, we find the following account:

“I wrote these words to an air, which our boatmen sung to us frequently. The wind was so unfavorable that they were obliged to row all the way, and we were five

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(1) *Memoirs, Journal and Correspondence of Thomas Moore*, i, 173.

Mr. Moore died Feb. 25, 1852, at about seventy-three years of age.

days in descending the River from Kingston to Montreal, exposed to an intense sun during the day, and at night forced to take shelter from the dews in any miserable huts upon the banks that would receive us. But the magnificent scenery of the St. Lawrence repays all these difficulties. Our *voyageurs* had good voices, and sang perfectly in tune together. The original words of the air, to which I adapted these stanzas, appeared to be a long, incoherent story, of which I could understand but little, from the barbarous pronunciation of the Canadians. It begins:

Dans mon chemin j'ai rencontre  
Deux cavaliers tres bien montes:

And the *refrain* to every verse was:

A l' ombre d' un bois je m' en vais jouer  
A l' ombre d' un bois je m' en vais danser.

“I ventured to harmonize this air, and have published it. Without that charm which association gives to every little memorial of scenes or feelings that are past, the melody may perhaps be thought common and trifling; but I remember when we had entered, at sunset, upon one of those beautiful lakes, into which the St. Lawrence so grandly and unexpectedly opens, I have heard this simple air with a pleasure which the finest compositions of the first masters have never given me; and now, there is not a note of it which does not recall to my memory the dip of our oars in the St. Lawrence, the flight our boat down the rapids, and all those new and fanciful impressions to which my heart was alive, during the whole of this interesting voyage.

“The stanzas are supposed to be sung by those *voyageurs*, who go to the Grand Portage by the Utawas River.”

*Et regimen cantus hortatur.*—QUINTILLIAN.

Faintly, as tolls the evening chime,  
Our voices keep tune, and our voices keep time;  
Soon as the woods on shore look dim  
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.  
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,  
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?  
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl!  
But when the wind blows off the shore,  
Oh! sweetly we'll rest on our weary oar.  
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,  
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

Utawa's tide! this trembling moon,  
 Shall see us float over the surges soon.  
 Saint of this green isle! hear our prayer,  
 Oh! grant us cool heavens and favoring air.  
 Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast.  
 The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

We have met with two translations of Moore's Boat Song into French, but neither of them are of much merit.

Besides these Boat Songs, the Islands present many Poetic Associations that give to them peculiar interest. The late Caleb Lyon, of Lyonsdale, many years since, published a poem somewhat after the style of Byron's "Isles of Greece," that has been so often reproduced that we deem it proper not to include it in the present volume.

The religious meetings that have been held upon Wellesley Island have given rise to some poetic reminiscences of peculiar interest, especially those relating to Mr. Philip P. Bliss, whose participation in the Sunday School Parliament, in 1876, was brought sadly to mind by the railroad casualty that, before the next year, ended his life at Ashtabula, Ohio. This event has been made the subject of memorial verses by Miss Winslow, of Brooklyn. The following are the opening stanzas of this poem:

Last year he stood amongst us all,  
 Acknowledged King of Song,  
 Last year we heard his deep tones fall  
 The river side along;  
 We saw his reverend mien, we knew  
 His spirit true and bold.  
 But of our singer's inner life  
 The half was never told.

We heard the story, as it flew  
 On the western wires along,  
 With bated breath we heard it true,  
 God took our King of Song;  
 We read of fiery chariot wheels,  
 Of wintry waters cold,  
 But angels saw the agony—  
 The half was never told.

THE "MILLE ILES" OF CREMAZIE, THE  
CANADIAN POET.<sup>1</sup>

This poem extends through more than fifty stanzas, in which the author lets his fancy dwell upon what he would do, were he a swallow. He would fly to where the snow-flocks fall, and make the wildest places echo to his song. He would visit Spain, where the almond blooms; the gilded dome of Alcazar, and the Royal Palace where the

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(1) Joseph Octave Crémazie, a native of Lower Canada, was gifted with a fine poetic talent, and produced several pieces that have been greatly admired for the elegance of their style, and the highly poetic sentiments which they express. The poem above noticed, was published in *La Littérature Canadienne*, 1850 á 1860. ii, 107.

M. Crémazie was a merchant at Quebec, but proving unsuccessful in business, he went from Canada to Brazil, and from thence to France, and died at Havre, January 17, 1879.

Mr. Lareau, in his *Histoire de la Littérature Canadienne*, in speaking of the style of this poet, says:

"There is something in Crémazie's talent that is found only in those of native genius—it is inspiration. By sudden and passionate flights, he carries you into the highest spheres of poetry and thought. He adorns his style with coloring the most brilliant, and in his hand everything is transformed and animated. He invests the most common of events with features that elevate and magnify, yet in this exuberance of coloring, and this wealth of words and ideas, he in no degree impairs the simplicity of his subject. The poetic thought of his writings is clear and refined, and his verse is natural, and flows from an abundant source."

It is understood that a collection of his poems is in course of preparation for the press.

Caliph Omar reigned; Cordova, and Old Castile; Leon, with its brazen gates, and Seville; the Escorial and the Alhambra, and river-banks fragrant with opening flowers. He would view the City of Venice, and the Lions of St. Mark; listen to the serenades of an Italian Summer evening, and, in short, explore on light and rapid wing whatever region or place the wide world offers—in Europe, in India, or in the land of the Nile, that awakens poetic sentiment, displays pictures of beauty, or recalls the memory of great events.

Having thus touched, as it were, a thousand islands of interest throughout the world, he says:

Mais quand dans les flots de  
lumiere,  
Viendrait le printemps em-  
baume  
Etendre, en chantant, sur la  
terre,  
Son manteau vert et perfume.

Avec les chansons printan-  
ieres,  
Avec le soliel matinal,  
Avec les fraiches primereres,  
Je reviendrais au ciel natal.

Quand Eve a l'arbre de la vie,  
De sa main eut cueilli la mort,  
Sur la terre a' jamais fletrie,  
On vit paraitre le remord.

Puis Adam s'en fut sur la terre,  
Qui deja pleurait avec lui,  
S'abeuver a la source amere  
Ou nous allons boire aujourd-  
'hui.

Et les Archanges sur leurs ailes  
Prenant l' Eden silencieux,  
Au haut des spheres eternal-  
les  
Le deposerent dans les cieus ;

Mais, en s'elancant dans l'es-  
pace  
Ils laisserent sur leur chemin  
Tomber pour indiquer leur  
trace  
Quelques fleurs du jardin divin.

Et ces fleurs aux couleurs mo-  
biles,  
Tombant dans le fleuve geant,  
Firent eclore les Milles Iles,  
Ce paradis du Saint-Laurent.

\* \* \* \*

Mille Iles! collier magnifique  
De diamant et de saphir,  
Qu'eut prefere le monde an-  
tique  
A l'or le plus brillant d'Ophir.

O belle et sublime couronne,  
Que pose sur son large front,  
Le Saint-Laurent, quand sur le  
trone,  
Que ses lacs immenses lui font.

Il vient, eut montrant a la terre  
Son arc-en-ciel eblouissant,  
Faire rettenir le tonnerre  
Du Niagara bondissant.

Mille Iles! rainte merveille,  
Oasis sur les flots dormant,  
Que l'on prendrait pour la cor-  
beille  
Qu'apporte la main d'un amant.

Dans vos pittoresques asiles,  
Trouvant la paix et le bonheur,  
Je coulerais des jours tran-  
quilles  
En chantant au fond de mon  
cœur.

Ni l'orgueilleuse Andalousie,  
Ni les rivages de Cadix,  
Ni le royaume de Murcie  
Etincelant comme un rubis;

Ni cette rive poetique  
Ou brillent Florence et Milan,  
Ni Rome et sa splendeur an-  
tique

Ni Naples avec son volcan ;  
Ni cette mer enchanteresse  
Ou Stamboul eleve ses tours ;  
Ni ces vallons pleins de tristese  
Ou possent les fiers Giaours ;

Ni l'Inde et sa riche nature  
Ou resplendit Para-Brahma,  
Ni ces oceans de verdure,  
Que celebrant Kalidasa ;

Ni la terre des pyramides,  
Ni tous les tresors de Memphis,  
Ni le Nil et ses flots rapides  
Ou vient se mirer Osiris.

Ne Sauraient jamais me redire  
Ce que me disent vos echos,  
Ce que soupire cette lyre,  
Qui chante au mileu des ros-  
eaux.<sup>1</sup>

\* \* \* \*

(1) "But when with floods of light, the balmy spring-time comes, with its melodies, its mantle of green and its perfumes—its vernal songs with the morning sun, and all the freshness of awakening life, I would return to my native skies.

"When Eve plucked Death from the Tree of Life, and brought tears and sorrow upon earth, Adam was driven out into the world to mourn with her, and taste from the bitter spring that we drink to-day.

"Then Angels on their wings, bore the silent Eden to the Eternal Spheres on high, and placed it in the heavens—but in passing through space, they dropped along the way, to mark their course, some flowers from the Garden Divine. These flowers of changing hues, falling into the Great River, became the Thousand Isles—the Paradise of the St. Lawrence.

"The Thousand Isles! magnificent necklace of diamond and sapphire that those of the ancient world would have preferred to the brightest gold of Ophir! Sublime and beautiful crown that rests upon the ample brow of the St. Lawrence, on her throne of the vast Lakes that display the tinted rainbow, and return the echoes of thundering Niagara! The Thousand Isles—charming wonder—oasis on the sleeping waves—that which might be thought a flower-basket borne by a lover's hand! In thy picturesque retreats, I find naught but peace and happiness, and spend the tranquil days in singing the lays of a heart content!

"Not proud Andalusia—nor the banks of Cadiz—nor the Kingdom of the Moors sparkling like rubies—nor the poetic scenes of Florence and Milan—nor Rome with its ancient

We much regret that we could not here introduce the whole of Crémazie's Poem. The portion we give affords, however, sufficient evidence of his style, and will justify the opinion that has been expressed concerning his poetic talent.

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splendors—nor Naples with its volcano—nor that charmèd sea where Stamboul lifts its towers—nor the vales of sorrow where the fierce Giaours dwell—nor India in its native wealth, where Para-Brahma shines, or the seas of verdure that Kalidasa celebrate—nor the land of the pyramids—nor all the treasures of Memphis—nor the rapids of the Nile, where we seek and admire Osiris—shall ever thy echoes repeat, from the notes of this lyre which is tuned amid these charming scenes.”



## PARKS AND ENCAMPMENTS.

### THE THOUSAND ISLAND PARK ASSOCIATION.

The idea of establishing an International Camp Ground and Summer residence of a strictly religious character was originated in 1874, and has been attributed to the Rev. J. F. Dayan, of Watertown.<sup>1</sup> The suggestion was readily received by prominent Methodists on both sides of the St. Lawrence, and an excursion was planned early in August of that year, for the purpose of selecting a location. It was composed of some fifty clergymen and laymen, and visited Alexandria, and the lower end of Wellesley Island, and parts adjacent. On the 16th of September, another excursion was arranged, and after due consideration, the head of the island was selected, as from its exposure to westerly winds, and otherwise fine location, it was deemed most favorable. An organization was formed under Chapter 117, Laws of 1853, entitled "An Act to authorize the formation of Corporations for the erection of Buildings." These articles were dated on the last day of that year, and filed with the County Clerk January 29th, and with the Secretary of State, February 1st, 1875, under the name of "The Thousand Island Camp-Meeting Association"; but

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(1) *The Thousand Island Park at Wellesley Island; Progress as an International Centre of Moral, Religious and Scientific Thought, and Health-giving Summer Resort.* By Arthur W. Moore. Montreal, 1877, pp. 267.

by a Special Act passed Jan. 18th, 1879, this was changed to the name given at the head of this article. From its location, it was necessary that the trustees should be citizens of the United States, although many Canadians have taken an interest in the enterprise from its beginning.

The capital assumed by the Corporation was \$15,000; shares, \$10; and duration 50 years. The Corporators named in the Articles, were John F. Moffett, Isaac L. Hunt, jr., John Ferdinand Dayan, A. P. Baltz, Jeremiah Wait, Charles W. Haven, and G. W. Candee. The first Trustees were Willard Ives, of Watertown; Eliphalet Remington, of Ilion; James Johnson, of Clayton; Rev. J. F. Dayan, of Watertown; Rev. E. O. Haven, Rev. D. D. Lore and Rev. E. C. Curtis, of Syracuse; Rev. M. D. Kinney, of Watertown, and A. D. Shaw, of Toronto.

The management is under those of the Methodist Episcopal denomination, although many persons not of this connection have residences upon the grounds, and participate in the proceedings.

Early in 1875, excursions were repeatedly made for the purchase of lots, as soon as surveys permitted. The lots were about 40 by 80 feet in size, and their prices ranged from \$25 to \$100, according to location. The site was mostly covered by a thin growth of deciduous trees, with some pasture ground, embracing a tract of about 983 acres, comprising what is known upon Capt. Owen's British Chart of 1818 as *TALAVERA HEAD*. It was surveyed by Frank A. Hinds, of Watertown, early in 1875. At the beginning of the enterprise, a series of regulations was adopt

ed, consistent with the object in view, among which was a rule forbidding any travel to or from the grounds on the Sabbath, and the prohibition of the sale of ardent spirits at all times. To give effect to these rules, the lands under water have been acquired along the adjacent shores, so that an action of trespass might be brought in case of attempted evasion of these regulations.

A dedication of the premises was held on the evening of July 21st, 1875, when a sermon was preached by Chancellor E. O. Haven, (now Bishop Haven), from Matthew v. 1., and a camp-meeting of two weeks' duration followed. These camp-meetings have been since held annually, and for 1880 the appointment extends from July 11th to 18th.

In 1876, there was added a Sunday School Parliament—in 1877, an International Christian Temperance Camp-Meeting, and an Æsthetic and Scientific Conference, which have each been held since annually. In 1880, the International Society for Investigating and Promoting the Science of Teaching, and a Course of Lectures on Social Science are for the first time announced in the programme.

About two hundred cottages have been built upon the grounds of the Thousand Island Park. Their meetings are held in a large tent at the head of St. Lawrence Avenue.

Not the least interesting feature of this Association—and the same may be remarked of all the others that have since been formed for Summer residence and for Social and Religious improvement in this region,—is its *international character*. It brings together with equal freedom, and, as it were, upon neutral ground, the citizens of both countries,

and tends to the promotion of that friendly feeling that results from personal acquaintance, without the least reference to differences of Government, or the political relations that may have been established by international law.

This point was beautifully expressed by the Rev. T. Bowman Stephenson, B. A., who in one of the visits he has made to America in the interest of Homes for destitute Boys in England and in Canada, attended the Sunday School Parliament at the Thousand Island Park, in August, 1877. Being upon the platform, he came forward in the interval between two addresses, and sung before an immense audience a piece written in the interest of the cause that he represented, but inserted upon this occasion the following impromptu stanza, that commanded unbounded applause:

“A line runs through these Thousand Isles  
That stud the river's breast;  
All Northward owns Victoria's sway,  
The Union claims the rest.  
The Statesmen say the line exists  
In treaty-parchment fine,  
But when I hither came to-day  
I did not find the line.”

#### THE WESTMINSTER PARK ASSOCIATION OF THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

This Association was incorporated under the same act as the one above noticed, by articles dated September 10, 1877, and filed in the office of the Secretary of State, September 17, and in County Clerk's office on 18th of the same month. The proposed term is fifty years; capital, \$30,000; shares \$100 each, and number of Trustees, 9. The incorporators were Andrew Cornwall, of Alexandria

Bay; Solon D. Hungerford, of Adams; John D. Huntington, of Watertown; Rosell C. Collis, of Theresa; George Gilbert, of Carthage, and Stephen B. Van Duzee, of Gouverneur. The first Trustees were the persons above named, together with Patrick H. Agan, of Syracuse, Lewis Lawrence, of ———, and Philemon H. Fowler, of Utica.

This Association, which is under Presbyterian management, purchased a tract of five hundred acres of land on the lower end, of Wells or Wellesley Island, known on Capt. Owen's chart as POINT VITTORIA, directly opposite the village of Alexandria Bay, and about half a mile distant. In addition to this, it owns Mary Island, containing twelve and a half acres, having in all a frontage of about five miles.

The survey of these grounds was made by Mr. Hinds, of Watertown, in the Autumn of 1877, and an opening sale of lots was appointed to be held on the 22d of May, 1878.

Upon an eminence called MOUNT BEULAH, a Chapel having five sides, of sufficient size when the sash are raised to accommodate nearly a thousand persons, has been erected, and from its tower, 136 feet high, a superb view of the River and Islands is obtained.

A large Boarding Hall and a Dormitory have been erected, and well finished and furnished.

In addition to religious meetings on the Sabbath and at other times, a Sabbath school Assembly was arranged for the year 1879. The programme for 1880 had not been arranged at the time of our writing.

## ROUND ISLAND PARK.

This Association was formed under the same general act as the preceding, by articles signed August 30, 1879, and filed the same day with the County Clerk, and with the Secretary of State, September 6th. Capital \$50,000; shares \$100, and number of Trustees, 5. The incorporators and first Trustees were John G. Harbottle, Charles A. Waterman, George L. Davis, John F. Moffett, all of Watertown, and Ambrose E. Sawyer, of Carthage.

The Island includes about 175 acres, and has been laid out into about 400 lots, besides avenues, ornamental parks, pic-nic grounds, etc. The principal avenues have been graded, and a dock built, 260 feet long, with 14 feet depth of water in front, allowing the largest Steamers to approach. A hotel is in course of erection, 50 by 200 feet on the ground, and four stories high, with accommodations for above 400 guests. The first sale of even-numbered lots occurred October 14 and 15, 1879, and at the beginning of May, 1880, 87 had been sold. Most of the owners are putting up cottages.

The Island<sup>1</sup> is one mile long, and from 800 to 1,200 feet wide, and lies about a quarter of a mile from the main shore, and a mile and a half from Clayton Village. This park is under the especial patronage of the Baptists, although many persons not connected with this denomina-

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(1) Named on the charts of the U. S. Engineers as "Pearson's or Round Island." The adjoining Island known as "Little Round Island," is also known on the charts of both governments as "Colborne Island."

tion have taken an interest in the enterprise, both in the States and in Canada. No programme for the first season has been as yet announced.

#### PROSPECT PARK.

This enterprise has not, at the time of writing, been so far matured as to enable us to announce its plan of organization, nor have Articles of Association been filed. A tract of fifty acres upon Bartlett Point, about a mile above the depot at Clayton, has been laid out into lots and streets, and a considerable amount of grading and improvement has been done. It will differ from the preceding in its being on the main shore. The Point commands a fine prospect, and was the scene of an engagement in the war of 1812-15, described on page 76 of this volume.

#### THE INTERNATIONAL CAMP GROUNDS.

This is in the town of Morristown, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., about a mile below the village, and comprises about ten acres. It was opened in 1874, and is under the direction of Methodists of New York and Canada, acting jointly, through Trustees appointed on each side. A camp-meeting is held once a year, usually beginning in the latter part of July. Convenient access is afforded at these times, both by the Utica and Black River Railroad, and by River Steamers.

#### THE ST. LAWRENCE CENTRAL CAMP GROUND.

This is on the north shore, in the first concession of Elizabeth Township, Ontario, three miles and a half above

Brockville, and is held and controlled by the Bay of Quinte Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It embraces about 25 acres, finely wooded, and was purchased in 1875. It has a Tabernacle, a Boarding House, and a considerable number of cottages. It is designed not only for camp-meetings, but as a place of Summer residence.

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#### GEOLOGY OF THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

There is much Geological interest in the rock-formations of this part of the St. Lawrence, and in the evidences that they present as to the changes that the earth's surface has undergone since the beginning. For the most part, the Islands consist of gneiss rock, belonging to the Laurentian Period, which here form a connecting link between the vast Primary Region, so called, of Upper Canada, and an extensive district of the same in Northern New York. This gneiss is generally obscurely stratified, but with much confusion in the lines of original deposit, as if they had been softened by heat and distorted by pressure, and the stratification, such as it is, is often highly inclined. The rock is composed largely of a reddish feldspar, with variable proportions of quartz and hornblende, and occasional particles of magnetic iron ore. In some places on the New York side, it is found to contain dykes of trap and greenstone, that ramify into thin veins, as if injected under great pressure, and in a



perfectly liquid form. It also contains, in Jefferson and St. Lawrence counties, most interesting crystalline mineral forms, in great variety, and in Rossie lead was formerly mined in this rock to a large amount.

Upon one of the Thousand Islands opposite Gananoque, the gneiss rock is quarried for cemetery monuments, which are sent to Montreal for polishing, and are thought by many to be as beautiful as the red Scotch granite for this use. The rock is there also quarried for paving blocks, and other uses.

At Gananoque, and at various places among the Islands, the Potsdam Sandstone occurs in thick masses, rising into cliffs fifty feet or more above the river, and affording a fine material for building, being easily worked when freshly quarried, and hardening upon exposure to the air. A little back from that town, gneiss forms the principal rock, rising in naked ridges, with intervening plains that indicate the presence of level strata of limestone or sandstone beneath. In this region, white crystalline limestone, steatite and various other minerals occur.

Before reaching Brockville, and for a long distance below, Calciferous Sandstone, and the older limestones constitute the only rock *in situ*, and afford excellent quarries of building stone. These strata are for the most part level, and the very flat region in Jefferson County, lying a little back from the River, and extending several miles inland, is underlaid by this rock. It contains, in many places, the organic remains of lower forms of animal and vegetable life, that sometimes stand out in fine relief upon weathered surfaces of the rock.

At Kingston, and at various points upon both shores, and upon Carleton, Wolfe, Howe, Grindstone and other Islands, the Birds'-eye and Black River Limestones occur in nearly horizontal strata, and in some places are seen resting directly upon the gneiss, which comes to the surface, here and there, and often rises to a greater elevation than the adjacent limestone. It would appear that at these places an island existed at the time when the sandstones, elsewhere so abundant, were being deposited, and that the limestones were formed directly over the gneiss. This limestone is largely used for building purposes, at Kingston and elsewhere, and it makes excellent lime. From the lower and impure strata of this rock, water-lime, or hydraulic cement, was formerly made in Jefferson County. These limestones at various places contain fossil corals, sponges, shells, and other organic remains peculiar to the older Silurian period. The Black River Limestone, in Watertown, Brownville, and other places, has extensive caves, worn by currents of water in former times. These have been explored to considerable distances, and appear to have been formed by the widening of natural fissures in the rock. Their section is more or less oval in form, sometimes wider than high, and nearly uniting along the line of the fissure, above and below.

The broken region, of which the Thousand Islands are a part, affords on either side of the River, in various places, a number of picturesque Lakes, and within a distance of twenty miles, in Jefferson County, there are extensive mines of red hematite, that have been wrought

for more than fifty years, supplying several iron furnaces in their vicinity, and a large amount of ore for exportation to other points. Geologically, these iron ores occur in thick beds along the junction of the gneiss and the older fossiliferous formations, and they seem to extend downward to an unlimited extent.

In speaking of the Thousand Islands as a field for geological study, a writer, who has taken great interest in this subject, says:<sup>1</sup>

“One of the finest River Archipelagoes on the globe, is this of the St. Lawrence. Indeed, it is almost the only one that has such a vast number of Islets, all of rocky formation; high, healthy, wooded, without muddy or marshy shores; small enough for inexhaustible variety; deep, navigable channels everywhere, and above all, the very crown and glory of the picturesque. \* \* \*  
The location is one of the very best for geological study. The Laurentian system is reckoned the oldest exposure, or among the oldest, on the globe. The granite is largely composed of feldspar, and so differs widely from the famous granites of New England, in which hornblende forms so large an element, and which are nearly a true syenite. The Potsdam Sandstone here lies directly upon the granite. Both show wonderfully the erosion of waves by which the great inland sea, of ancient geological ages, wore down this partial outlet to the Sea. Both show, also, the grinding and planing action of the glacial drift, which here wrought with enormous power. There are drift striæ or grooves here, cut into this hard granite, some of them showing for several rods in length, straight as a line, and as wide and deep as half a hogshead divided lengthwise of the staves.

“A block of granite, as large as a small house, held fast in the under surface of a moving sheet of ice, as a glazier’s diamond in its steel handle; another sheet of ice, hundreds of feet thick and thousands of miles wide, and creeping

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(1) George Lansing Taylor, D. D. See *Western Christian Sentinel*, August 21, 1878.

onward with a slow but irresistible movement—what a glass-cutter that! And when that whole sheet of ice is thickly studded on its under side with such blocks, great and small, we can get a conception of what an enormous rasp the hand of Omnipotence wielded in planing and polishing all the upper surfaces, especially the northern, western, and north-western exposures of these mighty rocks. The tooth-marks of this rasp are the glacial striae of geologists, and this is an excellent place to study them.

“For half a mile, fronting on Eel Bay, there is an almost continuous frontage of the glacier-planed rocks. At its western end, this rocky ridge breaks down abruptly in lofty precipices called the ‘Palisades,’ with a deep, navigable strait of the River, called the ‘Narrows.’ Here is an admirable place to study the cleavage and fracture of these rocks, and the whole is one of the finest scenic views of the Great River.”

An anonymous writer, in a book of Travels “dedicated to the Wanderer by one of his class,”<sup>1</sup>—but known to be John F. Campbell, of Islay, had his attention much attracted by geological phenomena, and in noticing glacial agencies, remarks as follows concerning this part of the St. Lawrence:

“At the foot of Lake Ontario, at Brockville, a rock of gray quartz in the town is so finely polished that lines on it were invisible, and almost imperceptible, till a heel-ball rubbing brought them out. Their main direction is N. 45° East (magnetic), and large polished grooves, in which sand lines occur, are ten feet wide. At other spots on the same rock, lines point north and have other bearings, but the whole shape of the country bears N. E. and S. W.

“Beyond Brockville, the Thousand Islands of Lake Ontario closely resemble groups of low rocks off Gottenburgh. The solid rock foundation of Canada, up to the level of Lake Ontario, is glaciated. It is striated in various directions, but the main lines observed aimed from Belleisle towards Niagara. Upon or near the rock are beds of sand,

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(1) *A Short American Tramp in the Fall of 1864.* By the Editor of “*Life in Normandy.*” Edinburgh, 1865.

shells, gravel, and clay, with large and well-scratched bowlders of foreign origin. Higher than these beds of drift are more beds of sand, shells, gravel, clay and bowlders as high up as the top of Montreal Mountain, and the top of Niagara Falls."

In noticing these phenomena of glacial action, it may be remarked that the whole surface of the country North and South, and to a great distance is found strewn here and there with bowlders, some of them of immense size, and in other places are moraines or ridges in great abundance. Drift-hills composed of sand, gravel and bowlders, sometimes cemented by clay into "hard-pan," are a common occurrence.

*Lake Ridges..*

We may in this connection notice the "Lake Ridges," so-called, that occur on both sides of the Lake, and at various elevations above its present level. These particularly engaged the attention of Prof. Charles Lyell, the English geologist, who in his journey in 1842, stopped at Toronto to examine them as they occur northward from that City. The first of the ridges, was a mile inland—and 108 feet above the present level of the Lake. It arose from 30 to 40 feet above the level land at its base, and could be traced by the eye running a long distance east and west, being marked by a narrow belt of fir-wood, while above and below, the soil was clayey, and bore other kinds of timber.

The second ridge a mile and a half further inland was 208 feet above the Lake at its base, as determined by canal and railroad surveys, and arose 50 to 70 feet high, the ground being flat both above and below, and at the foot lay a great number of bowlders, which, from their composi-

tion, showed that they came from the North. Some of these boulders lay on the top of the ridge, but there were but few erratic rocks on the soil between these ridges.

Another ride of two miles and a half, in a northerly direction, brought him to a third ridge, five miles from the Lake—less conspicuous than either of the former, being little more than a steep slope of ten feet, by which the higher terrace was reached, only 80 feet above the base of the second ridge. Thus he went on, passing one ridge after another, sometimes deviating several miles from the direct course, to fix the continuity of level, and observing their general character. He saw no less than eleven of these ridges in all, some of which might be called cliffs, or the abrupt terminations of terraces of clay, which cover the Silurian rocks of that region to a great depth, and belonging to the drift or boulder formation.

The highest ridge was about 680 feet above the Lake, the water-shed between Lakes Ontario and Simcoe being 762 feet. From the summit, the slope toward Lake Simcoe descends 282 feet, and along down this, several ridges were found, showing that water had formerly flowed to a higher level than the present.

Mr. Lyell remarks that he had never before observed so striking an example of banks, terraces, and accumulations of stratified gravel, sand and clay, maintaining over wide areas so perfect a horizontality as in this district north of Toronto. He remarks that the hypothesis of the successive breaking down of barriers of an ancient lake or fresh-water ocean has now been generally abandoned, from the im-

possibility of conceiving here, as in the west of Scotland, as to where lands capable of damming up the waters to such height could have been situated, or how, if they have existed, they could have disappeared, while the levels of the ancient beaches remained undisturbed. He, therefore, inclines to the belief that they were the margins of the ancient sea, which has changed level from the upheavals of the Continent. This must have been intermittent; so that pauses occurred, during which the coast-line remained stationary for centuries, and in which the waves would have time to cut cliffs, or throw up beaches, or throw down littoral deposits and sand-banks near the shore.

In support of this theory, he cites the example of Scandinavia, which has been slowly, yet perceptibly rising from the sea within the historic period, at the rate of two or three feet in a century. We know too little of the laws that govern these subterranean movements, to deny the possibility of such intermittent changes in the level of the sea.

While the cliff margins might have been the abrupt shore in an extremely ancient period, the bars of sand on the highest levels may have been formed on the inland margin of shallow waters, at some distance from deep waters, as may be seen in course of formation in some places at the present time.

*Depth of the St. Lawrence.—Tides in the Lakes.*

The soundings in the River, among the Islands, indicate a great irregularity of depth, the bottom being generally rocky, and quite as diversified as the parts that rise above the surface. The greatest depth is 120 feet, but the usual

soundings are from 30 to 60 feet. As a general rule, the navigation among the Islands is entirely safe to vessels of the size usually employed upon these waters, and all the dangerous rocks and reefs have their position marked.

The level of the River differs one year with another, the extreme range being about seven feet. These changes are not the immediate effects of excessive rains, such as cause floods in other rivers, but appear to be occasioned by the different quantities of rain falling, in some years more than in others, and which finds its way down months afterward. A series of several years of high water, and others of low water, are known to occur. The level of the River is also affected by strong prevailing winds, blowing up or down the lake, and several instances of rapid fall, followed by a returning wave of extraordinary height, have been reported. Some have supposed these sudden changes of level to be caused by earthquake-shocks, but a more probable theory appears to be, that they are occasioned by the passage of a water-spout, or a tornado at a distant point. There is also found to be a slight, but well-marked tide in the Lakes, depending upon lunar changes, like those upon the Ocean, capable of the same prediction, and governed by the same laws. This fact has been proved by long-continued, self-recording observations. It may often be disguised by oscillation in the level occasioned by the winds. It was observed by Charlevoix, in 1721, that the level of the Lake changed several times in a day, as may be seen anywhere along the shore, especially upon a gently-sloping beach. This is probably due chiefly to the action of the winds.



## BOUNDARY LINES.

In French Colonial times, there was no boundary acknowledged by both Governments, as existing between the French and English settlements. Each party claimed far beyond the point allowed by the other, and the encroachments of the former upon Lake Champlain and in the West, are well known to have led to the war that ended in 1760, in the establishment of English authority over the whole.

The Province of Quebec as created by Royal Proclamation, was bounded on the South, from the Connecticut to the St. Lawrence Rivers, by the line of 45° North Latitude, and South-Westward by a line running from the point where this line intersected the St. Lawrence to the South end of Lake Nipissing. A survey of the line of 45° was begun in 1772 by John Collins, on the part of Quebec, and Thomas Vallentine on the part of New York; but the latter having died, Claude Joseph Sauthier was appointed in his place, and the work was completed October 20, 1774.<sup>1</sup>

In the treaty of 1783, the line of the River and Lakes was adopted as the boundary westward from St. Regis, but no surveys of this part were undertaken until about thirty-

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(1) A map of this survey by Collins, is filed in the Secretary of State's office at Albany. It is on a scale of two miles to an inch and embraces the country from the Connecticut River to St. Regis, (Maps No. 175, Secretary's office.)

five years afterwards. The military posts on the American side of the boundary were held by the British under the pretext of protecting the claims of British subjects until definitely relinquished under the Jay Treaty, signed November 19, 1794, under which it was agreed that they should be given up on or before June 1, 1796. In the mean time the discussion as to boundaries continued, and Lieutenant-Governor J. G. Simcoe, of Upper Canada, was particularly strenuous in insisting upon an aggressive advance of the Frontier, that should secure to British interests in the interior the magnificent Empire which the French had endeavored to establish. He would have had Niagara, the Seat of Government of this English America, and had his first concessions been allowed, the western boundary of the United States would have been the Genesee River, and a line extending from its head-waters to the sources of the Ohio, and thence southward, along the Alleghenies to the Gulf Coast.

When this could not be secured, he proposed a line from Presque Isle [Erie, Pa.,] to Pittsburgh;—then the Cuyahoga, and as a last extremity the Miami River. Early in 1792, in a long letter to the Home Government, he pointed out the great advantages that would result to Canada from the adoption of a line that should run from Lake Ontario across the country to the southern end of Lake Champlain, including the disputed boundaries upon that Lake. Until the last moment, he had clung to the hope of attaching Vermont to Canada, and the correspondence of that period shows that an expectation of this result had been encour-

aged by the turbulent leaders in that State as an alternative preferred to submission to the authority of either of the claiming States. He adds :

“I should think Oswego, and I question whether Niagara would not be a cheap sacrifice for such a limit; which would be strictly defensive on our part, and calculated to prevent future disagreements. I have heard that Carleton Island, the most important post on Lake Ontario, is on the British side of the line, as the better channel is between that and the northern [?] shore.”<sup>1</sup>

Again in writing to the Rt. Hon. Henry Dundas, November 4, 1792, he says : “I beg to send a map of the River Saint Lawrence, that in case of a Treaty being entered into with the United States, it may plainly appear of what consequence it is to render it effectual and permanent, that the British Boundary should enclose the Islands of the St. Lawrence.”

Under the Treaty of Ghent, which ended the war of 1812-15, Peter B. Porter, was appointed on the part of the United States, and Andrew Barclay, on the part of Great Britain, as Commissioners to run and mark the Line. The survey was begun in 1817, and their report was signed June 18th, 1822, subject to ratification by their respective Governments. Their operations were conducted with much precision, and the details were reduced to maps that have never been published. Copies of these are preserved in the offices of record of the countries concerned.

While the Boundary Survey was in progress, Col. Samuel

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(1) *Simcoe Papers*, MSS. 442. Doubtless the word “northern” is an error in copying, and was probably written “southern.”

Hawkins, the Agent of the American Commission, gave a *fête champêtre* upon one of the lower islands, to which the members of the Commission on both sides were invited. The incident is described by Mr. Darby, who says:

“The day was even on the St. Lawrence uncommonly fine, and amid the groves of aspen, wild-cherry, and linden trees, the scene seemed more than earthly. Mrs. Hawkins presided, and in the bowers of the St. Lawrence recalled the most polished manners of civilized society in the crowded City. At the close of evening, Major Joseph Delafield and myself walked over the Island, and in full view of the objects which excited our feelings, concluded that no spot on the globe could unite in so small a space more to please, to amuse, and gratify the fancy.”

The earlier surveys between the St. Lawrence and Connecticut Rivers, being made without precision, were found in 1818 to be almost everywhere upon a line too far north. At St. Regis, the departure from the true Latitude of 45° was found to be 1,375 feet; at the French Mills, [Fort Covington,] it was 154 feet; at Chateauguy River, 975 feet, and at Rouse's Point, 4,576 feet.

The Government of the United States, had begun to erect a Fort on Lake Champlain, near what was the supposed boundary, soon after the war of 1812-15, and this was wholly carried over into Canada, by the survey of 1818. It had been christened “Fort Montgomery,” but now in common parlance was called “Fort Blunder.” The Americans being unable, and the Canadians unwilling to protect the property, it became the prey of whoever chose to plunder it of materials, as needed for building purposes. Finally, by the surveys of 1842, the old line of 1774 was taken by compromise, and the site being thus restored to

the possession of the United States, work was resumed, and carried, we believe, to completion, under the original name.

In the surveys made under the Webster-Ashburton Treaty of 1842, J. B. Bucknall Estcourt, Lieut.-Col., was appointed by the Government of Great Britain, and Albert Smith, by that of the United States. They confirmed the line in the River, as it had been located under the Treaty of Ghent, and the old line marked by Vallentine and Collins between the St. Lawrence and Lake Champlain. They were able to follow this line by the marks on the trees, still visible, or found by cutting into them; but where these could not be found, or where clearings had been made, straight lines were run between these old land-marks, and iron monuments were set at every angle of deflection, and at the crossing of rivers, lakes and roads. The boundary line is therefore not on the true parallel of  $45^{\circ}$  nor in the middle of the channel, but it is a conventional line, agreed upon by both Governments, and accurately defined by monuments and records.

The larger islands in the St. Lawrence below Ogdensburgh, had long been settled under St. Regis Indian titles, and were occupied at the time of the Survey by settlers who up to that time, had been regarded as British Subjects.

Some forty years afterwards, the persons who had sustained losses by this transfer, applied to the State of New York for compensation, and their claims became the subject of investigation, and of Legislative action for their relief.

## HYDROGRAPHICAL AND TOPOGRAPHICAL SURVEYS.

### BRITISH SURVEYS.

The first surveys of Lakes Ontario and Erie, were made in the Summer of 1789, under the direction of Mr. Niff, an Engineer. They only embraced the south shore of Lake Ontario, from Carleton Island to Niagara, and the south shore of Lake Erie, from its eastern end to Detroit.

The Engineer's instructions required him, in addition to the soundings, to note the locations proper for ship-building, the quality of land for settlement, and the kind of timber along the shores. It will be remembered that the whole of this region, now within the States, was then still held by the British military authorities, and it may be inferred from the above instructions that they were looking forward to a time when it should be permanently under their control.

Soon after the war of 1812-15, a survey of the eastern end of Lake Ontario, and of the River St. Lawrence, as far down as the Gallop Rapids, was made by Capt. W. F. W. Owen, of the Royal Navy, with soundings, a definite delineation of the shores and islands, and some topographical details concerning the adjacent parts. This survey was completed in 1818, and published by the Hydrographical Office of the Admiralty, in 1828, forming a series of

five charts. These were re-engraved, with corrections, in 1861, and are found in the collection known as the "Bay-field Charts," which in all, embrace an extensive series of Lake Surveys.

An elaborate survey of the region around Kingston, including the adjacent Islands, upon a large scale, and showing the contour of surface and details of topography, with special reference to its military defences, was prepared a few years since, and a limited edition printed.<sup>1</sup>

#### UNITED STATES LAKE SURVEYS.

For many years, the survey of the Northern and North-western Lakes has been in course of execution by the Corps of Engineers of the War Department. These trigometrical and hydrographical surveys were begun upon Lake Ontario and the River St. Lawrence about ten years since, and during the years 1871 to 1875, were extended

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(1) Traces of the fort erected more than two centuries ago, were still existing at Kingston, when settlement began. A fort was built in 1789, and in the war of 1812-15, other defensive works were added. *Fort Henry*, upon the height east of the City, was begun in 1832, and occupied in 1836. It was built by the British Government at a cost of £72,747, and faces *toward the land*, the side that would appear to be least liable to attack. In 1842, *Fort Frederick* was built, as an advanced battery, at a cost of £10,000. In 1848, a circular tower known as *Cathcart's Redoubt*, was built on Cedar Island, at a cost of £9,430. *Murney's Redoubt*, on the west side of the City, and a tower on a rock in the harbor, in front of the City Hall, are similar structures.

A Military School has lately been established by the Dominion Government at Kingston, and its new buildings appear to fine advantage upon the military grounds on the east side of the harbor.

along the River from St. Regis to the Lake, under the direction of Brig.-Gen. C. B. Comstock. In 1876, the results were published in six charts, which represent the part of the River from St. Regis to the foot of Wolfe Island, upon a scale of 1 to 30,000 or a little more than two miles to an inch. They embrace the whole of the River, and the topography of both shores, but do not indicate the boundary line. A map of the eastern end of Lake Ontario, being No. 1 of a separate series, on a scale of 1 to 80,000, or about four-fifths of an inch to a mile, has also been published under the same direction. These charts all have a great number of soundings, with indications of the nature of the bottom, the contour and cultivation of the land on the Islands and adjacent shores, the place of buildings, the lines of roads, and of streets in villages, and the character and extent of woodlands, with an accuracy of detail that proves the excellence of the work.

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### LIGHT-HOUSES.

A few facts concerning the Light-Houses along the St. Lawrence, may not be without interest:

The AMERICAN LIGHT-HOUSES are under the care of a "Light-House Board," in the Treasury Department, and the coasts and rivers of the country, are divided into 15 Districts. Of these, the 10th District extends from St. Regis to Detroit, with the head-quarters of the Inspector



and Engineer at Buffalo. Within this District, there are 67 Light-Houses, and about 150 buoys (spars and cans), anchored so as to show the course of the channel, or the position of dangerous places. These spars, etc., are taken up at the close of navigation, and replaced after the ice has disappeared in the Spring. By their color and numbers, they give information that all navigators must understand. There are six American Lights from Ogdensburg to Tibbett's Point inclusive. They have all fixed white lights, with lens apparatus of the 4th or 6th order. Their names and position are as follows:

*Ogdensburg*, on a rocky islet, 190 yards from south shore; built in 1834; refitted in 1870; a square tower, 42 feet high, with keeper's dwelling.

*Cross-over Island*, 20 miles above Ogdensburgh; a tower 37 feet high, on keeper's brick dwelling; lantern black; built in 1837; refitted in 1870.

*Sister Islands*,  $6\frac{1}{2}$  miles further up; a tower on keeper's stone dwelling; lantern black, with red dome; built in 1870; height 43 feet.

*Sunken Rock*, 6 miles further up, on Bush Island, about a quarter of a mile north of Alexandria Bay; an octagonal brick tower, sheathed with boards; white; height 31 feet; built in 1847; refitted in 1855.

*Rock Island*, 7 miles further up; keeper's dwelling of brick, white, with a low tower on top, dome black; height 39 feet; built in 1847; refitted in 1855.

*Tibbett's Point*, 23 miles above, at the outlet of the Lake; a stone building connected by covered way with a round

brick tower 67 feet high, white; built in 1827; refitted in 1854.

The oldest Light-House on the Lake, is that near Fort Niagara, built in 1813; the next oldest, is the one on Galloo Island, built in 1820. All the lights on the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes are discontinued from January 1st until the opening of navigation, unless otherwise specially directed.

The DOMINION LIGHT-HOUSE SYSTEM is under the charge of the Ministry of Marine and Fisheries, and at the beginning of 1880 embraced 482 lights, of which Labrador had 4; Newfoundland 3; Gulf and River of St. Lawrence 140 to Montreal—19 from thence to Windmill Point near Prescott, and 10 from thence to the Lake; Saguenay River 6; Richlieu River 5; Lake Memphramagog 6; Ottawa River 16; Lake Ontario 29; Lake Simcoe 1; Lake Erie 15; Detroit River 2; Lake St. Clair 1; Lake Huron 32; Lake Superior 9; Prince Edwards Island 29; Cape Breton Island 23; Nova Scotia (Atlantic Coast) 63; Bay of Fundy 48; St. John's River 13; Lake Winnipeg 1, and British Columbia 7.

The lights from Prescott to Lake Ontario are as follows:

*Cole Shoal*, on a pier 5 miles west of Brockville.

*Grenadier Island*, (S. W. Point,) 2 miles below Rockport.

*Lindoe Island*, 5 miles west of Rockport.

*Gananoque Narrows*, 5 miles below Gananoque, on Little Stave Island.

*Jack Straw Shoal*, on a pier, north side of channel, 3 miles below Gananoque.

*Spectacle Shoal*, on a pier, north side,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  miles west of Gananoque.

*Red Horse Rock*, on a pier, S. E. side of channel, one mile above Spectacle Shoals.

*Burnt Island*, at S. E. point of Island, north side of channel,  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile from Red Horse Rock.

*Wolfe Island*, on Quebec, or East Point of Island—and *Browns or Knapp's Point*, on Wolfe Island.

These are all fixed single lights, with metallic reflectors, on white square wooden towers, and were all built in 1856, except Wolfe Island Light in 1861, and that on Brown's Point in 1874.

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## STEAM NAVIGATION UPON LAKE ONTARIO AND THE ST. LAWRENCE.

The first Steamboat that appeared upon this Lake was the *Oneida*, in 1817. The boat was 110 feet long, 24 wide, and 8 deep, and measured 237 tons, and had a low-pressure cross-head engine, and a 34-inch cylinder with 4-foot stroke. She had two masts, and used sails when the wind favored. It was indeed a *new era* in navigation, and from this time Durham boats, bateaux, and all the pleasant associations which boat songs recall were doomed to disappear. The new steamboat was indeed a wonder in this part of the world, and at every landing crowds assembled from far and wide, to catch a view of the first wreath of smoke from her stack, and to watch and wonder as she slowly

and majestically came up, and as she independently departed on her appointed course. Every village that could muster a cannon, and every steeple that had a bell, announced the event, and joined in the welcome. Bonfires and illuminations, the congratulations of friends and interchange of hospitalities, signalized the event along the whole of the route, and the occasion was noted down as one to be long remembered. The round trip from Ogdensburgh to Lewiston required ten days. Fare, \$16 in the cabin, and \$8 on deck. Master, Captain Mallaby. The *Oneida* ran till 1832, seldom making more than five miles an hour. The *Frontenac* came out from Kingston not long after. From this time down, the number has been legion; but since the completion of the Grand Trunk Railway, the importance of steam navigation has greatly declined, and several fine steamers were taken down the Rapids never to return.<sup>1</sup>

But whatever the future may determine, as regards the lines of business travel, the St. Lawrence will always, in its Islands and its Rapids, present an attractive route for tour-

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(1) A large amount of information concerning steamboats upon the Lake will be found in the *History of St. Lawrence and Franklin Counties*, (1853), and the *History of Jefferson County*, (1854.)

For many years Clayton was a noted place for steamboat building. Some of the finest steamers that ever appeared on these waters, came from the shipyard of Mr. John Oades of that place. Of these the *New York* and the *Bay State*,—truly magnificent in their appointments, were afterwards employed on ocean service. Other Lake steamers were used during our late war as blockade runners on the Southern coast.

ists in the Summer season. We may never again witness a fleet of Steamers as magnificent as those of the "*Ontario and St. Lawrence Steamboat Co.*," which in its best days had eleven such in daily use,—while the Canadians at the same time had numerous elegant Steamers fully employed; but under the law universally true in business, that the supply will be regulated by the demand, we may confidently look for abundant comfort and elegance in these Steamers upon the St. Lawrence. The history of steam navigation scarcely presents a more remarkable freedom from accidents than does that upon this Lake and River—a circumstance due as well to the intelligence of those entrusted with their navigation, as to the sagacity of owners, who saw their true interest to consist in the certainty of their engagements, rather than in a reputation for extraordinary achievements in amount of business, or high rate of speed.

LIFE-SAVING STATIONS, were first established by the Government of the United States upon Lake Ontario, in the Summer of 1854, consisting originally of Francis's Metallic Life-Boats, with fixtures, but without buildings to shelter, or crews to manage them. The system has since been perfected as the wants of the service required.

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#### LUMBERING UPON THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.

In several of the descriptions given in the preceding pages, allusion is made to woodland scenes and woodmen's labors. One of the earliest and most extensive operators in this line was William Wells, eldest son of Thos. Wells,

from Sandown, N. H., who came to Canada in 1787, and began lumbering operations about 1790, on the Island to which his name is now often applied. He would establish a shanty at a convenient point, and with the aid of hired men, work up into staves all the timber suitable to this use within convenient reach, and when this was exhausted he would remove to another place. He thus went over the whole of this Island, and other Islands in the River, until the business became no longer profitable. His market was England, by way of Quebec, to which place his stock was sent upon rafts. At a later period, Carleton Island for a short time became an important lumber station, and later still, Clayton, where for many years immense quantities of timber, brought down from the Upper Lakes in vessels, were made up into rafts in French Creek, and sent down to Quebec. It was there again loaded into vessels, for the European markets. It recent years, the foot of Wolfe Island, and Garden Island, opposite to Kingston, have been the principal lumbering stations on the River. The business has for a long time depended upon supplies brought down from distant points in the West, and is now greatly reduced from the exhaustion of supplies.

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(1) Mr. Wells was born June 30, 1768, and for two years after his coming to Canada, he worked in the service of David Jones, of Brockville. He continued his lumbering operations (except as interrupted by the war) until the timber suitable for market along the River was exhausted, and then established himself upon the Bonnechere, a tributary of the Ottawa, until 1832. He then limited himself to agriculture until his death, which occurred October 10, 1843.

## ADDITIONAL FACTS CONCERNING CARLETON ISLAND.

The romantic interest pertaining to the silent ruins of the Fort upon this Island, justifies the addition of some further facts concerning its evacuation as a naval station, the withdrawal of its garrison, removal of its stores and final transfer of its cannon to another Fort on the northern shore of Lake Ontario.

On the 29th of May, 1788, Capt. Mann, Commanding Engineer, was ordered to examine both Carleton Island and Kingston, and report as to "which was most eligible as a station for the King's ships and the protection of lake navigation, and what works were necessary for that purpose." He reported in favor of the latter, and from this date, the place is mentioned as one that "used to be of note."

On the 13th of October, 1789, there were found eighteen gun-carriages, all but one un-repairable, of which two were for eighteen pounders, three for twelves, three for nines, six for sixes, and four for fours. They would probably in this climate become in this condition in ten or twelve years. On the next day his Majesty's Scow *Seneca* was ordered "to be sent around to Carleton Island from the Ordnance and Stores at that place."

There can be no doubt but that the stores were removed

in October, 1789, but for some reason the cannon were not then removed.

In an official report of the condition of the public works at Kingston dated May 15, 1791, an Indian store-house is mentioned "which formerly served as a hospital on Carleton Island, which had been removed, and had served the same purpose till within the last three years."

On the 10th of June, 1793, nineteen guns, of which ten were eighteens, five twelves, two nines, and two sixes were minutely described as still on the works. As the iron work of the rotten carriages was being stolen, Capt. Porter ordered them to be burned, and the irons stored, and finally, in August of that year, the *Missessagua* was sent by Capt. Geo. Glasgow, of the Royal Artillery, to remove these guns, and some others from Kingston to Toronto.

*Extract of a Letter from Lieut.-Gov. J. G. Simcoe, of Upper Canada, to Lieut.-Gov. Alured Clarke, of Lower Canada.*<sup>1</sup>

NAVY HALL, June 17th, 1793.

"I enclose a return of the Cannon at Carleton Island. Those 18-pounders reported to be sunk, are nowhere to be found. The guns are all marked as unseizable, and the carriages are so rotten, that, agreeable to the Ordinance Instructions, as people are stealing the iron, Capt. Porter has ordered them to be burnt, and the iron conveyed into the store; but as Capt. Glasgow is of opinion that many of these heavy cannon may be so mounted at Toronto, as to be useful in that post, and as I wish to avail myself of the experience of this valuable officer, whilst I have the good fortune to possess him in this Province, I must request that your Excellency will permit me to transfer so many of them as shall be expedient to that place."

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(1) *Simcoe Papers*, ii, 136.



*Gen. Alured Clarke to Lieut. Governor Simcoe.*<sup>1</sup>

QUEBEC, July 8, 1793.

The report you enclosed of the guns at Carleton Island, has been submitted to the consideration of Lieut. Colonel Walker, commanding the Royal Artillery, who declines recommending the putting in use ordnance which has been so long looked upon as unserviceable, lest some accident might be the result of their being employed. However, if you are upon further consideration of this matter still desirous for having some of them removed for the purpose you mention, I do acquiesce in your ordering it to be done.

I must here take notice that though I am persuaded Capt. Porter's motives were good, for ordering the rotten gun-carriages to be destroyed, and the iron brought into store, yet this step was rather premature, as it would have been more regular and conformable to the Board of Ordnance, to have applied for a survey, and their destruction delayed till orders were sent him for that purpose.

*Lieut. Governor Simcoe to General Clarke.*<sup>2</sup>

NAVY HALL, July 24, 1793.

I shall immediately proceed to Toronto, (York), whither I hope the whole of the Queen's Rangers will be encamped in a few days, when I shall do myself the honor of making a more specific report on the subject of fortifying that harbor. Its extent, and the difficulty that any enemy must have of bringing heavy cannon or howitzers into the Province, necessarily points out the advantages that must result from a few guns of the largest calibre. The caronades meant for the shipping, I have always purposed to make use of, and my intention has been to select some of the best guns from Carleton Island that at the least expense we make the most formidable resistance."

*Lieutenant-Governor Simcoe to General Clarke.*<sup>3</sup>

YORK, August 2, 1793.

"I apprehend Captain Porter must have executed some former order, as it is merely from the Artillery through

(1) *Simcoe Paper*, ii, 158.

(2) *Simcoe Papers*, ii, 149.

(3) *Simcoe Papers*, ii, 201.

Captain Glasgow, that I have as yet received any accounts of his having destroyed the carriages at Carleton Island, and which has been rather unseasonable to my view."

*Letter from Captain George Glasgow.*

YORK, August 6, 1793.

SIR—His Excellency Colonel Simcoe, having directed the Missessagua to proceed from hence to Kingston and Carleton Island, in order to return here with the utmost expedition after receiving on board the cannon, carronades, carriages, etc., together with a non-commissioned officer and eight gunners, concerning which Captain Glasgow, commanding the Royal Artillery, has given the necessary orders to the corporal in charge of stores or that corps at that port, I am to desire that this arrangement may take place as soon as possible, for which purpose I enclose to you a copy of the memorandum of guns and carronades, which Captain Glasgow with His Excellency's approbation, has ordered to be transported to York.

Memorandum of guns, etc. :

18 pr. carronades, 6 at Kingston.

12 " " " 10 at "

Swivels 2, for the new gun boat.

Unservicable 18 pr guns, 6 Carleton Island.

" 12 " 6 " "

N. B.—The carronade carriages with the 18 and 12 pd. shot at Kingston, to be sent at the same time, and likewise the party must bring with them three tents, a camp kettle and a month's provisions.

GEORGE GLASGOW,

Captain commanding the Royal Artillery.

TORONTO, (now York) 6th August, 1793.

E. B. LITTLEHALES.

*Dr. Canniff's Accounts of Carleton Island.*

This author<sup>1</sup> mentions this Island as a military and naval station in the American Rebellion, at which Govern-

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(1) *History of the Settlement of Upper Canada, with Special Reference to the Bay of Quinte.* By Wm. Canniff, M. D. Toronto, 1869. pp. 402.

ment vessels were built for navigating the Lake, and as possessing fortifications.

“This Military Post afforded a retreat for the refugees who fled from the Mohawk Valley. Says the Rev. Wm. Macauley: ‘Jay’s Treaty of Peace, as it was called, in 1783,<sup>1</sup> found Carleton Island occupied by the 84th Regiment, a body of Highlanders levied in the Carolinas, and subsequently adopted into the line. Upon the erection of the northern line of the United States, Carleton Island came within the boundary of the State of New York; but it continued, in common with other military posts, in possession of the British, until 1796.’ Indeed, according to the gentleman whose words we have quoted above, it remained in possession of the British until 1812, when the Americans crossed and seized a Sergeant’s guard there. It would seem that parties entering Canada were required to procure a passport here. A copy of one extracted from the History of Dundas, is as follows, directed to whom concerned:

“‘Permit the boat going from this to pass to Kingston, with their provisions, family clothing, bedding, household furniture, and farming utensils, they having cleared out of this port, as appears by their names in the margin. (John Loucks, two men, two women, three children.)

[Signed],

C. McDONNELL, P. O.

“Among the refugees here during the war, was Mr. Macauley. In 1776 [1786?], Sergeant-Major [James] Clark of the 8th, or King’s Own Regiment, was appointed Clerk and Naval Storekeeper at Carleton Island, where he remained until 1790. This was the father of the late Col. Clark, of Dalhousie.”

Again, in speaking of the early history of Kingston, Dr. Canniff says:<sup>2</sup>

“The Rebellion led to the establishment of a Military Post at the Island of Chevreux, or Goat Island, subse-

(1) An error, the treaty mentioned having been signed in 1794. Perhaps the Treaty of Peace signed in 1783 was intended.

(2) Page 420.

quently named Carleton Island. This position was found more convenient than the site of Fort Frontenac. After the defeat of Gen. Burgoyne, at Saratoga, in 1777, there were many refugees who sought protection at the several military posts along the northern frontier of New York, that of Carleton Island among the rest. Indeed, it is probable that to this place a large number escaped, as being more safe than Oswego or Niagara. A communication was with some regularity kept up between this place and Montreal, and also the Fort at Niagara. By the army boats, refugees may have passed to Montreal; but it would seem that a considerable number remained domiciled at Carleton Island, eating the food supplied by Government. Of course, able-bodied men would be at once enrolled into the companies to do military service; yet there would remain a certain number of males, besides the women, who were incapacitated for military life. During the continuation of the war, there is every reason to believe that individuals, perhaps families, would cross to the old fort at Cataraqui, to stay for a while, or even take up their abode.

“It may have been, that their advantages in cultivating the cleared land, which did not exist at Carleton Island.

Again in speaking of this Island (p. 148), he says:

“During the Revolutionary war, the British built at Carleton Island, a few vessels to convey troops and provisions from that place along the Lake, from Carleton Island to Niagara. The first Commissioner of the Dock-yard was Commodore James Andrews, Lieutenant in the Royal Navy. The *Ontario*, a war vessel of considerable importance, carrying 22 guns, was built at Carleton Island. This vessel was commanded by Capt. Andrews. Sometime between 1780 and 1783, as the *Ontario* was proceeding from Niagara to Oswego, with a detachment of the King's Own Regiment, commanded by Colonel Burton, with other officers, a storm arose at night, and the vessel was lost with all on board.”

The reader will find in the accounts of *J. Long*, the Indian Trader—of *P. Campbell*, and of *La Rochefoucauld-Liancourt*, in the foregoing pages, some allusion to Carleton Island. In Spafford's Gazetteer of New York, (2d Ed.

1824), there is a traditional account corresponding with that which we have given, and in *Lossing's Field Book of the War of 1812*, is a description of various relics, coins, etc., found there. When surveyed by Mr. Hassler, (first Superintendent of the U. S. Coast Survey), in 1823, there was a tract of thirty acres known as the "King's Garden."

Kingston was described by Surveyor-General Smyth in his *Topographical Description of Canada* (1799), as having a barrack for troops, a house for the commanding officer, a hospital, several store-houses and an Episcopal Church. The ruins of the French works were still seen, as well as that of a breast-work thrown up by General Bradstreet, on the east side of the town. In its excellent harbor the King's shipping on Lake Ontario for the most part wintered, and here the goods and provisions brought up in bateaux from Montreal and designed for places further west were transferred to vessels, as they had formerly been at Carleton Island.

Carleton Island again became an object of correspondence, and a place of some prospective importance, under the Embargo Act of Congress passed December 22, 1807, as will appear from the following correspondence:

*Letter from Augustus Sacket, Collector at Sackets Harbor, to Mr. Cartwright, August 19, 1808.*

HON. RICHARD CARTWRIGHT:

Respected Sir—By the order of the Secretary of War of the United States, a small body of troops have been ordered into this District, to be stationed at such place as the Commanding Officer and Collector of the Post may direct. Acting under the latter capacity, and being informed that there was no disposition on the part of the British Govern-

ment to retain Carleton Island on the River St. Lawrence, we have deemed Carleton Island the most proper place to be the station for the United States troops, and should be happy to have the same given up. If you will be so obliging as to have this request laid before the proper authority I will esteem it a particular favor.

I am sincerely your obedient servant,  
AUGUSTUS SACKET.

The above letter was handed to Capt. H. Mackenzie, of the 41st Regiment, Commanding at Kingston, who wrote to the Military Secretary at Quebec on the 22d of August, as follows:

“I mean to visit Carleton Island to-morrow, and shall use every means in my power to persuade and prevent these troops from making any rendezvous on that Island. His Excellency may rely on my discretion until I receive his commands on that head.”

Again in writing Aug. 24, 1808, he says:

“Since my last I have visited Carleton Island, where I was informed that many of the inhabitants on the American shore had an idea that two armed boats were to rendezvous at that Island for the purpose of preventing their people carrying off the produce of the United States, such as potash, etc. I have taken the liberty of leaving Lieut. Chambers, one sergeant and four privates there, to reinforce that post which formerly consisted of one corporal and three privates of the 41st Regiment, which I hope may meet with the approbation of his Excellency, Sir James Craig.”

*Lieut. Cross, U. S. Artillery, to Major McKenzie, 41st Reg't.*

ENCAMPMENT, SACKETS HARBOR, August 22, 1808.

*Sir:* I have the honor to state, that I am under orders to take post with my detachment at such point on this frontier as shall enable me best to support the duties and laws pertaining to the office of Collector of the Revenue in this District. On consulting with Augustus Sacket, Esq., the present Collector, and carefully perusing a map of this country, no place appears so eligible as Carleton Island for the purport of my orders. It has been stated to me that

Carleton Island is at present occupied by a detachment of his Britannic Majesty's troops. If so, I will thank you, sir, to point out to me the course to be pursued, and to whom I should address myself to obtain possession amicably, and with reciprocal convenience and friendly understanding. Carleton Island being on the south side of the south channel of the River St. Lawrence, no doubt can arise that by the treaty of Paris, of '83, and that of London, of '93, existing between our respective nations, Carleton Island belongs to the United States. It is not, however, intended by me, to discuss as a matter of claim, what I presume you, or the proper authority of your country will cheerfully concede as to the right—more especially as I am informed by respectable individuals from your side of the Ontario, that the few British troops which have remained on Carleton Island, were merely to take care of the works, and barracks.

I beg you will please to take an early opportunity to inform me if it is practicable to obtain possession of Carleton Island without interrupting the germ of harmony that appears to be obtaining between Great Britain and the United States, and if so, I shall feel obliged if you will please to point out to me the appropriate manner of application, and to whom I should direct it.

I am, sir, with wishes for the amnesty of Great Britain and the United States.

Very respectfully your most obedient servant,

T. CROSS,

U. S. Artillery Commanding.

*Capt. H. Mackenzie to Lieut. Cross :*

KINGSTON, August 27, 1808.

Sir: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 22d inst., in regard to Carleton Island.

My orders are to obtain that place, which I shall implicitly observe.

The proper channel of application towards obtaining possession of that Island, would I conceive be from your Government to Sir James Craig, Captain-General, and Commander-in-Chief of British North America, to whom as well as to Lieut.-Gov. Gore I have transmitted your letter on this subject.

I should very much regret any occurrence that might interrupt the harmony and good understanding which appears to be in a fair way of taking place between the United States and Great Britain.

I have the honor to be, sir, your most obedient servant,

H. MACKENZIE,

LIEUT. CROSS, }  
&c., &c., &c. }

Capt. 41st Reg't. & Maj. Com'd'y.

*Lieut.-Gov. Gore to General Craig, K. B. :*

YORK, 28th August, 1808.

Sir: Major Mackenzie Commanding at Kingston, having reported to your Excellency the extraordinary request made to a private gentleman by the Collector at Sackets Harbor, for the occupation of Carleton Island, until your Excellency's Instructions can be received. I have only directed Major McKenzie to cause it to be communicated through the same channel to the Collector, that Carleton Island, being in the possession of his Majesty's forces, he cannot permit it to be occupied by the armed force of any other nation, unless he receives directions to do so.

I have the honor to be, sir, etc.,

JAMES GORE,

Lieut.-Governor.

His Excellency,  
GENERAL SIR JAMES CRAIG, K. B. }  
&c., &c., &c. }

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## INFLUENCE OF THE LAKE UPON THE SEASONS.

It is well-known that the region on the lee-side of our Lakes has its Spring season retarded by the cooling influence of the water over which the winds pass, and that for this reason, fruits come to perfection with more certainty there than in places not thus favored. Mr. Darby, one of the Boundary Surveyors of 1818, remarks this fact, as he observed it in the Spring of that year in descending the River from the Lake. He found the early part of May



considerable more forward, below the Thousand Islands than above them.

“From Sackets Harbor to the entrance into the St. Lawrence, the shores presented all the desolation of Winter; the birch was the only forest-tree that indicated approaching Spring; but below the Islands, advancing northward, an evident change was visible. The sugar-tree, willow, birch, and many shrubs were in considerable advance, and the fields on the Canadian shore more so than on the New York side, from greater exposure to the sun.”

In fact, he was quite charmed with the appearance along the North shore, of which, after quoting the description of the country from Bouchette, he says:

“The rapid change made upon an uncultivated country by the introduction of the necessary arts of civilized life, never did receive a more striking exemplification than is now given by the left shore of the St. Lawrence, below the Thousand Islands, as far down as Hamilton (Waddington). Fields joining to fields, farm-houses with their most attractive decoration, garden, meadows and orchard, smile along this truly elegant slope. Villages, with many of the highest traces of cultivated life, with all the first principles of civilization, rise along this once desolate waste. Brockville, Prescott and Johnstown, are now what were once New York and Philadelphia; what were once Quebec and Montreal; and ranging further back in the lapse of ages, what were once Athens, Rome, Paris and London.

“Many times, when the rising and setting sun spread a glow of golden lustre over this attractive picture, have I demanded of myself, Was this country a gloomy forest-scene only five and thirty years past? The rich lustre of harvest would have answered, that upon this expanse, the labor of ages had been expended, but history faithfully points to the contrary. In 1783, the axe first resounded on these shores; and now, in 1818, the world can present but few, if any, regions of equal extent, where all that can allure the eye or gratify the mind, can be found more condensed into one view. Savage life has disappeared forever, and in its place now stands the residence of the instructed *Man*.”

## AUTUMNAL SCENERY OF THE NORTHERN STATES AND OF CANADA.

We have noticed in the descriptions of several travellers in the preceding pages, an allusion to the coloring of the forests of this region towards the close of Autumn, forming, indeed, one of the attractions most likely to fix itself in the memory, in the declining season of the year. This was most fully given by the German traveller, Dr. Kohl, whose account of the Islands will be found on pages 166-174 of this volume. We will commence the description with his arrival at Kingston, late on a warm, bright, richly-colored Autumnal afternoon, when the setting sun presented a most imposing appearance. There was still enough of daylight left to get a fine view of the City, and its suburbs, and he departed by Steamer for Toronto the same evening. He describes the passage as one of exquisite beauty, the last glow of twilight shedding a glory over the apparently boundless water, which seemed like the Sea without limit. As it grew dark, the waters presented the novel spectacle of moving lights near the shore, where the fishermen were following their business by torch-light; and later in the night, the heavens were lit up by the Aurora Borealis with unusual splendor.

It may almost be questioned as to whether, amid these shifting scenes of novelty, our worthy traveller got time for a moment's repose, for his description of the midnight

Aurora, with its gleaming pencils of light, its corona and its dazzling arch, passes directly into the picture of a morning on the Lake, that follows:

“But its splendors were far exceeded in beauty by the tender tints of the *Aurora Orientalis* that afterwards showed themselves on the Eastern horizon, and then filled the whole atmosphere with its light. A delicate mist had risen toward sunrise, and the sun had made use of this gauzy veil to paint it with the loveliest pale tints. I do not wonder that the taste for coloring should develop itself in such a land of mist, where the palette of Nature is provided with such a variety of finely graduated hues. The eye is sharpened to their differences, while in tropical regions, where the chief colors appear most strikingly, the senses are dazzled. As the sun rose, I remarked to my surprise that the redness of the morning dawn had not passed from the horizon, as it commonly does, but remained hanging as a very decided red segment of a circle, and the higher the sun rose, the further it stretched, till towards eleven o'clock it occupied one-half of the horizon, while the opposite side, which was of a light grayish tint, lost ground more and more, and at length the sun appeared as a radiant focus in the centre of an atmosphere of light, which, with few variations, passed into red all round the horizon. I saw this remarkable phenomenon here for the first time, but afterwards frequently, and learned that it especially belonged to the ‘Indian Summer,’ and was known under the name of ‘the pink mist.’”

A short time after, our traveller, in passing northward from Toronto, on the route to Lake Simcoe, had occasion to again revert to the glories of the Autumnal forest, which he had already noticed in passing among the Thousand Islands. His description has no local application, but will faithfully represent the impressions of an intelligent observer in the deciduous forests of any part of the Northern States, and of Canada, in the fading season of the year :

“The trees here still gloried in the rich coloring of their leafage, although in Quebec, a fortnight before, the vege-

tation had assumed a bare and wintry aspect. The elegant and much-prized maple was conspicuous among them, as it mostly is in Canada, and its leaves exhibited more shades and gradations of golden-yellow and crimson than can be found in the best furnished color-box. Even when you walk on dark cloudy days in the forest, the trees shed around you such gorgeous colors, that you might imagine it was bright sunlight. You seem to be walking in the midst of some magic sunset of the declining year. The leaves of the maple are too as elegantly cut as they are richly adorned with color, and the Canadians pay them the same homage as the Irish do their green immortal Shamrock. They are collected, pressed and preserved; ladies select the most beautiful to form natural garlands for their ball-dresses. You see in Canada tables and other furniture inlaid with bouquets and wreaths of varnished Maple leaves, and you see an elegant Steamer with the name MAPLE LEAF painted in large letters on the side. Sometimes the Canadians would ask me, in their glorious woods, whether I had ever seen anything like them in Europe, and if I answered that, though their woods were especially beautiful, I had elsewhere observed red and yellow autumn leaves, they would smile and shake their heads, as if they meant to say that a stranger could never appreciate the beauties of a Canadian forest thus dying in golden flame. I have seen a Swiss, born and bred among the Alps, smile just as pityingly at the enthusiasm of strangers for their mountains, evidently regarding it as a mere momentary flare, and that they only could know how to value the charms of their native land.

“The magnificent coloring of these trees strikes you most, I think, when the *gilding* has only just begun, and the green, yellow and scarlet tints are mingled with the most delicate transitions. Sometimes it seems as if Nature were amusing herself with these graceful playthings, for you see green trees twisted about with garlands of rich red leaves, like wreaths of roses, and then again red trees, where the wreaths are green. I followed with delight, too, the series of changes, from the most brilliant crimson to the darkest claret color, then to a rich brown, which passed into the cold pale grey of the winter. It seems to me evident that the sun of this climate has some quite peculiar power in its beams, and that the faintest tint of

the autumn foliage has a pure intensity of color that you do not see in Europe. Possibly you see the climate and character of Canada mirrored in these autumn leaves, and it is the rapid and violent transitions of heat and cold that produce these vivid contrasts.

“The frost that sometimes sets in suddenly after a very hot day, is said to be one of the chief painters of these American woods. When he does but touch the trees they immediately blush rosy red. I was warned, therefore, not to regard what I saw this year as the *ne plus ultra* of his artistic efforts, since the frost had come this time very gradually. The summer heat had lasted unusually long, and the drouth had been extraordinary, so that the leaves had become gradually dry and withered, instead of being suddenly struck by the frost while their sap was still abundant, a necessary condition, it appears, for this brilliant coloring.”<sup>1</sup>

As if quite unable to tear himself from a subject that had so thoroughly awakened his attention, our keenly observant traveller, after describing many other scenes of Indian and Pioneer life, presented in his northern journey, many pages further on, again recurs to his favorite impressions. He had been so often interrupted by impertinent inquiries, as to who he was—where he was going—on what business—where he intended to buy land—and where he meant to settle, that he had devised a ready means for getting rid of these annoyances—for when he saw one of these inquisit-

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(1) It is more probable that these gaudy tints of the maple forests are due to a ripening process, analagous to that which gives color to many kinds of ripening fruit. We find the colors come before frost, and on some branches of a tree before others on the same tree, as the leaves happen to be more mature, or exposed to the ripening influences of autumn. In some years the display is more brilliant than in others; particularly where a series of rainy days, or period of damp foggy weather, is followed by bright clear sunshine, and cold, but not frosty nights.—ED.

ors approaching, he at once began a short biographical recitation, stating where born—his origin—what he had come for and what not, and so forth, ending with the declaration that he did not intend to settle in the country, nor to buy land. As soon as everybody knew who and what he was, they cared little more about him, and having thus cheaply purchased a truce from further inquiry, he could settle down to the calm enjoyment of the scenery before him. He says:

“I would gladly give some idea of its beauty, but it is often difficult to convey impressions of this kind, without falling into repetitions, which, though often far from unwelcome in Nature, where there are always shades of difference, are very apt to be so in books. To me, there was a never ending enjoyment in gazing on the coloring of a Canadian forest in its autumnal glory, and observing the modifications of their colors produced by a greater or less distance. From the immediate fore-ground to the remotest point there was a scale of a hundred degrees. The trees near at hand were of a full rose or orange hue, and every leaf a piece of glittering gold, and yet every tree had something that distinguished it from all the rest, and although there were only leaves, the colors equaled those of a tropical forest in spring, when it is covered with blossoms. Farther on, the colors were melted together into one general tint of bright pink, then a little blue mingled with it, and there arose several softest tones of lilac; sometimes according to the conditions of the atmosphere, the distant woods appeared of a deep indigo, and then perhaps would interpose a little island of glowing red-gold upon an azure ground, but if your eye followed the line of forest to the East, the colors as well as the trees shrank together, and a great wood of leafy oak, elm and maple would look like a low patch of reddish heath.”

The Poet Whittier, in describing an autumnal scene, strikingly applicable to this region, although intended for another, says:—

Beneath the westward turning eye  
 A thousand wooded islands lie—  
 Gems of the waters!—with each hue  
 Of brightness set in oceans blue.  
 Each bears aloft its tuft of trees  
 Touched by the pencil of the frost,  
 And with the motion of each breeze,  
 A moment seen—a moment lost—  
 Changing and blent, confused and tossed,  
 The brighter with the darker crossed.  
 Their thousand tints of beauty glow  
 Down in the restless waves below,  
 And tremble in the sunny skies,  
 As if from waving bough to bough  
 Flitted the birds of paradise.

While never tiring in his admiration of the land, with its shifting scenes of beauty, and towns and villages with their evidences of thrift, our writer alluded to the praises which travellers had bestowed upon the Lakes. While expressing his unwillingness to detract anything from their æsthetic merits, as he gazed upon the wide expanse of Ontario, with its broad flashing diamond surface, bordered with delicate pink and varied by richly-wooded shores and mountains, and sprinkled by vessels of all sizes, sailers and steamers, which often, when you could not see in the water, appeared to be floating in the air—he concludes with the ironical remark as if in derision of the utilitarian tendencies of America, that all these praises appeared to him a little exaggerated.

“If any one could fill up nine-tenths of these Lakes with earth, he would, I think, make the country a more valuable present. *Faute de Mieux*,<sup>1</sup> I admit these Lakes may be considered as useful institutions, but in an economical point of view, a Lake is a wide wilderness, a quite superfluously broad-road—in fact, a very extravagant arrangement. A well-connected system of Rivers, made on wisely saving principles, is really a much more admirable production of Nature than a great Cyclopic, rather clumsy series of Lakes, like those of the St. Lawrence.

“If one could keep the Erie and Ontario at their present

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(1) “For want of better.”

depth, and stretch out their apparently boundless expanse into good canals of moderate breadth, and turn the land on each side into corn-fields \* \* \* I should consider it much more worthy of admiration than these great awkward basins, which we ought to get rid of, or re-model as soon as we can."

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### LAKE ONTARIO : IMPRESSIONS OF TRAVELERS.

Mr. Eliot Warburton in his "Hochelega, or England in the New World," speaks of the Lakes in a way that shows that he was not cheerfully impressed :

"The waters are blue, pure and clear, but they look dead. There was a great calm when I was there, and there are no tides; the stillness was oppressive; the leaves of the trees in some parts of the beach dipped in the water below, motionless as the air above. The shores are low and flat on this side. The eye wearied, as it followed the long even lines in the far-perspective, mingling with those of the surface of the Lake; on the other side the broad expanse lay like polished lead, backed by the cloudless sky."

As an evidence that impressions are quite as much dependent upon the frame of mind of the observer, as the nature of the scene observed, we place in contrast with the above, a description by Mrs. Anna Jameson, the well-known author of "Female Sovereigns," "Characteristics of Women," and various legendary and literary works, and treatises on the Fine Arts. This lady resided for a time at Toronto, where her husband in 1841, held the office of Vice Chancellor of Upper Canada. In her highly imaginative and poetic pictures of scenery, we find the following in the book entitled "Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada":



“This beautiful Lake Ontario!—my Lake—for I begin to be in love with it, and look on it as mine!—it changed its hues every moment, the shades of purple and green fleeting over it, now dark, low lustrous, now pale,—like a dolphin dying; or, to use a more exact though less poetical comparison, dappled, and varying like the back of a mackerel, with every now and then a streak of silver light dividing the shades of green; magnificent, tremulous clouds came rolling round the horizon; and the little graceful schooners falling into every beautiful attitude, and catching every variety of light and shade, came courtesying into the bay; and flights of wild geese, and great black loons, were skimming, diving, sporting over the bosom of the Lake.”

Still another writer, whose name is lost in oblivion, and upon whom the inspiration may never have come but once, as he looked out upon the Lake, thus apostrophized :

“Green are thy waters—green as bottle glass ;  
Behold them stretched thar !  
Fine muscolunges and Oswego bass,  
Is often catch'd thar ;  
Onst the red Indian here took his delights,  
Fish'd, fit and bled—  
Now the inhabitants is mostly whites,  
And nary red.”

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## EARLY NOTICES OF TOWNS UPON LAKE ONTARIO.

### THE BEGINNING AT TORONTO, IN 1793.

Mr. Joseph Bouchette, Surveyor General of Lower Canada, in his elaborate topographical and statistical work published in 1832,<sup>1</sup> gives the following reminiscence of the first survey at Toronto :

‘It fell to my lot to make the first survey of York Har-

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(1) *British Dominion in North America, or a Typographical and Statistical description of the Provinces, Lower and Upper Canada, etc.* London; 2 vols., 4to.

bor in 1793. Lieutenant-Governor, the late General Simcoe, who then resided at Navy Hall, Niagara, having formed extensive plans for the improvement of the colony, had resolved upon laying the foundations of a Provincial Capitol. I was at that period in the naval service of the Lakes, and the survey of Toronto (York) Harbor was entrusted by his Excellency to my performance. I still recollect the untamed aspect which the country exhibited when first I entered the beautiful basin, which thus became the scene of my early hydrographical operations. Dense and trackless forests lined the margin of the Lake, and reflected their inverted images in its glassy surface. The wandering savage had constructed his ephemeral habitation beneath their luxuriant foliage—the group then consisted of two families of Messassagas—and the bay and neighboring marshes were hitherto uninvaded haunts of immense coveys of wild fowl; indeed, they were so abundant as in some measure to annoy us during the night. In the spring following, the Lieutenant Governor removed the site of the new capital, attended by the Regiment of the Queen's Rangers, and commenced at once the realization of his favorite project. His Excellency inhabited during the summer and through the winter a canvas house, which he imported expressly for the occasion; but frail as was its substance, it was rendered exceedingly comfortable, and soon became as distinguished for the social and urbane hospitality of its venerated and gracious host, as for the peculiarity of its structure."

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### OSWEGO, IN EARLY DAYS.

JOHN BARTRAM.—(1743.)

We get a glimpse of the Lake and a sketch of Oswego, from the writings of John Bartram, a pioneer naturalist, living near Philadelphia, who made a journey for scientific observation, as far north as Lake Ontario, in 1743 :<sup>1</sup>

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(1) *Observations on the Inhabitants, Climate, Soil, Rivers, Productions, Animals, and other matters worthy of notice, made by Mr. John Bartram, in his Travels from Pennsylvania to Onondaga, Oswego and Lake Ontario, in Canada, 1751.*

“Oswego is an infant settlement, made by the Province of New York, with the noble view of gaining to the crown of Great Britain the command of the five lakes, and the dependence of the Indians in their neighborhood, and to its subjects the benefit of the trade upon them, and of the rivers that empty themselves into them. At present, the whole navigation is carried on by the Indians themselves in bark canoes, and there are perhaps many reasons for desiring it should continue so for some years at least; but a good Englishman cannot be without hopes of seeing these great lakes become one day accustomed to English navigation. It is true, the famous Fall of Niagara is an insurmountable bar to all passage by water, from the Lake Ontario, into the Lake Erie, in such vessels as are proper for the secure navigation of either; but, besides that, bark canoes are carried on men’s shoulder’s with ease, from one to the other, as far as the passage is impracticable.

“We came to the town about 12 o’clock. The Commissary invited us to the castle where we dined, together with the doctor and clerk. After dinner we had the satisfaction of swimming in the Lake Ontario, which is sometimes called by the Indians Cadarakin. This is also the name of a French fort upon it, almost opposite to Oswego, north. It has four bastions built of stone, and is near half a mile in circumference. It stands where the waters of this lake are already formed into the River St. Lawrence, which makes a good road for great barks under the point of Cadarakin Bay. The famous and unfortunate Mr. De la Salle had built two barks which remain sunk there to this day.”

He speaks of a kind of flux and reflux of the waters several times in a quarter of an hour, and observes that the waters of the Lake once stood high above their present level, the subsidence being attributed either to an absorption into the interior of the earth, as conjectured by Sir Isaac Newton, or else to the wearing away of obstructions in the St. Lawrence.

Early the next morning, after lodging in the Captain’s chamber in the castle, our traveller walked out to botanize, as he had done the evening before. He says: “I observed a kitchen garden, and a grave yard to the south-

west of the castle; which puts me in mind that the neighborhood of this Lake is esteemed unhealthful. We were entertained by one of the traders, with whom we breakfasted; and brought of him some dried beef; and a gallon of rum we got at the castle. The traders had disposed of most of their biscuit, and had packed up their provisions to return directly to Albany. However, one of them went about to the rest, and collected us a good parcel of biscuit, a kindness we were very sensible of. After breakfast, I regulated my journal, having a convenient private room to do it in. We dined at the castle, and at 3 o'clock set out for Onondaga." They got as far as Oswego Falls that night, where they slept as well as they could, considering that "the Indian squaws got very drunk, and made a sad noise till morning." The same accident had happened to their Indian guide, and he himself felt a good deal indisposed.

Oswego in 1743 was described as follows .

"On the point formed by the entrance of the river, stands the fort, or trading castle. It is a strong stone house, incircled with a stone wall near 20 feet high, and 120 paces around, built of large squared stones, very curious for their softness, I cut my name in it with my knife. The town consists of about 70 log houses, of which one-half are in a row near the river, the other half opposite them. On the other side of a fair were two streets divided by a row of posts in the middle, where each Indian has his house to lay his goods, and where the traders may traffic with them. This is surely an excellent regulation for preventing the traders from imposing on the Indians, a practice they have been formerly too much guilty of.

"The chief officer in command at the castle keeps a good look-out to see when the Indians come down the lake with their peltry and furs, and sends a canoe to meet them,

which conducts them to the castle, to prevent any person enticing them to put ashore privately, treating them with spirituous liquors, and then taking that opportunity of cheating them. This officer seems very careful that all quarreling, and even the least misunderstanding, when any happens, be quickly made up in an amicable manner, since a speedy accommodation can only prevent our countrymen from incurring the imputation of injustice, and the delay of it would produce the disagreeable consequences of an Indian's endeavoring to right himself by force."

## ROBERT HARE.

In a memorandum of a Tour through a part of North America, by Robert Hare, Esq., of Philadelphia,<sup>1</sup> we find a notice of this region as seen in the summer of 1774, just before the Revolutionary war. This writer, in company with Mr. William Allen, travelled by stage to New York and thence by water to Albany. From thence, through a sandy, heavy road and through a dense pine forest, they found their way to Schenectady, where the water passage was resumed to Oswego. They found Oneida Lake very pleasant and stored with an astonishing plenty of fish. The Indians living near the lake were firm friends of the English, and at Oswego Falls the place was infested by a party of beggarly Onondagas, who were very troublesome to passengers. They bought of them four large salmon for twenty biscuits and a pint of rum, and presented them another quart—which secured their civility. At Oswego was a fort in ruins, and the remains of another built origin-

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(1) *Collections of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania*, i. 363. This writer was an Englishman, and the father of the late Robert Hare, a distinguished professor of Chemistry in Philadelphia.

ally by the French, from whom it was taken by the English, but retaken and entirely destroyed by them.

From Oswego they went west, touching at Sodus Bay and the "Genesay River," ascending the latter about seven miles to view a cataract, the sight of which repaid them amply for a painful walk of a mile on the points of broken rocks, where they were every moment in fear of rattlesnakes which they were told abounded there. The fall is described as "situated on the bosom of an immense semi-rotund, formed by the breaking of the rock. It is about sixty feet high and one hundred in breadth, but," he says, "in my opinion, not so striking as the Cohoes, though its situation is very pleasing. The river is beautifully adorned with verdant trees." Such was the cascade in Rochester city as it existed in the solitude of its primitive wildness.

After visiting Niagara, these travellers returned down the Lake, after waiting several days for the return of the *Snow*; then apparently the only vessel on the Lake. On this they embarked June 21st, and having been becalmed, and then opposed by a strong gale, they finally on the 23d were brought by a favoring gale to an anchorage just at the head of the St. Lawrence. Of this they say:

"The entrance of this river is thick sown with an infinite number of islands, which were in fine verdure and had a most pleasing effect.

"June 24th, the wind favored us about nine in the morning, when we set sail and advanced into the river. The breeze continued all day and carried us about eighty miles. Nothing could exceed the pleasantness of this day's passage, through the fineness of the weather and the beauty of the prospect. This part of the river is called *les Mille Iles*, (the Thousand Islands,) and if I might judge

from the number I could see, there are not many less. What must be the beauty of this prospect when the country is cleared and cultivated ! Some of these islands are very large, extending from five to ten miles. The soil in general appears to be extremely good ; some of the islands indeed are rocky, but these serve as a foil to the beauty of the rest, and have no disagreeable effect. The river is equally beautiful, as I am told, from its head to its mouth."

Oswegatchie was at this time a small post, under the command of Captain Foster. Fort Lévis, four miles below, then called Fort William Henry, had been suffered to fall into ruins, since its conquest in 1760, but was noticed as a work admirably situated for commanding the river.

*Oswego, as Seen by John Long, the Indian Trader.*

Of Oswego, about the year 1784, Mr. Long remarks :

"Fort Oswego, on Lake Ontario, formerly called Lake Frontenac, is a good fortification, and capable of containing six hundred men. This post is particularly important, as it is the key to the United States, and commands the opening to the north, Hudson's River, protecting the trade with the Indians who live on the banks of the St. Lawrence, and the whole extent of the great sheet of water near which it stands, reckoned about eighty leagues in length, and in some places from twenty-five to thirty broad."

In another place he says : "The population of these new settlements, and their parallel situation with Fort Oswegatchie, Carleton Island, Oswego and Niagara, evince, perhaps, more forcibly than ever, the propriety of retaining these barriers in our possession." All of these places were then in the possession of the British, and so remained until given up under Jay's Treaty in the summer of 1796.

*Oswego in 1793.*

Late in the fall of 1793, a party consisting of three Frenchmen and several boatmen, arrived from the inland

route at Oswego. They consisted of Pierre Pharoux and Simon Desjardins, agents sent out to explore and prepare for settlement the *Castorland Tract* in Lewis and Jefferson counties, and Mark Isambert Brunel, then a young man about twenty-two years of age, who afterwards acquired great eminence as an engineer and inventor, being the constructor of the first great Tunnel under the Thames, and the successful inventor of many wood-working and other machines. He was at this period a political exile from France, unknown to fame, but keenly alive to observation, and full of expedients to overcome any obstacles that might come in his way. The right bank of the river was then commanded by a fort that was falling into decay, but was still held by a garrison of about forty men, under Captain Theodore Schoedde, a Hessian officer, who joined to his military functions the duties of local Governor,—collecting the revenues upon all merchandizes that passed either way, or altogether intercepting any goods or commodities that ought not to pass. He was particularly cautious about allowing any of the Indian trade upon the Lakes to pass down by way of the Mohawk to an American market, lest the channel of trade once begun, should wear for itself a passage beyond control. In short, he was to guard with vigilance this back-door of Canada, and prevent Frenchmen from entering the country under any pretext; albeit even this faithful subject of the Crown was not wholly free from infirmities, and goods would slip past the fort while his back was turned, and his attention engaged by a keg of rum.



The west side of the river was an open waste, then wholly uninhabited, with a few old deserted buildings, the traces of barracks for troops, and premises that had been used in the Indian trade. The timber had been all cut away, for a considerable distance around, but further inland the primeval forests stretched over the country till broken by the beginnings of settlement along the Upper Mohawk, or here and there at remote intervals along the route to the Genesee.

Oswego was then deemed the most dreary and forsaken spot under the control of British troops in Canada, and desertions were constantly occurring in spite of the utmost vigilance of faithful officers. When once fairly out of sight in the woods, the way was clear to any American settlement they might have the good luck to reach, and when once there their recovery was altogether out of the question.

Anticipating the difficulties that might await them at this point, our Frenchman had hired the services of Major De-Zeng, then of the Little Falls where he was concerned in the lock improvements then under construction in the Mohawk. They had been overreached so often, since their recent arrival, that they had come to distrust everybody; in short, they say in their Journal, that finding the whole country given to keen bargains at the expense of foreigners, they had resolved to entrust the direction of their journey to some person who was acquainted with the usages of the country, as it would be better to be cheated by one man than by everybody. They therefore employed Mr. D—

partly because he was a fellow-countryman of the "Governor" of Oswego, and left all the details to his care. Accordingly, as they approached Oswego, he left his party at the boat, and went alone into the Fort. In a little time he returned, and hastily informed them that in order to allay suspicions, he had represented the party as consisting of a French gentleman looking for lands that he wished to purchase south of the St. Lawrence, in the State of New York, with his secretary and servant.

This was not exactly in accordance with their ideas, but there was no time to be lost on etiquette, and accordingly it was arranged that Pharoux should act the part of "gentleman," Desjardins as "servant" and Brunel as "secretary." The Governor had started even with D., but his dignity would allow no hasty steps in the presence of his troops, and it was some moments before this majestic personage arrived. He sternly demanded their business, asked them how they dared, being Frenchmen, to approach Canada in this manner, and said he could hardly restrain himself from sending them all in irons to Quebec. At length he so far yielded to the intercessions of Mr. D. that he consented to allow the gentleman and his servant to proceed on their journey, but only upon condition that the secretary should remain as a hostage for their good behavior and timely return.

To this Brunel at once consented, but only upon condition that he should be lodged in the Fort. This was promptly refused—for a Frenchman might do any amount of injury if allowed among soldiers. He might go over to the west side, and occupy any of the deserted buildings, and if in want of anything, by firing a gun, he could call a

boat over to supply him—or he might go back to Oswego Falls, and there remain with the only family at that place, until the return. Brunel did not promise to accept either of these alternatives. The Governor having displayed himself, strutted slowly back into his Fort, while the travellers pitched their tent, and counseled together upon the situation.

A pass was procured for a boat, with two Frenchmen and four Americans, and Brunel, intent upon seeing for himself the Land of Promise, crept under the tarpaulin. The boat was hailed, the pass examined, men counted, and being found all right, they proceeded on the voyage. They spent a fortnight in explorations, and returned the way they came. But it would not do for the hostage to appear in their company; so as the boat came within sight of the Fort, Brunel was set on shore with a blanket and some provisions, intending to strike diagonally across to Oswego Falls, and there await their arrival. Fearing that the landing would be noticed, the other two Frenchmen continued on shore, and when met by an officer, they assigned as a reason, that they had landed to warm themselves by walking, as the weather was very cold.

On coming into the Governor's presence, he at once informed them that the hostage had deserted the same day that they left, and had gone back to Albany. He was bound to notice this breach of trust, and must detain them as prisoners; but they had no great difficulty in appeasing his resentment with a present of rum, which was duly tasted before acceptance.

As for Brunel, he had scarcely got into the woods, be-

fore he met some people from the Fort in quest of deserters. He at once guessed their object, artfully interested himself in their business,—doubtless by sending them off in another direction, “where he had a little while before seen some men answering to their description,” and without further adventure arrived at his destination. But his anxious companions not finding him at the river bank as expected, set out to find him,—got lost in the woods, and finally got back half-starved, and almost chilled to death from being out without blankets or fire, through a cold, frosty night in October.

*Wilson's Poetical Description of Oswego.*—(1804.)

In the Autumn of 1804, Alexander Wilson, the illustrious Ornithologist, made a pedestrian journey from Philadelphia to Oswego, with two companions, and from thence he proceeded by water to Niagara. He published some time after a narrative of this expedition in a poem entitled “*The Foresters*,” a work of considerable interest from the facts in local history that it contains. In some places it presents passages of rare poetic beauty. His description of Oswego gives ample proof of his talent at the ludicrous:

Mark yon bleak hill, where rolling billows break,  
 Just where the River joins the spacious Lake.  
 High on its brow, deserted and forlorn,  
 Its bastions levelled and its buildings torn,  
 Stands *Fort Oswego*, where the winds that blow,  
 Howl to the restless surge that groans below ;  
 There the lone sentry walked his round, or stood,  
 To view the Sea-fowl coursing o'er the flood ;  
 'Midst night's deep glooms shrank at the panther's howl,  
 And heard a foe in every whooping owl,  
 Blest time for soldiers, times, alas not near,  
 When foes like these are all they have to fear ;  
 When man to man will mutual justice yield,  
 And wolves and panthers only stain the field.

Those straggling huts that on the left appear,  
 Where boats and ships their crowded masts uprear,  
 Where fence, or field, or cultured garden green,  
 Or blessed plough, or spade were never seen,  
 Is Old Oswego; once renowned in trade,  
 Where numerous tribes their annual visits paid,  
 From distant wilds, the Beaver's rich retreat,  
 For one whole moon they trudged with weary feet,  
 Piled their rich furs within the crowded store,  
 Replaced their packs and plodded back for more.  
 But time and war have banished all their trains,  
 And nought but potash, salt and rum remains.  
 The boisterous boatman, drunk but twice a day,  
 Begg of the landlord; but forgets to pay;  
 Pledges his salt, a cask for every quart,  
 Pleased thus for poison with his pay to part.  
 From morn to night here noise and riot reign;  
 From night to morn 'tis noise and roar again.

MARMIER'S ACCOUNT OF KINGSTON, AND THE VOYAGE  
 FROM THENCE TO ROCHESTER.

“The Lake of the Thousand Isles, terminates at the road of Kingston. We formerly had a fort at this place, which at first bore the Indian name of Cataragui, and afterwards that of one of our Governors—Frontenac.

“The English, who never do anything by halves, have here erected a large citadel mounted with cannon and hold it by two regiments. At the foot of this citadel the City of Kingston is spread out, including at the present time, some fifteen thousand inhabitants. But this is, to say the least, a sad city, and seemed to mourn in torpid silence since the seat of government has been taken away. It has, in fact, but one establishment that interested me, and that was its penitentiary; but notwithstanding my own efforts, and those of an obliging Scotchman, to whom I was recommended, I could not gain admission. A special pass from one of the Board of Overseers, is needed to open the iron gates, and every one of this Board was absent.

“After wandering till weary in the wide, deserted streets, where we pass without intermediate changes, from immense brick buildings to miserable wooden shops, and after passing several times by a colossal edifice, which from a distance one would take for a palace, but which is only a market, I could find no other satisfaction than to rest like a tired sea-gull on the river shore, to gaze upon the bay, the fortress and Wolfe Island, that lies opposite the town, waiting for the *‘Lady of the Lake,’* that was to convey me to Rochester.

“The good Dame at length came to receive me, but I would wish for the honor of Scotland, and its worthy poet, Walter Scott, that they would take off her name, because she sings not a ballad, and treats her guests very badly. Her only anxiety is to crowd her decks with sacks and boxes and barrels of merchandize; but as for the travellers, who might be attracted by the name to step aboard, the accommodations are nothing but mockery. She betrays them by giving ‘state rooms,’ that would serve for ice houses, and feeds them with rancid butter and mouldy bread. The Canadian boats bear less poetic names, but are more hospitable.

“I was obliged from physical discomfort to go out from the long gloomy cell which they call the saloon, to warm my feet by walking upon deck, where I had at least a long opportunity of looking upon the Lake which pours its waters into the St. Lawrence. But on one side, I could see only the blue line of the New York shore, and on the other, an open sea without limit. Fortunately the Lake was calm; but had it been stormy, I would certainly have been inwardly moved as in *La Manche*—which I cannot now even think of, without e-motion.

“After sundry commercial landings, including one of several hours at the nascent and already bold mercantile City of Oswego, we entered towards evening the Genesee River, which gracefully winds between high parallel and wooded banks up to the foot of the mountain, where two thundering cascades pour down from the country above.

“It is only forty years ago that an Englishman passed this way, along the then desert banks of the Genesee; but would not allow himself to be seduced, as many of his countrymen had been, into either the pleasure of admiring it, nor the innocent temptation of sketching it in his album, or even of singing its charms in a sonnet. He was one of the positive kind of men, who would say that these falls were not put there for the barren satisfaction of artists and of poets, but for the keen operation of speculators; so he made him a house to live in, and close by the river bank he built a mill.

“On the spot where this solitary dwelling stood, the long wide streets of the city of Rochester now run—one of those rising cities which in America spring up like mushrooms

in the woods, and grow in a few years like the giant of a hundred arms. In 1825, it had but five thousand inhabitants; now, thanks to the Erie canal which here passes, and to the neighborhood of Lake Ontario, and the Genesee Valley—one of the richest districts in the United States, it has grown to have a population of 40,000 souls.<sup>1</sup>

As for the cascades which the keen Englishman measured, they are now used in driving machinery and mill wheels; and the Americans, who figure upon everything, estimate this water power as equal to that of nineteen hundred machines of a hundred horse-power each—and they are not, I assure you, the people to let the least of these stand idle. Each cascade has along its sides a double row of industrial establishments—every rill of water is turned to account, and if, on the line that nature has traced, they cannot otherwise master its use, they turn it into the canal. There were, indeed, the most primitive of beauties in this romantic spot—but this matters not, provided that a respectable company has capital to invest in the opening of a sluice, or in the building of an establishment to run by water power, and that will every morning turn upon the Rochester market so many barrels of flour, or so many kilograms of woolen yarn. In short, I see the day approaching when the marvelous works of God shall disappear before the labors of man; when the world will come to loose the last shred of its virgin robe, and when this mythological earth of the ancients—the religious earth of the middle ages, shall be nothing but a trading world—an immense bazaar—and an enormous workshop.

“At Rochester I found the Americans just as I had left them six weeks ago. Time had changed nothing; and I come to believe that they are quite incorrigible. They had the same morose features, and were as rude and dirty as ever.”

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#### THE NAMES OF ISLANDS.

In Owen's Chart of 1818, and in the recent elaborate Charts published by the Government of the United States, many of the Islands are named, and in the following cases the names agree, viz: Arabella, Beckwith, Calumet,

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(1) The population of Rochester in 1875 was 81,722.

Carleton, Cedar, Crawford (also, on U. S. Maps called *Bluff I.*);—Francis (also, on U. S. Maps called *Hickory I.*);—Garden, Gates, Hill, Howe, Murray, O'Neill, Packenham, Picton, Robinsons, Spectacle, Split-Log, Stuart, Tar, Wellesley, and Wolfe, (called also *Long I.* on U. S. Maps, and “formerly *Grand*, or *Long I.*” on Owen’s Chart).

The following list contains the names that differ, on the two series of Charts above mentioned. The names are arranged alphabetically as given on the United States Charts, and the corresponding names on Owen’s Charts are in parenthesis:

Bluff (Yeo);—Boss Dick (Yorke);—Buck’s (Hurd);—Cedar (John and Bradt);—Cherry (Goldbourne);—Chimney (Bridge);—Chub (Combemere);—Corn (Broughton);—Corn (Croker);—Deer (Catline);—Deer (Owen);—Deshler (Barra-couta);—Douglass (Fitzwilliam);—Fleet (Downie);—Grape (Rose);—Grenadier (Barthust);—Grindstone (Gore);—Hart Nancy);—Hog (Melville);—Hemlock (Canning);—Hog (Warrenden);—Hooper (McMahon);—Ironsides (Liverpool);—Juts (Cornelia);—Leek (Thwartway);—Linda (Britton’s);—Little (Hamilton);—McDonald’s (Prince Regent);—Maple (Cranfield);—Marvins (Porter);—Milton’s (Amazon);—Mink (Fisher);—Mud (Bayfield);—Oak (Tecumseth);—Pear (Cook);—Pine (Water);—Proctor (Henderson);—Pullman’s (Somerset, etc.);—Querry (Hope);—Rabbit (Norton)—Resort (Green);—Round (Barrows);—Scow (Kate);—Shantee (Bloomfield);—Simcoe (Gage; formerly *I. au Forêt*);—Sims (Robert);—Sport (Amelia);—Stave (Sir James);—Steamboat (Flamer);—Sugar (Mulcaster)—Sum-



merland (Harris);—Tent (Peel);—Tidd's (Stone);—Van Buren (Sydenham);—Wallace (Goodman);—Walton (Vidal);—Washington (Barnard).

On the Maps of the Boundary Survey, all of the islands not named are numbered, and their place in reference to the Line is specified. The early maps mention but a few of the Islands by name.

There has been some discussion as to the name *Wells* or *Wellesley*, as applied to the principal one of the Islands upon which Parks have been laid out. As to *priority*, the first of these names, was unquestionably first used and it is so known upon Lay's State Map of 1817, which is the earliest date in which we have found the name used; but since it has been officially recognized under the name of *Wellesley*, in the Charts of both Governments, it would appear that this latter name should be considered as the proper one. We have not met with an account of the particular incidents attending the naming of this Island, which was probably done during Captain Owen's Survey, at some time before 1818, and not unlikely soon after *Sir Arthur Wellesley*,—who had already earned a high reputation by his services in India, and in the Peninsular war—achieved his crowning honors in the Battle of Waterloo. We may well understand how a loyal British officer, as he was mapping this charming region, would improve his opportunity for inscribing upon one of its fairest islands the name that England was then seeking most to honor in her Roll of Fame, and that having christened the Island itself, after the Duke of Wellington, he should apply to its bays and

head-lands, the names of the battle-fields upon which this distinction was achieved.

The names he thus applied, were as follows :

*WELL-SLEY ISLAND*, the name given to whole Island.

*Lake Waterloo*, the interior lake, through the eastern part of which the National Boundary runs, and sometimes called the "*Lake of the Islands*."

*Talavera Head*, the headland upon which the Thousand Island Park is laid out.

*Buzacoe Head*, the adjoining promontory, separated from Murray Island by a narrow Strait.

*Arthur Bay*, sometimes known as Eel Bay.

*Oporto Head*, the Northwestern Point of the Island.

*Salamanca Point*, the Cape running into the west end of Lake Waterloo.

*Toulouse Point*, at the north entrance of the Strait between *Hill*, or *Larue Island*, and Wellesley Island, known upon Owen's Chart as the "Black Snake Passage," and formerly closed by Owen's dam.

*Badajos Head*, at the south entrance of the above Strait, where it enters Lake Waterloo.

*Point Victoria*, the lower point of the Island, now owned and occupied by the Westminster Park Association.

By a Proclamation dated July 16, 1792, establishing Counties and Townships in Upper Canada, the following English names were applied to those formerly known by others of French origin, viz: *Amherst Island*, in place of "Tonti";—*Gage I.*, in place of "Ile au Forêt";—*Howe I.*, in place of "Ile au Couchois," and *Wolfe I.*, in place of "Grand Isle."

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UNIFORM WITH THIS WORK: 37

# CAMPS AND TRAMPS

IN THE

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BY A. JUDD NORTHRUP.

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